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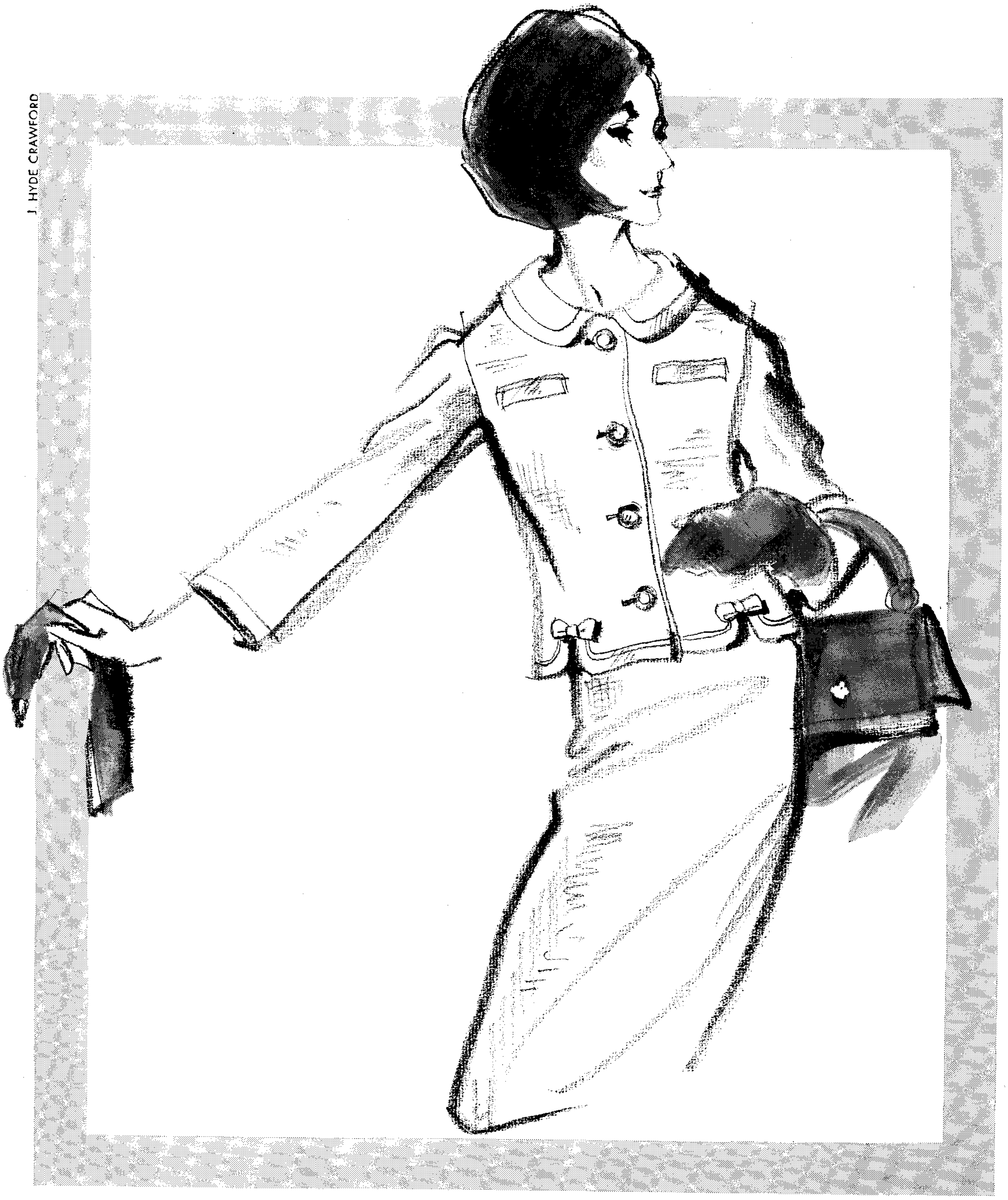

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Ballad of the Sad Café—Moaning in the gloaming in the Faulkner country or thereabouts. As adapted by Edward Albee from a novelette by Carson McCullers, the play has its moments of sinister fascination, although it never makes much sense. Colleen Dewhurst, Lou Antonio, and Michael Dunn are noteworthy as the principals. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's aimless but pleasant little comedy about a young couple's struggles to make life worthwhile in a walk-up apartment with few conveniences. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are among those happily involved. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—An episode from "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, as dramatized by Henry Denker. It is concerned with the libel suit that Quentin Reynolds brought against Westbrook Pegler, and it makes interesting courtroom drama. Van Heflin is fine as the plaintiff's lawyer. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Chinese Prime Minister—Enid Bagnold's endorsement of senescence has plenty of wit but not much dramatic substance. Margaret Leighton, as the seventy-year-old heroine, never looked lovelier, or, for that matter, never less like a septuagenarian. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dylan—Sir Alec Guinness turns in a virtuoso performance as the poor sad bad glad mad Welsh poet on the loose in America. A thoroughly satisfactory play, written by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Habimah—S. Ansky's "The Dybbuk" is the first in a series of three plays to be presented in a seven-week engagement by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Luther—A puissant drama by John Osborne that details excitingly the high points in the life of the German reformer. John Heffernan has replaced Albert Finney in the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston bounces around engagingly in this comedy about the way things go in West Coast TV circles. It was written by Ronald Alexander, and it benefits mightily from the lively direction of Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two one-act plays by Peter Shaffer, one a rather ordinary business about a young man's being taught to chase the girls, and the other—a big improvement—a farce about a far-out detective who is so effective in shadowing a lady that she presently finds it hard to get along without him. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 29.)

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Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964**: A diversion, now revised and with new material added, in which four wits—Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—cock their snooks at everything from the ruling classes to nuclear madness. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ENTER LAUGHING**: Alan Arkin plays a Jewish boy whose parents want him to be a druggist but who himself wants to be an actor. With Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY**: Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to repair the marital rift. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE**: Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon in a farce about a sixty-year-old who finds that he is to become a father for the second time in his life. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Edward Albee's play exposing the inner workings of a couple of college professors and their wives. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Fair Game for Lovers—A comedy by Richard Dougherty, with Leo Genn, Forrest Tucker, and Maggie Hayes. Directed by Paul Shyre and produced by Herbert Swope, Jr., in association with Bufman & Seiden. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Passion of Josef D.—Peter Falk and Luther Adler in a new play by Paddy Chayefsky, who is also the director. The producers are Arthur Cantor, E. E. Fogelson, and Mark Lawrence. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Girl Who Came to Supper—Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson, a pair of admirable ladies, almost succeed in making a go of this bit of Wiener schnitzel, which has to do with the emotional vagaries of a Middle European grand duke and a Milwaukee hoofer. The play has a limp book by Harry Kurnitz, based on a play by Terence Rattigan, but the music and lyrics, by Noël Coward, are sometimes sprightly. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hello, Dolly!—Fun and games with Carol Channing, who is delightful in this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker." The music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are stimulating, and the book, by Michael Stewart, keeps things moving along in reasonable style. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Something about a Macy Santa Claus who thinks he's for real. The book, music, and lyrics are by Meredith Willson, who, on this occasion, is a little lacking in magic. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A fitfully interesting musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker." Inga Swenson is triumphant as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 16.)

Rugantino—An Italian musical comedy that is extraordinarily convoluted but does have some pleasant tunes and lively dances. For the benefit of those who don't speak Italian, English interpretations of the dialogue are projected onto a screen above the stage. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**: Dick Shawn (who has just succeeded Zero Mostel) and other zanies doing as the Romans do, or did. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: About a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Darryl Hickman is the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!**: An entertainment based on Dickens' "Oliver Twist." The book, music, and lyrics were fashioned by Lionel Bart, and Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones are in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Foxy—A musical version of Ben Jonson's comedy "Volpone," with a book by Ian Mc-

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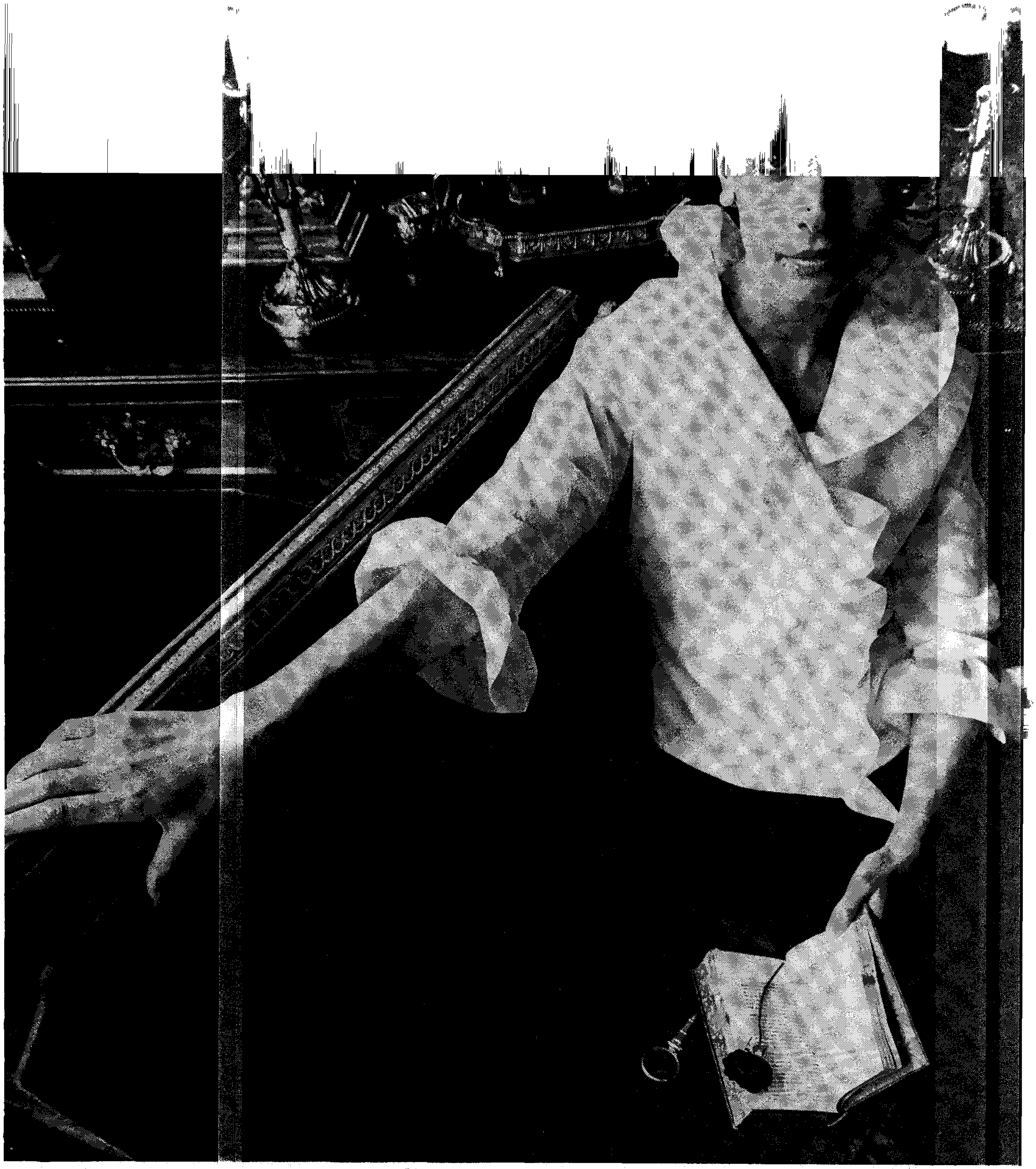

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Lelland Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., lyrics by Johnny Mercer, and music by Robert Emmett Dolan. Bert Lahr and Larry Blyden head the cast. The director is Robert Lewis, the producer David Merrick. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 15. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 16. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly at 8:30 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Abraham Cochrane—Bill Travers, Ann Harding, and Nancy Wickwire in a play by John Sherry. Directed by Harold Stone and produced by Walter Fried and Helen Jacobson. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 15. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 17. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Any Wednesday—A four-character comedy by Muriel Resnik, starring Don Porter and Sandy Dennis. Staged by Henry Kaplan and presented by George W. George, Frank Granat, Howard Erskine, Edward Specter Productions, and Peter S. Katz. (Have we left anybody out?) Previews Friday through Monday, Feb. 14-17. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 18. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40 for both previews and regular performances; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—"After the Fall," Arthur Miller's long and often incoherent *apologia pro vita sua*, is the first offering of a fine company that does its best with the material at hand. Performances Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 7:30. . . . ¶ A revival of Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions," with Hal Holbrook and David Wayne, will be the second in a series of three plays. Previews Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 18-19, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7:30. Other performances Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30 and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—A strong and merciless record, as convincing as a documentary, of a single day in a Marine Corps prison. The acting of almost everyone concerned, and the direction, by Judith Malina, couldn't be better. (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cabin in the Sky—Rosetta LeNoire in a revival of the Lynn Root-Vernon Duke-John Latouche 1940 musical. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30.)

Jo—Don Stewart and Karin Wolfe in a musical based on Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women." The music is by William Dyer, who, with Don Parks, also wrote the book and lyrics. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Lovely Light—Dorothy Stickney in a return engagement of the one-woman show that she adapted from the poems and letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Thursday through Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday at 2:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play and **The Lover**—"The Lover," Harold Pinter's comedy, is part parody but mostly his own deadpan and very funny joke about an English suburban couple who spend their afternoons in the ritualistic seduction of each other. In "Play," by Samuel Beckett, three corpses in urns reminisce about their late triangular affair for approximately ten cloudy minutes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverside Drive—Even Sylvia Sidney, in top form and supported by Donald Woods, cannot rescue this inept pair of one-act plays. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Telemachus Clay—A long-faced, vulgar work, billed as a "collage for voices," that tells of the misadventures of a young man who tries to sell a script to the movies. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Theatre of Peretz—Frail dramatizations from the works of the nineteenth-century Yiddish writer I. L. Peretz, proving, if nothing else, that the Japanese don't have a monopoly on *no* plays. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

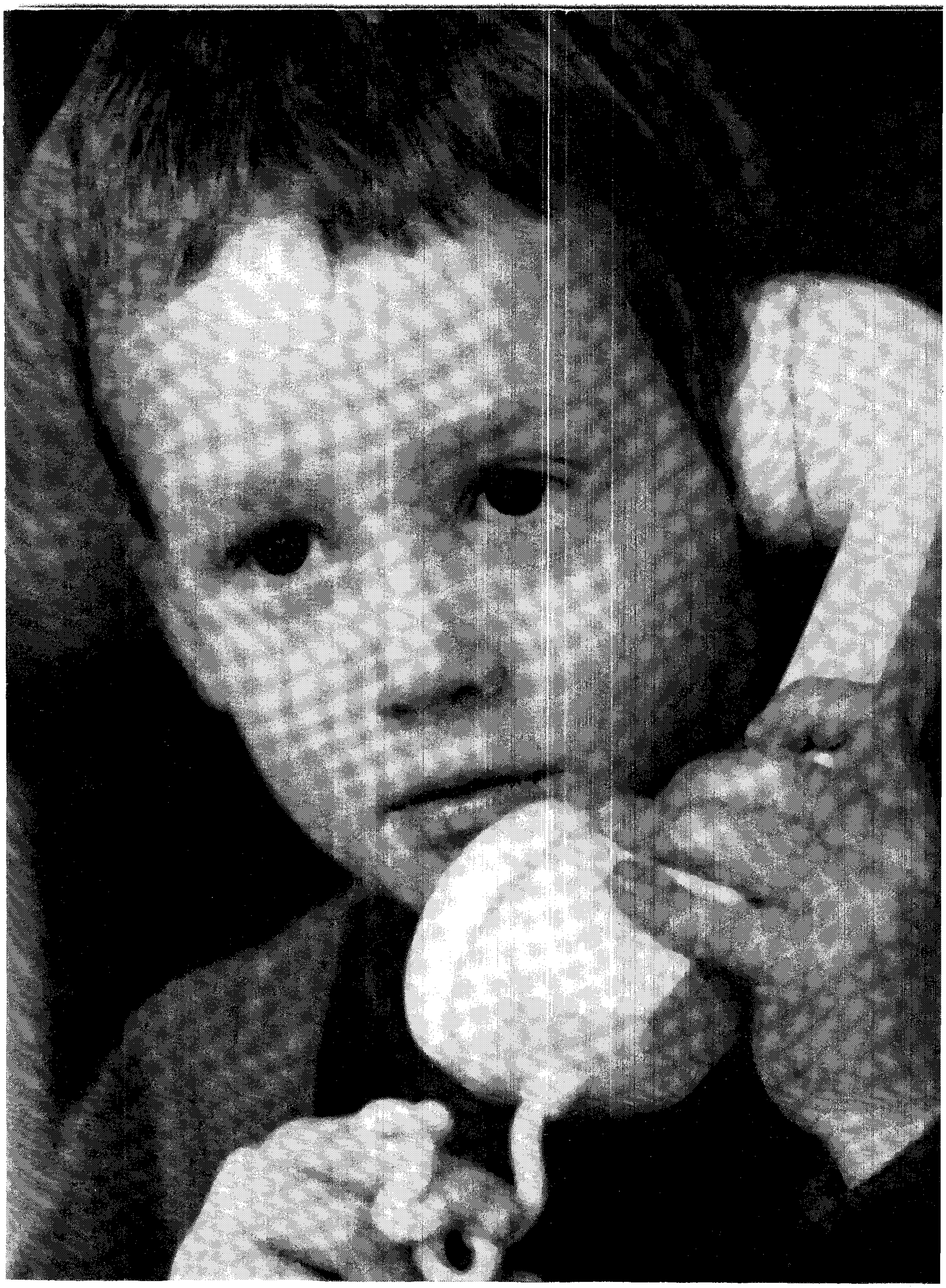
DANCE PROGRAMS

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mazowsze—A company of a hundred Polish folk dancers and singers, with a symphony orchestra. Presented by S. Hurok for a two-week engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

MISCELLANY

Josephine Baker—With her company of dancers (including Geoffrey Holder), plus an orchestra. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CI 5-1310. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Ella Fitzgerald keeps on winning knockdown decisions with every ballad, every jump tune she takes on, and does it in a style unaffected by any of the modernists' ersatz mannerisms of voice. She fulminates at dinner and supper in the Royal Box, where there's dance music the rest of the time. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—A Park Avenue showplace (or almost showoff place, such is its ornamentation), with digestive music from eight to ten and dancing music thereafter, all of it created by George Anaya's Latinos. No music Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A goldfish bowl that, oddly, can be filled to the brim with planters' punch without having any effect whatever on the denizens. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra pipe the customers aboard. The alcove called the Champagne Room, intended for immobile types, is gilded by Freddie Fassler's violin, which would a-wooing go at the drop of a lace handkerchief. No dancing Sundays, when just the segment called Perona's is open.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Renato Rossini, an unfailing romanticist when he takes to his guitar, graces the Café Pierre every night but Monday, and a handful of Ben Cutler's liveliest musicmakers do a hand gallop every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dorothy Loudon, who was poisoned in her childhood by a defective popular song, is having her revenge by paraphrasing the genre in a manner succinct, swift, sarcastic, and subtle whenever it's not just overwhelming. She takes place at dinner and supper in the Persian Room. Emil Coleman's big orchestra and Mark Monte's small one turn out quantities of dance music the evening long. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's duo burbles in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, before doing a reprise in the Edwardian Room between seven and nine. At eight, Gunnar Hansen moves his violin into the Palm Court, where a dessert sort of menu, plus light wines and light hearts, prevails until one. He does this every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette is the home of the cascading band of Peter Duchin and the Latin declensions of Quintero's group.... ¶ In La Boite, small and tranquil, there's music with every course (Walter Kay's piano and Jani Sarkozi's fiddle) between the hours of eight and two. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns, whose décor is more red sails in the sunset rather than moonlight on the Riviera, gets real perky dance music from the small band of Arturo Arturos, who is on duty from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty weekdays, and from tea-dance time (six) to eleven on Sundays. Closed Mondays.

Shepheards, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—There's Egypt in your dreamy eyes the moment you set foot in this freehand reconstruction of the celebrated Cairo hostelry; there's music in your ears (the simultaneous doings of recordings and a brace of trios); there's also an aura of pie in the sky and goose hangs high. Eight to four, every night of the week, is the house rule.

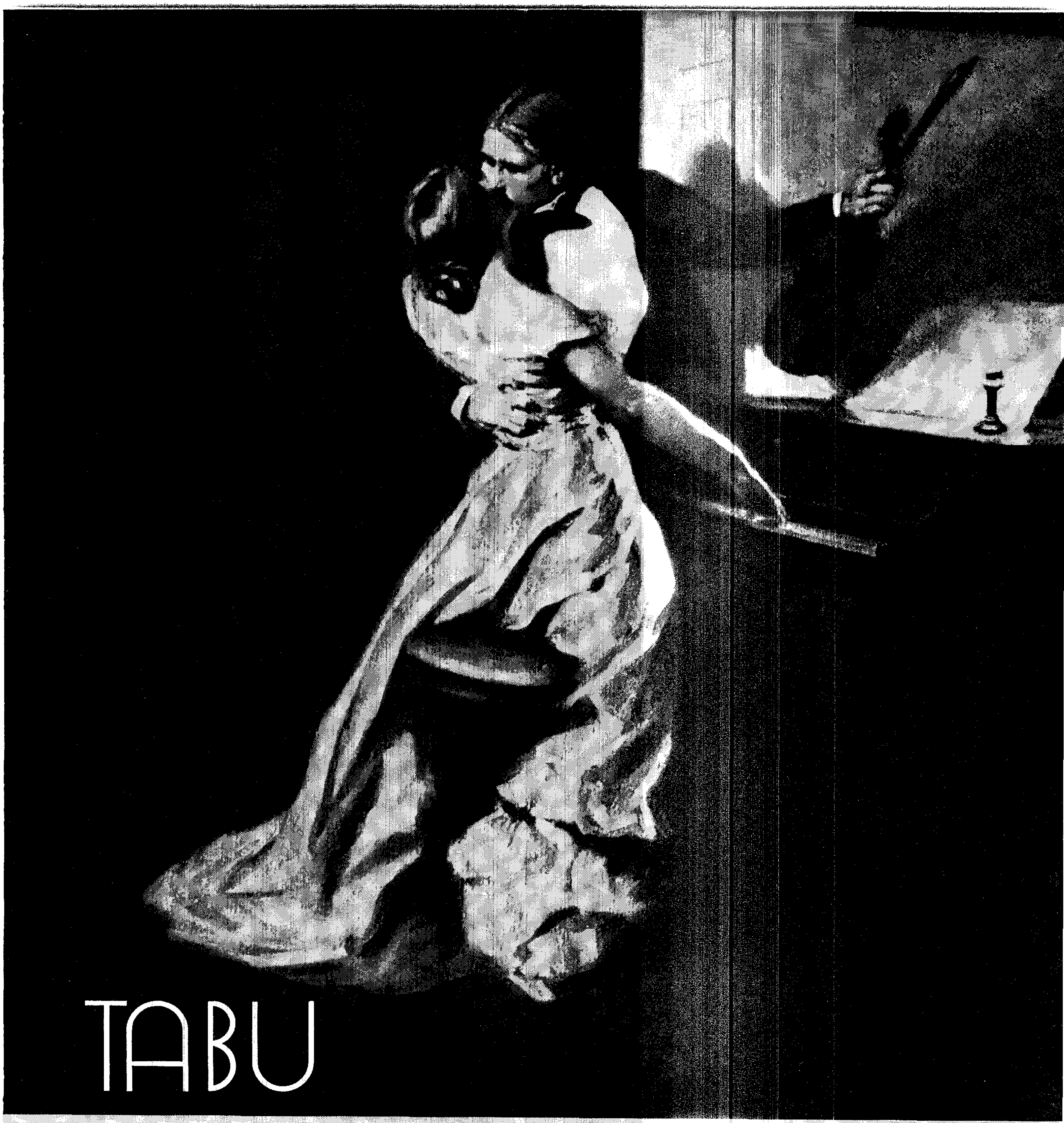
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club is back at its old tricks—dinner and supper garnished with dancing. Milt Shaw's band is the wherewithal, from eight to one during the week and from nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Enzo Stuarti, owner of a tenor that is occasionally twice his size, likes to walk it without a leash, which has a tremendous effect on the outcome of his arias, most of them Roman. He appears at the dinner hour and after the theatre. The best of the Meyer Davis orchestras and Horace Diaz's band are the rest of the Empire Room *mise en scène*. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Obviously a habit-forming sort of country-club life, for the same group is gathered around the nineteenth hole night after night. The party begins at cocktail time with pensive piano by Sam Hamilton, proceeds through the dinner hour with piano by Goldie Hawkins or Wayne Sanders, and ends up after the theatre with a double-team deal by the Messrs. Hawkins and Sanders. Closed Sundays.... **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A scholarship here entitles one to sit in the middle of a big, happy Florentine family that undertakes to instruct one in the production of *spiedini*, Puccini, and *vini*. Aldo Bruschi is impresario, pianist, basso profundo, and (from Thursday through Sunday each week) dance master in charge of a trio. Three or four all-out singers assist his opera-house maneuvers. Closed Mondays. ... **Café Ambassador**, in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Ray Hartley, who has distinct (and sensible) ideas of his own about the way show tunes should sound on a piano, is on a tour of duty that runs from seven to one every night but Sunday.... **Archie's**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): In the middle of this social occasion, Hugh Shannon, repatriated from Stresa, deals out piano constructed of bonhomie and barroom bounce, and lyrics full of the quip that cheers. Michael Burr is his bassist; ten to four is the daily-except-Sunday stint.... **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Mondays.... **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter, whose even-tempered clavichord has been the cynosure of all ears here for five years, plays his last chord on Saturday, Feb. 15. Forrest Perrin, who succeeds him on Monday, Feb. 17, will follow the same schedule—cocktails, dinner, and supper every night but Sunday.... **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A not very forbidding medieval walled town, whose drawbridge is always lowered. At the inner end of it is Norbert Faconi and his soulful violin. No music Sundays.... **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's real-estate deals, likewise decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, George Cardini circumnavigates with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. ... **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country.... **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): *Die Wacht am Tiber*, conducted (with considerable pomp and circumstance) from one of the Seven Hills. A set of jolly street musicians marches up the hill and down from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays.... **Monsignore**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Roman holiday, and one with strings, too—those that belong to the patrol squad of Herman Honigsberg's violinists. A lesser crew of accordionists is also on parade.... **Méditerranée**, 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): There's many a fish (edible) in this private ocean, on the rim of which sits a piano cajoled by Ralph Strain, whose manner is social occasional. The sounds it makes are available between six and one every evening but Sunday.... **Café Renaissance**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Dressed fit to kill describes this *salle à manger*, and it's a vivacious setting for the guitar of Gustavo Lopez, whose calm music is at home in both Manhattan and



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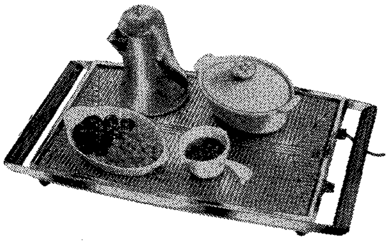

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madrid. Mondays are silent nights.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An emotional, and social, outlet for youngsters who are engaged in a couple of the performing arts. Sort of ranchhouse in mood and diet, and urged on by a clearly enunciating jazz trio from time to time during the week, by a duo on Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, pillar of society, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Monday are assigned to Rack Godwin for the construction of his own special fugues for piano.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Another time, another place is the atmosphere of this quondam town house, now a restaurant with a bar in which—from five to seven-thirty and again from nine to two—there is piano that never interferes with conversation.... **MICHELANGELO**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The care and feeding of guests, done with Italianate ceremony, is enhanced by a small, soft-spoken instrumental group after seven o'clock most nights of the week, plus (Fridays and Saturdays) a few vocal embellishments. There's even a minute dance floor, ready for occupancy at nine. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): There's nothing here for dinner or supper but crusts—all of them upper, though. The crunching is accompanied by George Feyer's helter-skelter piano. Sundays are his holidays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Perpetual emotion in favor of the good old days in Budapest emanates from lips and strings as the music goes on and on into the night. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **PETROUSHKA**, 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): The White Queen of this miniature White Russia is its *doyenne*, Marina Fedorovskaya, whose songs of passion are largely (and appropriately) Slavic and French. When she is not proclaiming them in her clear and dulcet voice, violin and piano brood away in one corner. Seven-thirty until two is the time span. Closed Mondays. ... **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody from busboy to chef wants to get into the act, which is "Tosca," "La Forza," or a kindred confection. Closed Mondays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Apply here for your complete cross-section of the city's nightlifers, who are at table until ten-thirty and then at exercise on a dance floor of the most modest dimensions. Closed Mondays.... **BARBERRY**, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A short life (Mondays through Fridays, from six to nine-thirty) and a musical one is led by Conrad Monjoy, the pianist of this small-scale Alhambra.... **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): State of grace is the mood, and three hours at dinner is par for the courses, which can run to six or seven. Jules Kuti, whose piano knows its way around our town and the European capitals, is in the bar from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **BILTMORE**, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop, becomingly assuming the role of chatelaine in the Palm Court, which at times is the ninth member of the Ivy League, lets her dulcet piano run from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, who occupies the cool landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park, does judicious but joyous piano from five-thirty to midnight every night but Sunday.... **GOGI'S**, 126 E. 56th St. (PL 3-5019): Amiable piano abounds in the bar from five to seven except on Saturdays and Sundays.... **NANDO'S MIRAMAR**, 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Straightforward, sans-serif piano is the lot of those who dine; the same piano, often with lyrics, is the diet for those who sup. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A hitherto undiscovered fairy tale, "Diamond Fair," is inclined toward aesthetics and not toward the pointing of a moral. The princes do handstands, carom off trampolines, and produce doves out of thin air; the princesses are gowned—at (and in) the very least—for the sunny seacoast of Bohemia. It has been grandiloquently staged by Alec Shanks, of London, and blithely choreographed by our own Donald Saddler. Not only that, but there's a the-boy-grew-up act by Bobby Breen, the one-time wee lad of the West Coast studios; he'll be replaced, on Wednesday, Feb. 19, by Marie Wilson, one of those body-beautiful Hollywood songbirds and chatterboxes. Dancing.... **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Because of Miriam Makeba's illness, there's been a reorganization of cast: Chris Connor, who gives her jazz ballads a four-way stretch, and Maynard Ferguson's big band, which is full of ululation rather than elation. They depart on Saturday, Feb. 15. The establishment reopens on Thursday, Feb. 20, to present Jack E. Leonard, a brusque, brash wit with an I-can-lick-any-body-in-the-house air, and Carmen McRae, whose fevered soprano maneuvers song after song into interesting new knots. Si Zentner's large band will do the music.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The world is so full of a number of things (that's one of its big troubles), and "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, picks on the ones that nobody else does anything about. The picking is firm, fast, and funny; the pickers—especially Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason—are deft and daft. William Roy, Robert Colston, and Carl Norman are the pianists. Twice a night, except Sundays, is the pattern.... **BLUE ANGEL**, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Woody Allen, whose dreams are peopled with everything from the folks he left behind him in Brooklyn to dragons and demons, is discussing intricately but with great good humor his hairbreadth escape from life. There are other amusers hereabouts, but Mr. A. is an evening in himself. All this happens right after dinner and during supper.... ¶ A trio gyrates in the lounge from two until closing every night but Sunday.... **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City troupe, whose revues are always a commingling of ingenious planning and will-o'-the-wisp impromptu, are breaking in their new prodigy, which gets Tom O'Horgan's harp as underscoring. Barbara Harris, a revue artist as good as they come, is the principal, and Bob Dishy is part of the ensemble. The charades start at nine and eleven-thirty, except on Saturdays (then at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty), and on Sundays (when there's an eight-thirty showing). Mondays, darkness prevails.... **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe" *réclame*, views the world through morose-colored glasses as he thinks up the conversation indulged in by Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, Roddy Maude-Roxby, and Carole Simpson, who are the wholly admirable cast of the third edition of a revue stemming from London's Establishment. The lyrics that Miss Simpson declaims are the work of Stephen Vinaver. Marian McPartland's progressive jazz trio is the American leavening. Steak-and-kidney pie and that sort of thing go along with the fun. The regimen: Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty; Sundays at four and eight; Mondays not at all. The McPartland trio plays in the bar after the second show.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): David Shepherd, offshoot of the Compass Players, is the man behind the throne of a small revue-with-music that, instead of standing on ceremony, treads on the toes of urban, suburban, and exurban folkways. Some of it is mild, a lot of it is bumptiously funny, and the participants—Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, MacIntyre Dixon, Hope Arthur, and Richard Libertini—are just right. "Twice Over Nightly" is the name; nine-fifteen and midnight are the starting times. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "...And in This Corner," a very little revue (four participants), has just got under way. Marian Mercer and Carol Morley are the players of note. It starts

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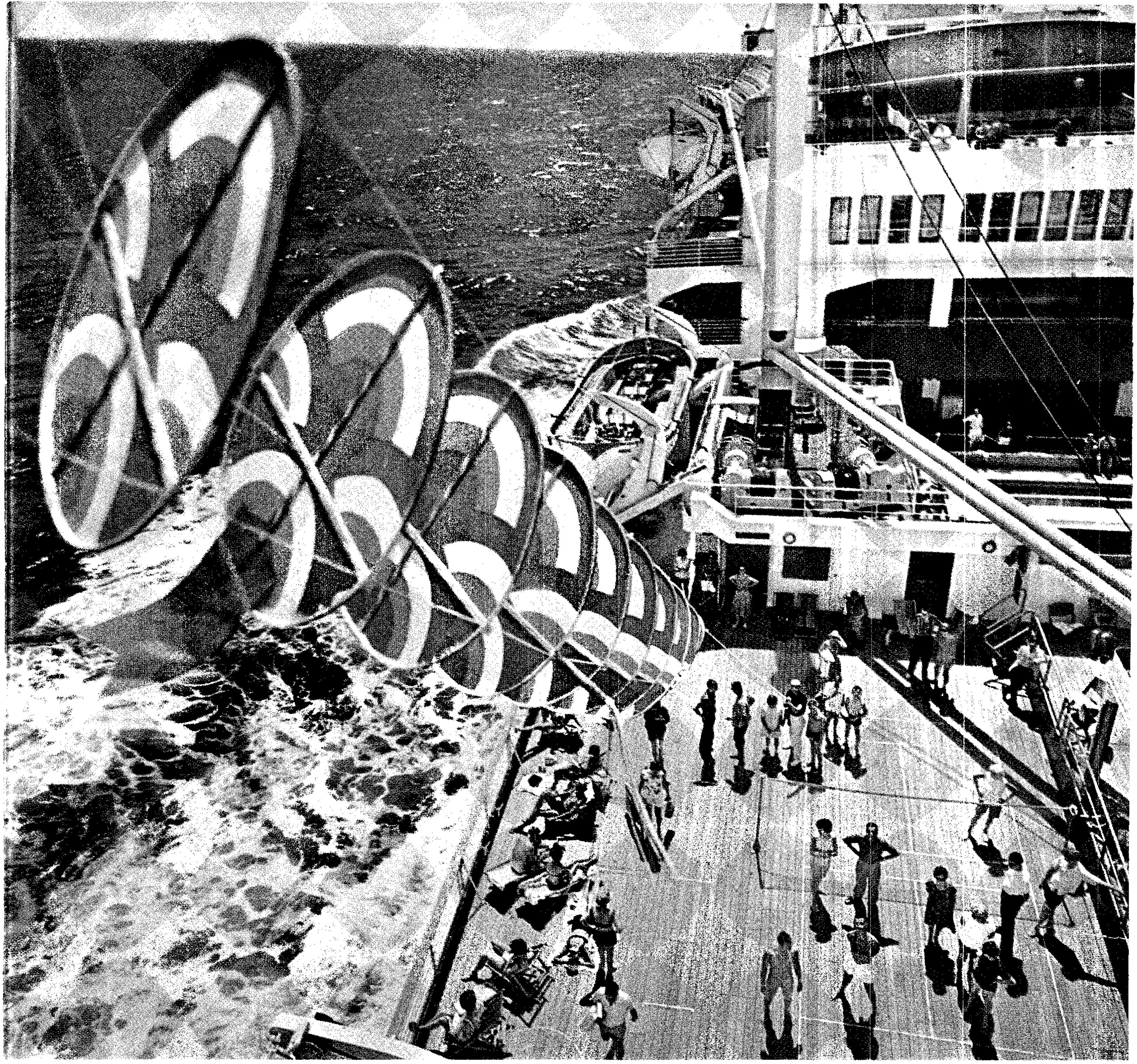

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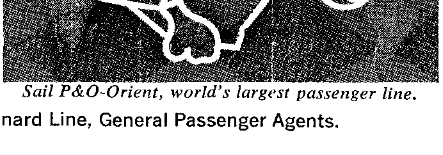

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five Mondays through Thursdays, and at eight-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, out for an evening's turn around the plaza, simply can't help bursting into song (do or die for dear old love) and music (brassbound). They are accompanied on their stroll by Isabella and Miguel, bent on dancing their hot little Spanish feet off. Twice weekdays, thrice on Saturdays, only at ten-thirty on Sundays is the program. The customers, no slouches at footwork themselves, are given further time on the dance floor by a band, led by Emilio Reyes, that dines exclusively on gingersnaps. . . . ¶After ten in the tiny alcove just off the bar, there is the Pied Piper guitar of Juan de la Mata, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the waywardness of Spanish love life. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Marcelo, who could lead the parade in any strutters' ball, spills Latin footwork and temperament all over the wee stage in the course of his ballet, in which a few aides are also concerned. He does this twice a night during the week, three times on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing for the guests as well; in addition, they get the floor to themselves from two to seven every Sunday afternoon. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Isobel Robins, that neat little buttercup, is back in night life with a collection of ballads whose principal ingredient is curry; Thelma Carpenter is back in night life with a collection of woe-is-mine, joy-is-mine ditties. As always, the pulverized music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames eggs them on. The other entertainers are never-no-mind. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN**, 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Yvonne Constant, an almost weightless handful of French fluff, is singing airily, archly for her dinner and supper. The rest of the nourishment is fairly heavy Austrian, or whatever. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO**, 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A new enterprise by the author of the Village coffee shop called the Bitter End—this one, too, with a bar that goes no stronger than coffee but is willing to offer up a bit of steak, to say nothing of Irwin Corey, whose non-stop garrulity indicates that he is anti-everything, including semantics. Mondays, he decamps in favor of visiting singers.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Marian Montgomery, a voice recently imported from Chicago, is the main event here. There's an afternoon session on Sundays, from four-thirty to seven. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): At the moment, it's a home for part-time workers, but pretty damn good ones. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, Gerry Mulligan's quartet of earnest strivers will be the ringleaders. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The *Kaffeeklatsch* here depends on real coffee and nothing else; the folk music depends on real performers, not subdeb amateurs. Juan Serrano's Andalusian guitar goes up in a blaze of glory, and the team of Lydia Wood and Brook Jones proves that it's possible to do a good folk tune without looking like a distressed area. They're off duty Tuesdays. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): Jackie Paris, who knows plenty of sly little vocal tricks, is the principal boy in this small segment of the Arabian Nights. Ernie Furtado's trio does the music. They all stay home Sundays, when Benny Golson heads up a new-school group of musicians. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them are what confront the listeners here. Twist is the music early in the evening; later, Red Allen, that Roman candle, opens up with his quartet, and Marty Napoleon's quintet of snipers picks off any surviving eardrums. Guest performers snatch up the instruments (those not too hot to handle) on Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Another weekend-only operation. Friday through Sunday, Feb. 14-16, there will be, among other things, a recital by Big Joe Turner, who, though now up in his roaring fifties, can still give a blues song a real hard time. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A rest home for players who like to make their public statements before an attentive audience. The quartet ruled by Ben Webster, a splendid reminder of the hearty old days, is winding up its stay, so on Friday, Feb. 14, Wes Montgomery's trio takes over. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Hot mulled jazz, made from an old, old recipe, is dispensed through the night by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED GARTER**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-5855): Where once Nick's steaks and jazz sizzled, the G-String Strugglers, a sort of skiffle band (three banjoes, a washboard, a tuba, and a trombone), roam the range from about eight to about two. Herbert Jacoby, past master of the boîtes called Le Ruban Bleu and the Blue Angel, is the entrepreneur, and period-piece is the décor. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, a force so apocalyptic that on occasion his bass fiddle seems to turn into a sword of Damocles, leads a sextet into the fray. Walter Bishop's trio is also there. On Mondays, the Upper Bohemia Six play, but only after a fashion, for browsing and dancing, and David Amram's quartet alternates with them. There are, in addition, Sunday-afternoon sessions, from four to eight, by guest artists. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Not exactly what you'd call a listeners' post, but nowadays Joe Bushkin is in residence with such able aides as Jo Jones, Stuff Smith, and Milt Hinton; that is to say, a foursome to be reckoned with. Sundays, someone else has the use of the room. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, an education to many a pianist and many a public, is persuading the piano inside the bar into many a mood. Two sidemen help out. No action Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The little gray home in the west of 52nd Street, where so many of us were brought up, is offering—on a new site—the same sort of courses as before. Cliff Jackson's riverboat piano is audible throughout the week. Mondays through Wednesdays, Marshall Brown augments Mr. Jackson; Thursdays through Saturdays, Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti sign on as his running mates. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The spirit of a football rally on a coeducational campus prevails; on a shelf overlooking the young people sits a squadron of banjoists (the Banjokers) who, from nine to three or four every night but Monday and Tuesday, give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a set of banjoists called the Red Onion Minstrels takes over. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Definite signs of life issue from J. C. Higginbotham's band, in which George Wettling and Hank D'Amico are ensconced. Their music is early-times, and it may be danced to. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PAT ADAMS—Abstract gouaches and watercolors from the past ten years; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 36 E. 61st St.)

AFRO—Gouaches by the contemporary Italian abstractionist; through Feb. 29. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Bronze and wood sculptures; through Feb. 29. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronze nudes; through March

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MOSHE ELAZAR CASTEL—Paintings by an Israeli artist; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Drawings by one of the leaders of the New York School; through Feb. 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

VILLARD DENIS—Paintings by a Haitian artist; through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Coimbra, 160 E. 64th St.)

LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through March 7. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALAN FENTON—Abstract-imagist paintings; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Figurative oils, mainly on lower East Side subjects; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through March 7. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GOODNOUGH—Abstractions; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

CLEVE GRAY—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBIN IRONSIDE—Semi-Surrealist oils and gouaches; through Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

LEO JENSEN—Sculptures by a pop artist; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Figurative paintings and drawings of heads depicting Bowery types; through Feb. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT KATZMAN—Portraits; through Feb. 29. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—Cityscapes with figures; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

KARL KNATHS—Recent paintings by a veteran American abstractionist; through Feb. 29. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

GUITOU KNOOP—Abstract sculptures; through Feb. 29. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

RICHARD KOZLOW—Landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

JOE LASKER—Figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

SYLVIA LOWEN—Pen-and-ink landscape drawings; through Feb. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EZIO MARTINELLI—Drawings, plus two sculptures; through March 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings and drawings, 1923-62; through March 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS—Abstract paintings; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

SEONG MOY—Oil paintings, mostly landscapes and figures treated abstractly; through Thursday, Feb. 20. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

GEORGE MUELLER—Geometric paintings; through Feb. 29. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

EDUARDO RAMIREZ AND EDGAR NEGRET—Two contemporary Colombian artists, the first exhibiting reliefs, the second sculptures; through Feb. 29. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

MILTON RESNICK—Early paintings (1937-59); through Feb. 29. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings; through Feb. 29. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

GEORGES ROUAULT AND THE SCHOOL OF PARIS—Oil paintings by Rouault, set against a background of paintings and sculptures by his colleagues in the School of Paris, including Soutine, Maillol, and Miró; through March 7. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JAMES G. SNODGRASS AND AMANDA R. BLOCK—Sculptures by the former and paintings by the latter; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Revel, 11 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MICHAEL SNOW—Paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

PIERRE SOULAGES—Abstractions by one of the leading Paris moderns; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

REUBEN TAM—Semi-abstract landscapes and seascapes; through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters, marking the centennial anniversary of his birth; through March 14. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Abstractions; through Feb. 29. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

AMLASH SCULPTURES—Ancient Iranian terra-cotta and bronze ceremonial vessels, in the shapes of figures and animals, dating from before 800 B.C.; through Feb. 29. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a showing of nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and watercolors; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Jan Gelb, Audrey Skaling, and James Russell; through Saturday, Feb. 15.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: "Pioneers 1910-30," an exhibit of abstract paintings and sculptures by such artists as Brancusi, Albers, and Picabia; through Feb. 29. . . . **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.: Paintings by Philip Guston, Salvador Dali, Kurt Schwitters, and others; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: An exhibition entitled "The Classic Spirit in 20th Century Art," comprising paintings and sculptures by fifty-three Purist artists, from Brancusi, Mondrian, and Malevitch to today; through Feb. 29. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Vieira da Silva, Jean Arp, Pierre Soulages, and other twentieth-century painters; through Feb. 29. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

LATIN-AMERICANS; GROUP SHOW—Oils, drawings, and watercolors by ten young painters from Argentina, Chile, Guatemala, and several other countries; through Feb. 29. (Galeria Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Recent Additions to the Print Collection," including items from every century since the fifteenth by, among others, Goltzius, Rembrandt, and Goya. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Thirty-five purchase-prizes (by Will Barnet, Robert Conover, Antonio Frasconi, and others) from the Museum's past print biennials; through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim

International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Rhetoric and Old Lace," the annual exhibit of old-fashioned valentines, dating from a 1790 hand-cut tour de force to Victorian delights of satins, laces, fringes, and tassels; through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963," a survey of paintings and sculptures ranging from eighteenth-century portraits and nineteenth-century romantic landscapes to the present, by such artists as Robert Feke, Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, and Andrew Wyeth; through March 22. . . . ¶ Gaston Lachaise Retrospective; starting Wednesday, Feb. 19. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

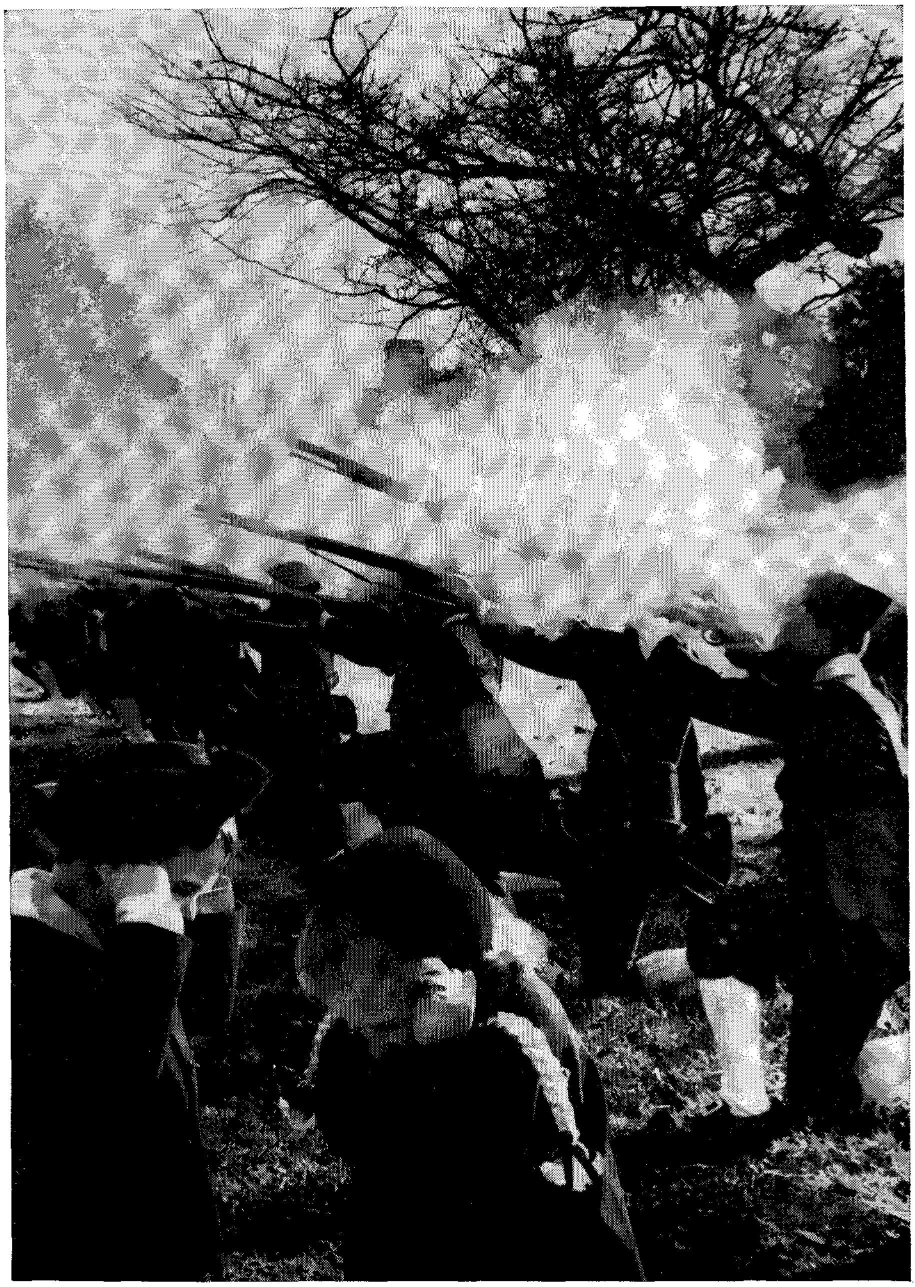
Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Feb. 13: "Aïda," with Lucine Amara, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 14: "The Last Savage," with Roberta Peters, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 15: "Otello," with Leonie Rysanek, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, and John Alexander. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 15: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 17: "Lohengrin," with Régine Crespin, Irene Dalis, Arturo Sergi, Hermann Uhde, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 18: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Janis Martin, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 19: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Rosalind Elias, Jess Thomas, William Dooley, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 20: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Gianna d'Angelo, Elisabeth Söderström, Sándor Kónya, Walter Cassel, Morley Meredith, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 21: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, and William Wildermann. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 22: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Mignon Dunn, Robert Merrill, Richard Tucker, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 22: "The Last Savage," with Laurel Hurley, Teresa Stratas, Lili Chookasian, George London, Nicolai Gedda, Morley Meredith, and Donald Gramm. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Josef Krips conducting—Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano); and a Schubert-Mahler program on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 2:15; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3 (all with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and Richard Lewis, tenor).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting the last in a series of three concerts, with Ivan Moravec, piano. (Carnegie Hall, Monday, Feb. 17, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II FROM "ADVENTURE IN WILLIAMSBURG"

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

conducting, with Anshel Brusilow and Irvin Rosen, violin; William Schoen, viola; and Lorne Munroe, cello. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau directing, with Renato Bonacini, violin; Igor Gorin, baritone; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing the première of Hugo Weisgall's "Athaliah" ("The Queen of Judea") in concert form, with an English text by Richard Franco Goldman. Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Irene Jordan, soprano; William Lewis, tenor; John Reardon, baritone; and Raymond Michalski, bass. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Athaliah," with different soloists, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.

American Opera Society—Richard Bonynge directing a performance of Rossini's "Semiramide" in concert form, with Joan Sutherland and Marilyn Horne, sopranos; Walter Carringer, tenor; and Richard Cross, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, and Thursday, Feb. 20, both at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing the American première of Willy Burkhard's oratorio "Das Jahr," with Maria Stader, soprano; Maureen Forrester, contralto; and Yi-kwei Sze, bass-baritone. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Norwegian Singing Society—Norman Myrvik directing. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 5:15.)

RECITALS

Jorge Zulueta—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—In the second in a series of four programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Paul Badura-Skoda and Jörg Demus—With Norman Shetler, in a program of Bach and Mozart concertos for one, two, and three pianos and orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Alirio Diaz—Classic guitarist. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Fourth Ave. at 8th St. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Ruben Varga—Violin, in a program of Brahms sonatas. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.)

Philharmonia Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30.)

Carroll Glenn and Kenneth Amada—Violin and piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Bethany Beardslee—Soprano, with Robert Helps, piano, and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Vera Tisheff—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in a sonata recital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:40.)

Leon Fleisher—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

Note—The Starker-Sebok Duo will give a cello-and-piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 17, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

WNYC American Music Festival—Among the events of interest will be a concert by the United States Air Force Band, directed by Captain Harry Meuser, Captain Robert L. Landers, and Herman Neuman. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8:30. Free tickets can be had by writing WNYC, New York 10007, and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

The Music of Earl Robinson—"The Lonesome Train" and other folk works performed by the Robert DeCormier Singers, Leon Bibb, and Mr. Robinson himself. (Town Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:40.)

Bach and Jazz—Robert Mandell directing the Metropolitan Pops Choir, with Joel Rosen, piano, and Daniel Ferro, bass-baritone, in a program of Bach works, followed by jazz versions of them. (Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3:15.)

Jazz Concerts—A six-week series of weekend performances. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, Coleman Hawkins' quartet and Ben Webster are scheduled to appear. (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. BR 9-6100. Fridays at 8:30 and at midnight and Saturdays at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Feb. 15: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 14: Frankie Narvaez vs. Luis Molina, lightweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21: Eddie Cotton vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

Fencing—International Fencing Tournament—Friday, Feb. 21, at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 9 and 5: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:30: Men's three-weapon team. (New York Athletic Club, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-5100. On Friday, Feb. 21, women admitted only after noon.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Feb. 16, at 7: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Indoor Polo—Two games (plus a spot of Rugby) every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 21.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Feb. 13: New York Athletic Club. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22: National A.A.U. Indoor Championships. (Meets begin at 8.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 11.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Thursday, Feb. 20, through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "Die Fledermaus," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING:** "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Abe Lincoln." (Public School No. 198, Third Ave. at 96th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 11. Tickets at the school only, after 10:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.)... ¶ "Young Tom Edison." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.) ... **IMAGE THEATRE:** "The Beggar Boy of Baghdad." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 11.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Little Red Riding Hood." Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. For tickets, call GR 5-9647.)... **MERRIMIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... **MERRY WANDERERS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "The Frog Prince." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.) ... **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Galileo and the Stars," demonstrates Galileo's major astronomical discoveries; through March 2. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Treasure Island," with Bobby Driscoll and Robert Newton. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

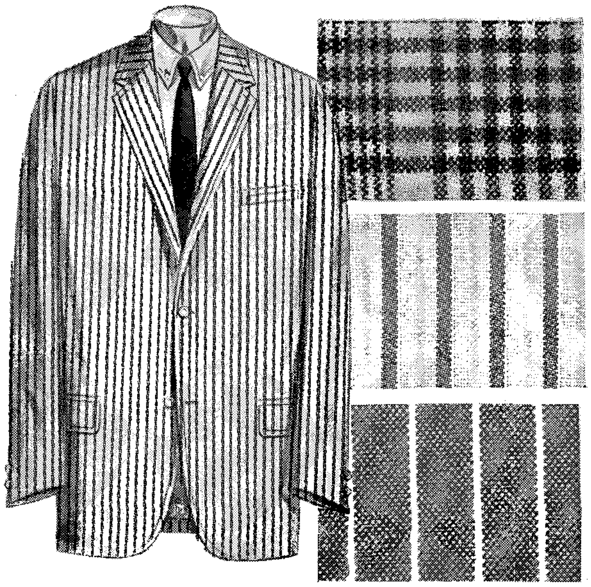
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) ... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY AND DRAMA READINGS—Viveca Lindfors reading from Jean-Paul Sartre's "No Exit," and singing songs by Bertolt Brecht, Kurt Weill, and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8:30.) ... ¶ Galway Kinnell and Kenneth Koch reading from their own poetry. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—The Winter Garden Show, presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Feb. 19, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 1:45: French furniture, table silver and porcelains, Tiffany and other glass, paintings, Oriental and other rugs, and Gothic and Renaissance art; the property of Mrs. Camille Fernez and others. ... ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Boudin, Picasso, and Epstein; from the estate of Ann Phillips and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 15.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A beautiful and touching act of family piety by Elia Kazan, whose Greek ancestors appear to have been a determined and attractive lot. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder!—Alberto Sordi and Vittorio Gassman mugging it up to their hearts' content in a funny Italian thriller. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy with Tom Courtenay, in which it turns out that honesty is the best policy but not much fun. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Cleopatra—Oh, go ahead and see it. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—A somewhat weary womanizer woos and wins a virtuous girl, who proves more passionate than her astonished mate would like. A harsh but very funny Italian film, starring Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady and directed by Marco Ferreri. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 19. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Divorce—Italian Style—An exceedingly comic farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. The director, Pietro Germi, has made the most of his outrageous opportunities. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 14-17.)

Dr. No—A depraved Chinese, resident of an island off Jamaica, plans to take over the whole world, but James Bond isn't having any of it. An auspicious beginning to what will probably be a long series of thrillers, based on the Ian Fleming originals. Sean Connery makes a perfect Bond, and there are lots of pretty collapsible girls all around him. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 19.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Feb. 19, tentative.)

High and Low—A remarkably good suspense film from Japan about a kidnapping and its consequences. Starring Toshiro Mifune and directed by Akira Kurosawa. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy. Never have so many done so little with so much. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A harsh comedy of middle-class life behind the Polish end of the Iron Curtain. Superbly directed by Roman Polanski. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Lawrence of Arabia—A rendering, in scenes of extraordinary natural beauty, of T. E. Lawrence's famous "Seven Pillars of Wisdom." Lawrence was a strange little Englishman who loved Arabia and fought to free it of the Turks, and it is this love that has been well celebrated here. The cast includes Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, and Anthony Quayle, and the director is David Lean. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Feb. 18, tentative. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 19.)

Point of Order!—The Army-McCarthy hearings, a TV sensation of nearly a decade ago, are as thrilling and dismaying as ever in a skillfully edited documentary. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman sketches his dark notion of how we all fail to connect, possibly because God has given us up as a bad job. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

The Suitor—A clever young comedian named Pierre Etaix stars in an extremely funny picture that might well have come out of the Keaton studios, circa 1926, but is yet French and 1963. (Trans-Lux 85th St. Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; through Feb. 18, tentative.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—A pleasing Italian comedy, not at all like its title. With the great comedian Alberto Sordi. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Tom Jones—A happy-go-lucky cartwheel of a comedy, based on Fielding but owing much of its success to the skill and high spirits of its director, Tony Richardson. With Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Joyce Redman, and many others. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The V.I.P.s—Terence Rattigan has written a charming, implausible comedy about a group of vexed souls grounded by fog at the London Airport. The huge, well-dressed cast includes Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Louis Jourdan, and even Linda Christian. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Feb. 19, tentative.)

REVIVALS

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 18. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Shoulder Arms," "A Dog's Life," and "The Pilgrim," all mementos from the silent past. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

City Lights (1931)—The old familiar Chaplin, plus a blind flower girl and an alcoholic millionaire. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Feb. 14.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Feb. 18.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; through Feb. 16.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 18.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, Angela Lansbury, and Janet Leigh in a non-stop thriller about wicked Russians and wicked Americans. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Feb. 19.)

The Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935)—W. C. Fields concerned with domestic life. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Feb. 13.)

Monkey in Winter (1963)—Jean Gabin and Jean-Paul Belmondo in a French picture about drink, loneliness, Channel weather, and dreams. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Feb. 19.)

The Night (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 13.)

Period of Adjustment (1962)—Slapstick about the difficulties of the married state. Based on the play by Tennessee Williams, and starring Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Feb. 19, tentative.)

The Red Balloon (1957)—A brief fantasy about a small boy (Pascal Lamorisse) who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Feb. 17.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel concerning a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Feb. 16.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 13.)

Sparrows Can't Sing (1963)—A comedy of London lowlife, directed by Joan Littlewood, with James Booth and Barbara Windsor. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 13.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 14-17.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through Feb. 16.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs a tale of a minister who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Feb. 13.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Feb. 18: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Feb. 19: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Feb. 18: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From Feb. 19: "Seven Days in May," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Feb. 19: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Doll" (in Swedish).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Feb. 18: "Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi.
From Feb. 19: "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Feb. 13: "4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Feb. 14: "Dr. Crippen," Donald Pleasence.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-0795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Different Sons" (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BILLY LIAR.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
Through Feb. 18: **THE BALCONY**, revival; and "Bell' Antonio" (in Italian), revival, Marcello Mastroianni, Claudia Cardinale.
From Feb. 19: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Feb. 18: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Feb. 19: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 18: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Feb. 19: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Feb. 18 (tentative): **THE SUITOR** (in French); and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).
From Feb. 19 (tentative): **THE V.I.P.S**; and **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT**, revival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Feb. 16: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival.
From Feb. 17: **THE RED BALLOON** (a French film without dialogue), revival; and six other short films.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through Feb. 18: "The 7th Juror" (in French), Bernard Blier, Danielle Delorme.
From Feb. 19: "The Day and the Hour" (in French), Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Feb. 18: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From Feb. 19: "Seven Days in May," Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Feb. 18: "Dark Purpose," Shirley Jones, Rossano Brazzi.
From Feb. 19: "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
. . . AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER! (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
CHAPLIN COMEDIES (silent).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
POINT OF ORDER!

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Feb. 18: "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From Feb. 19: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 18 (tentative): **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Feb. 19 (tentative): **8½** (in Italian).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE SUITOR (in French); and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Feb. 18: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.
From Feb. 19: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Feb. 18: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner; and "Harbor Lights," Kent Taylor.
From Feb. 19: "Fun in Acapulco," Elvis Presley, Ursula Andress; and "Hot Money Girl," Eddie Constantine, Dawn Addams.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Feb. 13: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING**, revival; and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish), revival.
Feb. 14-17: Sergei Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," Parts I and II (in Russian), revivals.
From Feb. 18: **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival; and "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film, with Jean Marais.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 18: **8½** (in Italian); and "30 Years of Fun," excerpts from various silent movies.
From Feb. 19: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 18: "Under the Yum Yum Tree," Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley; and "In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.
From Feb. 19: **DR. NO**; and **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
HIGH AND LOW (in Japanese).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Feb. 18: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner; and "Harbor Lights," Kent Taylor.
From Feb. 19: "Fun in Acapulco" Elvis Presley, Ursula Andress; and "Hot Money Girl," Eddie Constantine, Dawn Addams.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Feb. 18: **THE SUITOR** (in French); and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).
From Feb. 19: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "The Day and the Hour," Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Feb. 18: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre; and "Pyro," Barry Sullivan, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 19: "Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn; and "Dig That Juliet" (formerly called "Romanoff and Juliet"), revival, Peter Ustinov, Sandra Dee.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
KNIFE IN THE WATER (in Polish).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
THE EASY LIFE (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Feb. 13: "Swan Lake," revival, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet; and Prokofieff's "Cinderella," revival, in a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.
From Feb. 14: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Feb. 16: **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING**, revival.
From Feb. 17: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

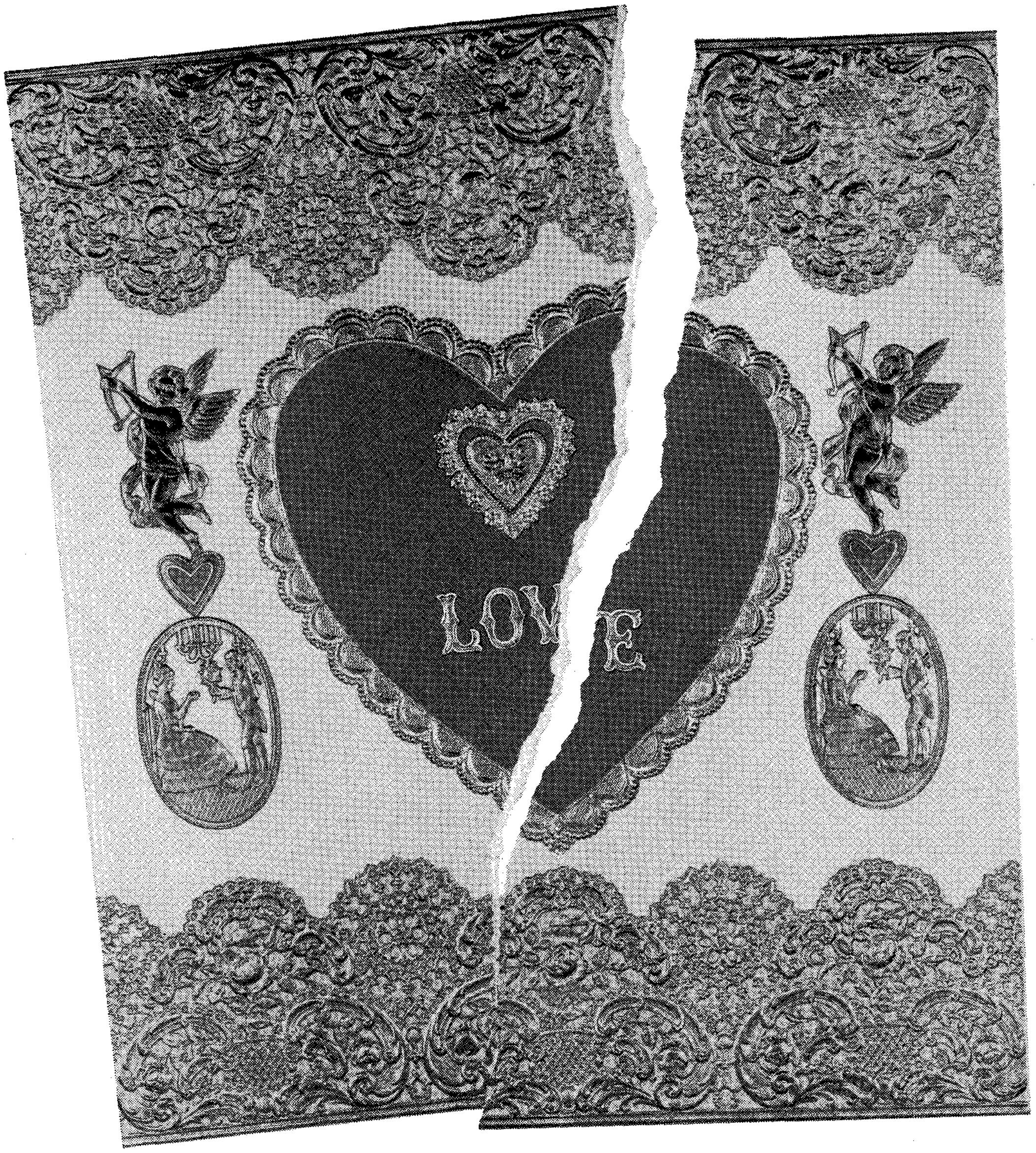
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Feb. 18: "The Comedy of Terrors," Vincent Price, Peter Lorre; and "Pyro," Barry Sullivan, Martha Hyer.
From Feb. 19: "Fun in Acapulco," Elvis Presley, Ursula Andress; and "Hot Money Girl," Eddie Constantine, Dawn Addams.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Feb. 13: **THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE**, revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.
From Feb. 14: **CITY LIGHTS**, revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 18: "Move Over, Darling," Doris Day, James Garner; and "Harbor Lights," Kent Taylor.
From Feb. 19: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 13: **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival; and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French), revival.
Feb. 14-17: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian); and **SUNDAY AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From Feb. 18: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and "Touch of Evil," revival, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Feb. 18: **THE SUITOR** (in French); and "The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).
From Feb. 19: **MONKEY IN WINTER** (in French), revival; and "The Day and the Hour" (in French), Simone Signoret, Stuart Whitman.



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(it can break your heart)

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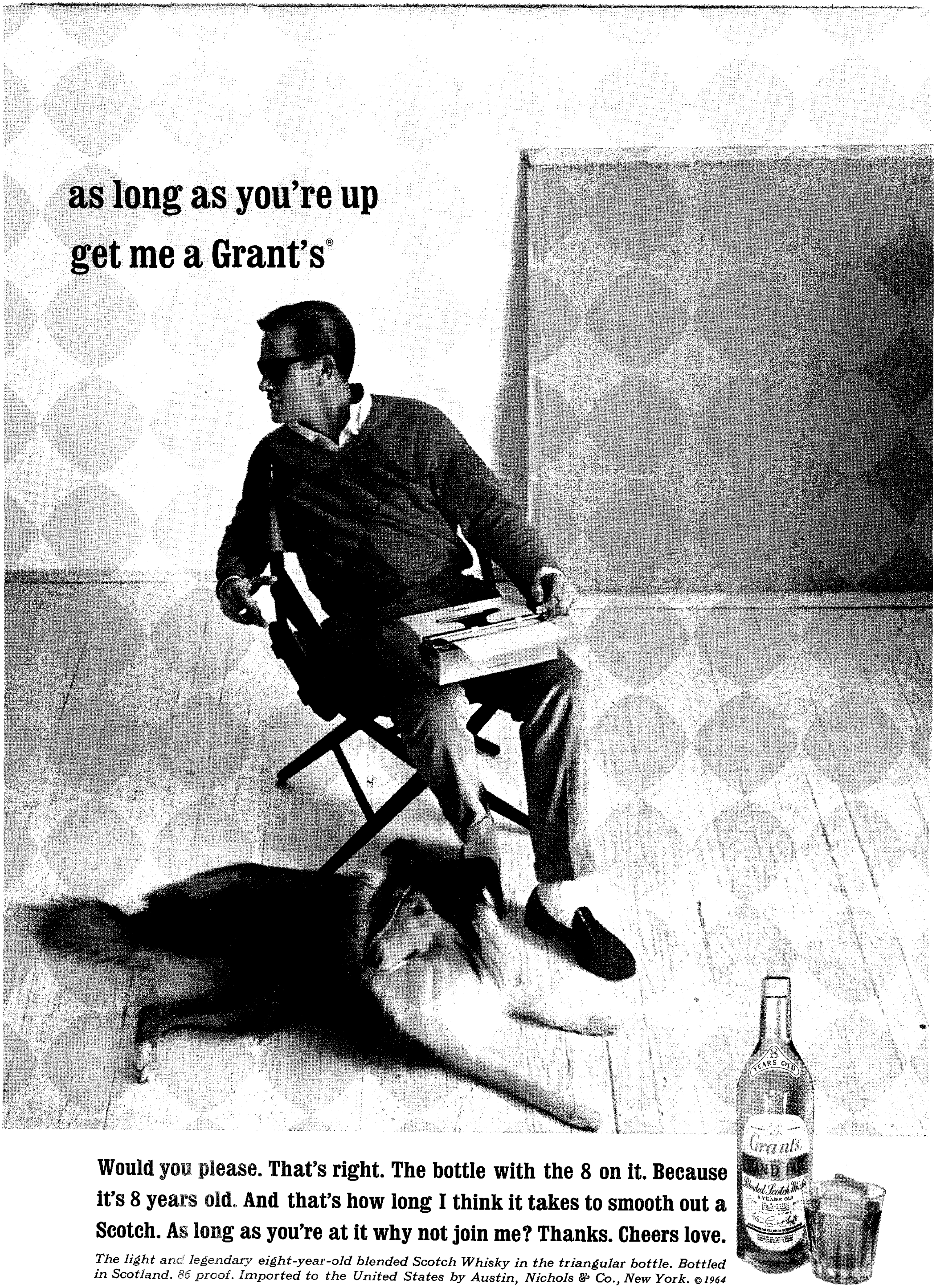
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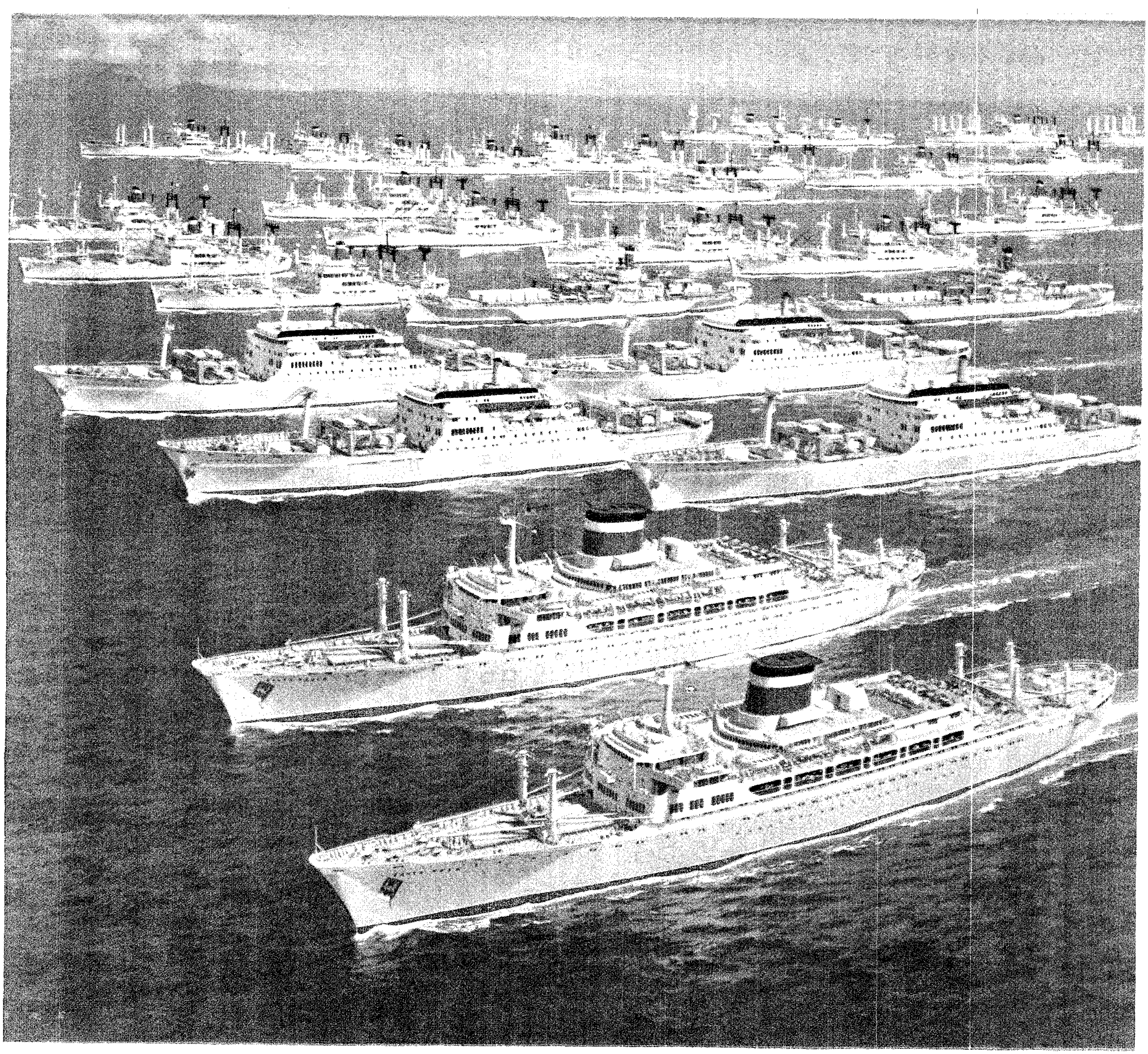

Grace Line Fleet, January 1, 1963

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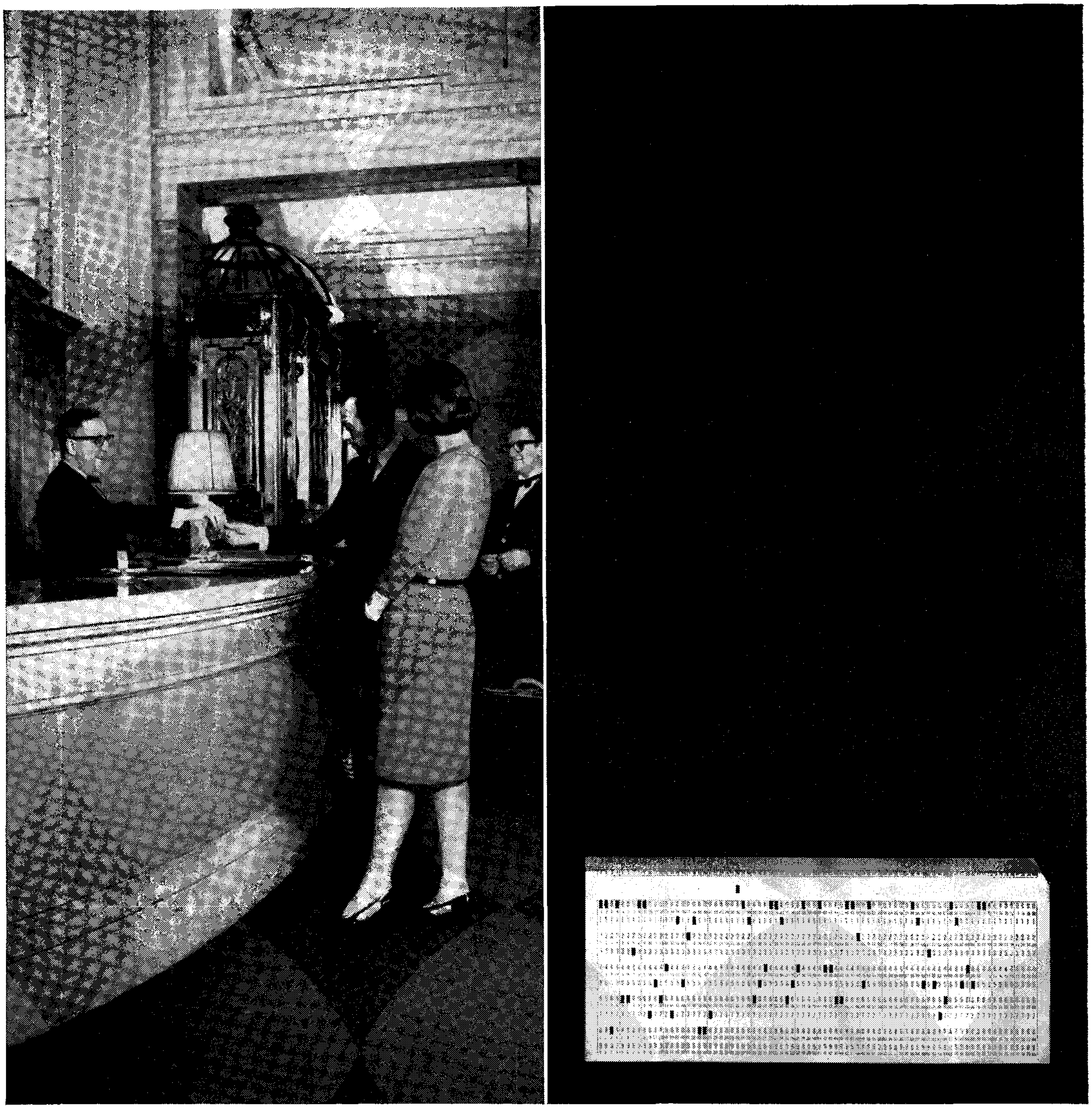

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Spring story in two parts for the Peck & Peck Girl

The look for '64: simple, sleeveless and spring-bright with colour. Two from our new collection of young inseparables in crisply textured rayon, shaped with strategic seaming. *On the left:* azalea red, periwinkle or emerald. *On the right:* aqua, emerald or flame red. Each 8 to 16, *25.00*

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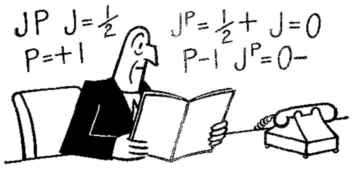
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE imagine that important executives of the Telephone Company find little time for light reading, and thus may have missed an essay by three physicists called "Strongly Interacting Particles," which appears in the current issue of *Scientific American*. This article is devoted largely to a new system of nomenclature, which aims at imposing a degree of order upon the perplexing crowds of subatomic particles, and thereby making the world's physicists happier men. On first view, this may not seem to have much to do with the Telephone Company, and yet we believe that there is a lot in the article to reward an executive's attention. For instance:

> The bookkeeping on parity is not quite so simple as that for electric charge and baryon number; the intrinsic parity values on each side of an equation are not necessarily the same. The reason is that the total parity is affected by spin angular momentum as well as by intrinsic parity. The close connection between parity and spin angular momentum makes it convenient to write the spin angular momentum quantum number J and the intrinsic parity P next to each other in describing each particle. For the proton, for example, J equals ½ and P equals +1, which is shortened to J^P equals ½+. For the pion J equals 0 and P is −1, so that one writes J^P equals 0−. (The system of bookkeeping for J is actually quite complicated in quantum mechanics, but the details need not concern us here.)



The executive sees a connection between these terse mysteries and his own work? No? We urge him to sample another paragraph:

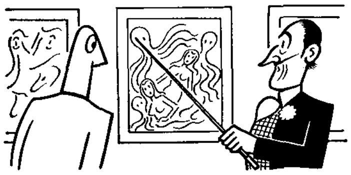
> A set of particles or particle states (we use the terms interchangeably) related to each other by isotopic-spin symmetry is a charge multiplet and is given a single name. Thus the nucleon doublet consists of the two charge states, positive and negative. The pion triplet consists of negative, neutral and positive charge states. The number of different charge states in a multiplet, or its "multiplicity" (M), is directly related to the isotopic-spin quantum number I by the equation $M = 2I + 1$. For the nucleon M equals 2 and I equals ½; for the pion M equals 3 and I equals 1.

The executive still fails to discern any link? We must direct him, then, to yet another statement by our authors, who are, it must be observed, sober men of science—men to whom irony is foreign and deliberate overstatement unthinkable. By way of introduction to their nomenclatural system, they say, "Although it may look forbidding at first sight, it is really no harder to master than the telephone company's all-digit dialing system."

Dali Reapproached

SALVADOR DALI, who was represented at the 1939-40 World's Fair by a Surrealist display called "Dream of Venus" and consisting of six girls in pink bathing suits in a tank of water, has finished a rather large painting (ten by thirteen and a half feet), with a rather large name, "Galacidalacidesoxiribunucleicacid (Hommage to Crick and Watson)," to be shown in the Spanish Pavilion at this spring's World's Fair. We inspected it at an exhibit of Dali paintings, drawings, and watercolors at Knoedler's, where its creator, whom we also inspected, told us that many of the components of its title were also in the picture: his wife, Gala; The Cid, the hero of his native land; nucleic acid; and so on. "The Cid is also Gala," he said helpfully, waving his cane and twirling his waxed mustache. "If you look carefully, you can also make out God, Christ, Isaiah, and the genetic continuity of memory. This is my best exhibition. It's the product of the last two years, done at my home, in Port Lligat, on the Costa Brava. I work every day, but my best work is done in the last five minutes before dinner. Every painting is completely different. Here's one called 'Twist in the Studio of Velázquez.' If you put it in the right light, the people in it move; everybody Twists."

We turned to some prints showing octopuses and young women, and Dali said, "Octopus loves one girl. Octopus loves two girls. I like to eat octopus, but these octopuses are too big to eat. The small ones are delicious. Our place is near the water, and Gala has four boats for fishing. *Elle fait beaucoup la pêche. Je fais la peinture.* She has one boat for deep-sea fishing; one boat for fishing little things in the bay, such as *langoustes;* one boat for *promenade;* and one boat for— Oh, I forget. They're all painted yellow. They all have motors, and we have a man to run them. I swim fifteen minutes a day, and in the night I receive friends. I've just finished writing a book about 'The Angelus' of Millet. It's a most erotic painting. This is not generally known."



We congratulated Dali on the durability of his mustache, which first impinged on this department's consciousness in 1941, when, as a guest in the house of Caresse Crosby, in Bowling Green, Virginia, he was complaining bitterly about the neighborhood grasshoppers. He replied, "The mustache is really too small. I have a bigger, artificial one, which I wear over it on special occasions. The artificial one goes on the real one with artificial glue. You spray it with a little humidity, and it moves. It moves slowly for fifteen minutes. I reserve it for dinners and receptions. I myself move very little. I rarely leave the Costa Brava when I'm in Spain, and here I rarely move from the St. Regis. I'm staying for the opening of the Fair. I'm going to do portraits of some very beautiful ladies and some of their beautiful children. I'm still tremendously afraid of grasshoppers. The grasshopper is the only animal I'm afraid of. I suppose it's a sexual complex."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Under the heading "Imperial Palace" in the Ethiopian Telephone Directory, which is printed in English, there is an extension number for the Chariot and Vehicle Department.

Slalom

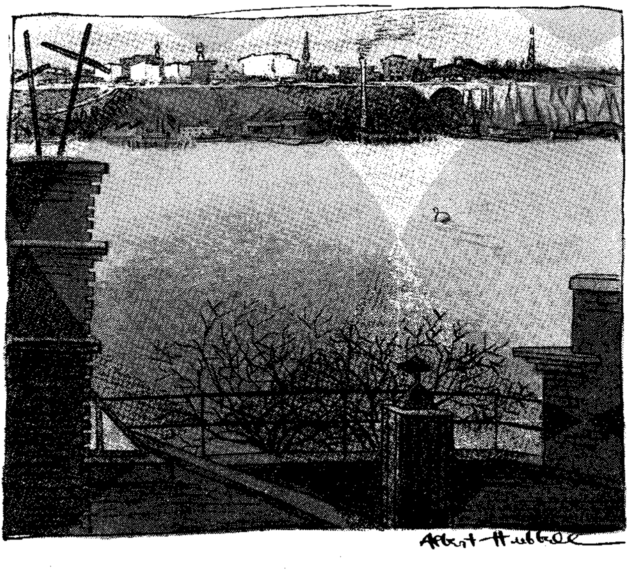
WE missed the slaloms at Innsbruck last week, but, on the other hand, we recently accepted a rather bizarre invitation from the White Rose Tea people to take a trip over to the National Ski Fair, at the Statler Hilton, and watch a slalom that they happened to be sponsoring in the Grand Ballroom. The slalom, the invitation informed us in the most disarmingly casual tone, would take place in the afternoon, on a carpeted redwood-and-aluminum mountain, and the slalom markers would, of course, be giant tea bags. Now, the construction of a mountain inside a ballroom, carpeted and tea-bagged to commercial majesty, struck us as a *ne-plus-ultra* feat of press-agentry, so, in line with our continuing research into that gentle and subliminal art, we headed for the Statler, pad in hand.

The Grand Ballroom and its environs were as busy as a Sugarbush gondola lift when we arrived at three—an hour before the fair was to open officially. Exhibitors were still at work filling their display booths with as many parkas, goggles, boots, and poles as space allowed. Hertz was in the process of wheeling a rent-a-car car, fitted with a rent-a-ski-rack ski rack, through the crowds and into its allotted corner of the room. New York Life was hanging a gay blue ski-disability-insurance banner on one wall, and Sears' Ski Shop was attempting to fashion a jazz-band instrument from an old washboard and a ball of twine. Models in the latest *après*-ski creations were strolling about, looking appropriately *sportif*, and a score of alarmingly robust young athletes were shouting hearty greetings to one another across the floor.

An enormous jungle-gym structure, apparently the mountain—or, anyway, part of the mountain—that we had come to see, rose like a Fellini nightmare in the midst of all these small, human goings on. Approximately sixty feet of aluminum jigsaw scaffolding, it began at the ballroom balcony and sloped sharply down to the ballroom floor. Several workmen were crawling around on top of the thing, hammering together a sheathing of redwood planks. Below them, at the foot of the scaffolding, a second shift of mountain-makers were sitting on a huge roll of white nylon carpeting, which was apparently the snow. "That's the snow," a friendly young man from the hale-and-hearty set said as he strolled up to us. He introduced himself as Harry Leonard, the promoter and manager of the fair, and told us that this indoor mountain was part of his own contribution to the science of winter sports. "I've experimented with it for years," he said, and added confidentially that he would still take Taos over a manufactured mountain any day. "The snow was the real problem," he went on. "First I tried heavy wool felt, then powdered borax, then polystyrene plastic. Nothing was ever quite right, though. Then, this year, I hit upon nylon carpeting. The skiers loved it. It's the perfect snow."

By now it was nearly four, and the ballroom was teeming with newsmen, cameramen, and all manner of ski enthusiasts. Mr. Leonard excused himself to explain to the newsmen, who were grumbling about deadlines, why the mountain was not finished. "The slope is sectional—a prefab," we heard him tell a television cameraman responsible for a slice of six-o'clock news. "It should take no more than four or five hours to put it together under the very *worst* conditions." He motioned toward his workmen, who were now creeping in a phalanx up the mountain, pushing the roll of carpeting ahead of them. "The men today are just a little unsure of what it is they're building, that's all," he continued, and then assured the cameraman that the mountain would be done in half an hour. We took advantage of the delay to explore more of the fair, first stopping for a complimentary cup of tea at the White Rose booth, where a young p.-r. girl in stretch pants told us, "Ski and Tea. See?," and then crossing the floor to a Sugarloaf-ski-development display, where a string combo played us a ski-lodge ditty entitled "How Come School Kids Don't Play in School No More?" We thanked the leader of the combo, a full-bearded guitarist, and headed for the exhibit of Ski Country, U.S.A.—an association of Colorado slope developers—where we took in a short movie on powder skiing in the Rockies.

Returning by way of a booth that advertised "Skibee Tours for Singles Only" and promised, under a blown-up photograph of cavorting singles, a weekend of "Skiing, Dancing, and Romancing" to all comers, we arrived back at the mountain just in time to see the workmen roll down the carpet of nylon snow toward some rows of chairs that had been set up for the spectators. There were now hundreds of ski buffs assembled for the slalom, and they were delighted with the swish of the onrushing carpet and clapped, calling for more. The girl from White Rose then clambered up the slope, barefoot, scattering her tea bags to mark the course, and a man called Steve Knowlton, who was to announce the race, followed with a can of dance-floor wax, which he sprinkled over the carpeting. Next came the skiers—three young men in yellow sweaters and bright-blue pants. They herringboned up the mountain at a good clip, beating both Knowlton and the p.-r. girl to the balcony, and stood poised above the ballroom until Knowlton called "*Achtung! Fertig! Los!*"—the international signal for a ski race to begin. Then, one by one, they sped back down the mountain, nimbly rounding every tea bag along the way. At the sight of those sharp skis whizzing toward



them from the balcony, the spectators ducked and screamed, but the skillful Statler skiers cut to a neat stop several inches from the first row of chairs. Tom Corcoran, who had beaten all the other Americans in the slalom competition at the Winter Olympics three years ago, was pronounced the winner, with a time score of thirteen seconds for the completed course. The p.-r. girl jumped up to present him with a silver teacup, camera shutters clicked, and the crowd, at a cue from Leonard, applauded enthusiastically. We left for Seventh Avenue and the great outdoors.

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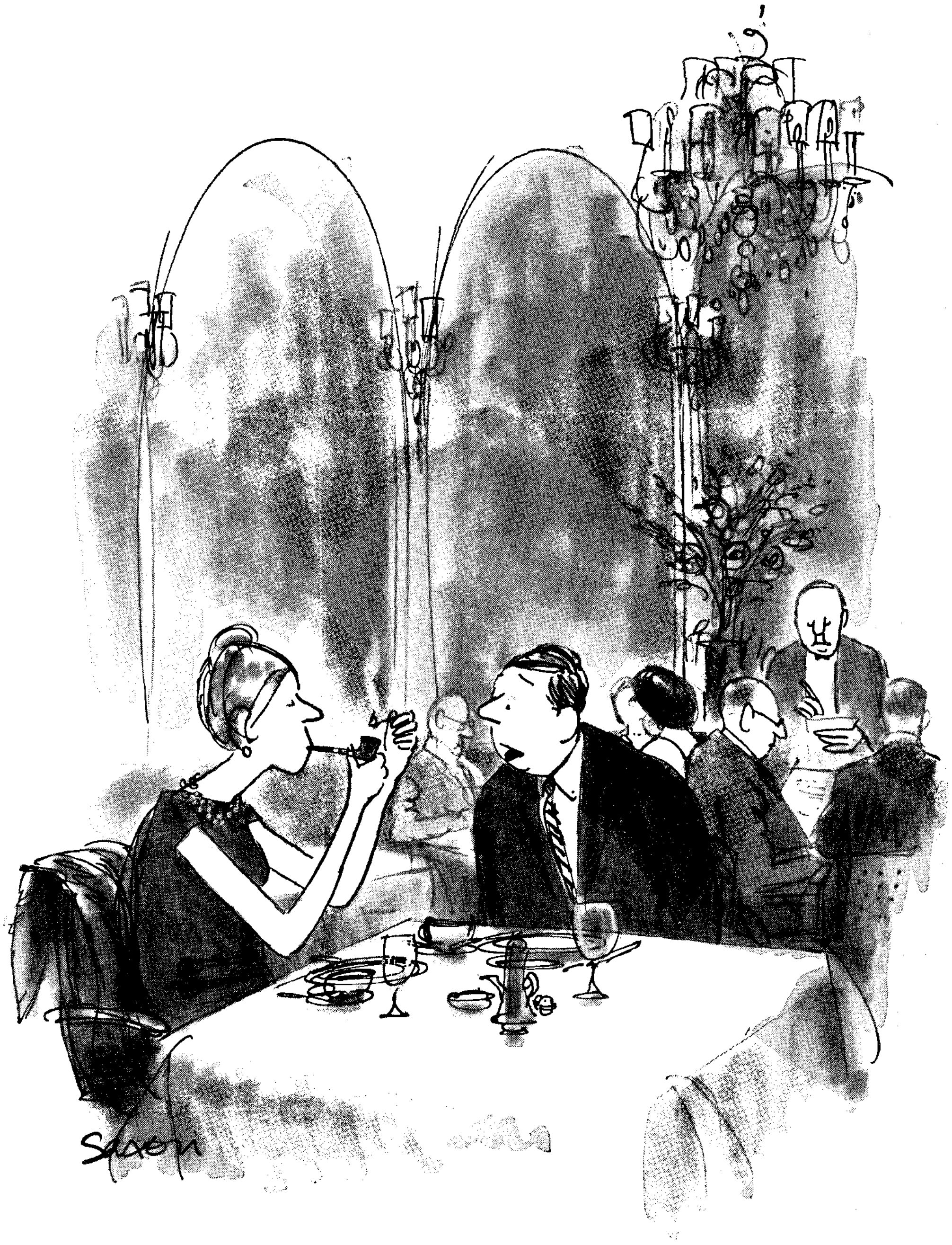
HELP-WANTED sign posted on the bulletin board of the Personnel Department of the University of Minnesota by the Department of Psychiatry and Neurology:

> LABORATORY TECHNOLOGIST. Qualifications: Punctual, compulsive, and intelligent.



"Alice, please listen to me. Wait until all the research is in."

Film-Maker

DAVID WISE became nine years old on the first of February. When we learned, the other day, that he had just returned from delivering a lecture at Washington and Lee University, in Lexington, Virginia—he had shown his thirteen-minute animated film "Short Circuit" to an audience of undergraduates and discussed the art of movie-making with them—we called up to ask if he would discuss his art with *us*. We spoke first to David's father, who runs the Howard Wise Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, and then to David's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Wise said David would talk to us any afternoon when he got home from the Collegiate School, where he is in the fourth grade. We arrived at the Wises' home, a four-story red brick house on West Thirteenth Street, at four-thirty of a dark, wintry day, and were greeted at the door by Mrs. Wise, David, and David's dog, a suspicious collie named Sheba. The entrance to the house is dramatic, for the entire first floor is occupied by a single rectangular room, the long walls lined with a selection of modern paintings and sculptures, and the long sweep of wood floor interrupted only by a well in the center, with an iron railing around it. David, a round-faced, serious-looking young film-maker dressed in clean chino slacks, a red wool shirt, and black street shoes, shook our hand solemnly and peered at us in polite silence while Mrs. Wise explained that the building had been a rooming house when she and her husband bought it, and that they had remodelled it completely. "We had the well cut because the basement is only seven feet high, and we wanted to make its ceiling seem higher," she said. "That's where David's studio is. Maybe you can talk better down there." She led the way down a flight of open stairs, with the silent David and the protective Sheba following close behind.

The basement, which was red-tiled, was also a single, partitionless room but was divided into two work areas—a kitchen, in the back, and David's studio, which was wildly unkempt, up front. Someone had placed a wooden workbench (with a tape recorder and a phonograph sitting on it) at right angles to a massive desk, thereby defining the space and leaving only a narrow entrance. A handwritten sign posted to the right of the entrance warned: "Detour! Studio. Stop. Do Not Enter." Mrs. Wise brought David a glass of Coca-Cola, pulled a chair up for us, and retired unobtrusively to the kitchen. Sheba lay down on the red tiles just outside the studio entrance. David took up a position directly opposite us on the workbench, and we tried to break the ice by asking whether he was working on a new movie.

He nodded. "Sure. It's called 'Triple Spice.' Would you like to see the title?" We said we would, and he began rummaging around for it. Besides the desk and the workbench and a variety of shelves and pigeonholes, the studio contained an "animation table"—a big black camera, with a spotlight attached to each side, that was suspended from a metal armature so that the lens pointed straight down at a hinged glass plate set in the center of a flat metal surface. This surface, like the rest of the studio, was half buried under a compost of comic books ("Batman," "Spider-man," "The Fantastic Four"), plastic figurines of famous movie monsters (Frankenstein's, Dracula), realistic scale models of tanks, planes, trucks, and guns, and great piles of drawing paper, used and unused. From one of these piles David extracted a brightly painted sheet of paper with the wavy legend "Triple Spice" more or less centered over an arrowhead device that enclosed the letters "D.W. Inc."

We asked David what the title meant.

"Well," he said, "what makes a movie is action and motion, and when I make motion lines on a page, I take my hand and I go 'pfft pfft pfft' or 'spice spice spice.'" Grabbing an imaginary pencil, David shuttled his hand back and forth across the page to show how the sounds helped him get the feeling of action onto paper. "You can't just take anything and toss it in front of the camera and get a movie," he said, picking up some crayons and a black rubber spider from the floor and throwing them on the glass plate under the camera. They just lay there. "You have to *do* something," David said, throwing his props back on the floor.

We asked him what he did.

"There are two kinds of animation," he said, in a slightly changed voice, apparently sensing that our knowledge of cartooning techniques was limited. "There's the kind where you make a lot of drawings and then take pictures of them in a row."

Tentatively, we dropped the name of Walt Disney.

David nodded. "I made one like that once, for a part of 'Short Circuit.' I made a hundred and twenty-five drawings, and it took up only six seconds of film. Now I mostly make the other kind. Look at this." He lifted the glass plate on the animation table and showed us two flexible sheets of transparent celluloid lying one on top of the other. On the top sheet was a picture of a house and on the bottom sheet a jet plane, both painted in what was recognizable as a nine-year-old's style. "In this kind of animation, you pull one cell across the other, and that's how you get motion. The cell you pull is called the pan cell. Also, you put the black outline of the drawing on one side of the cell and fill in the color on the other side."

"Why is that?" we asked.

"So you don't have to worry so much about going over the edges," David said, barely masking his impatience at the question. "Now watch!" He began to tug at the lower left-hand corner of the bottom "cell;" the jet plane seemed to move across the sky and crash into—and right through—the house. David provided the necessary sound effect: "Bam!" We recalled that "Short Circuit," which we had seen and enjoyed at the Gramercy Arts Theatre, was full of crashing, banging, and bamming scenes.

David said that he had made two other movies, "Efil" and "Sretsnom" ("Life" and "Monsters" spelled backward), but that "Short Circuit" was the only one so far to have a sound track—which he recorded one day, without rehearsal, while he was watching a run-through of the print.

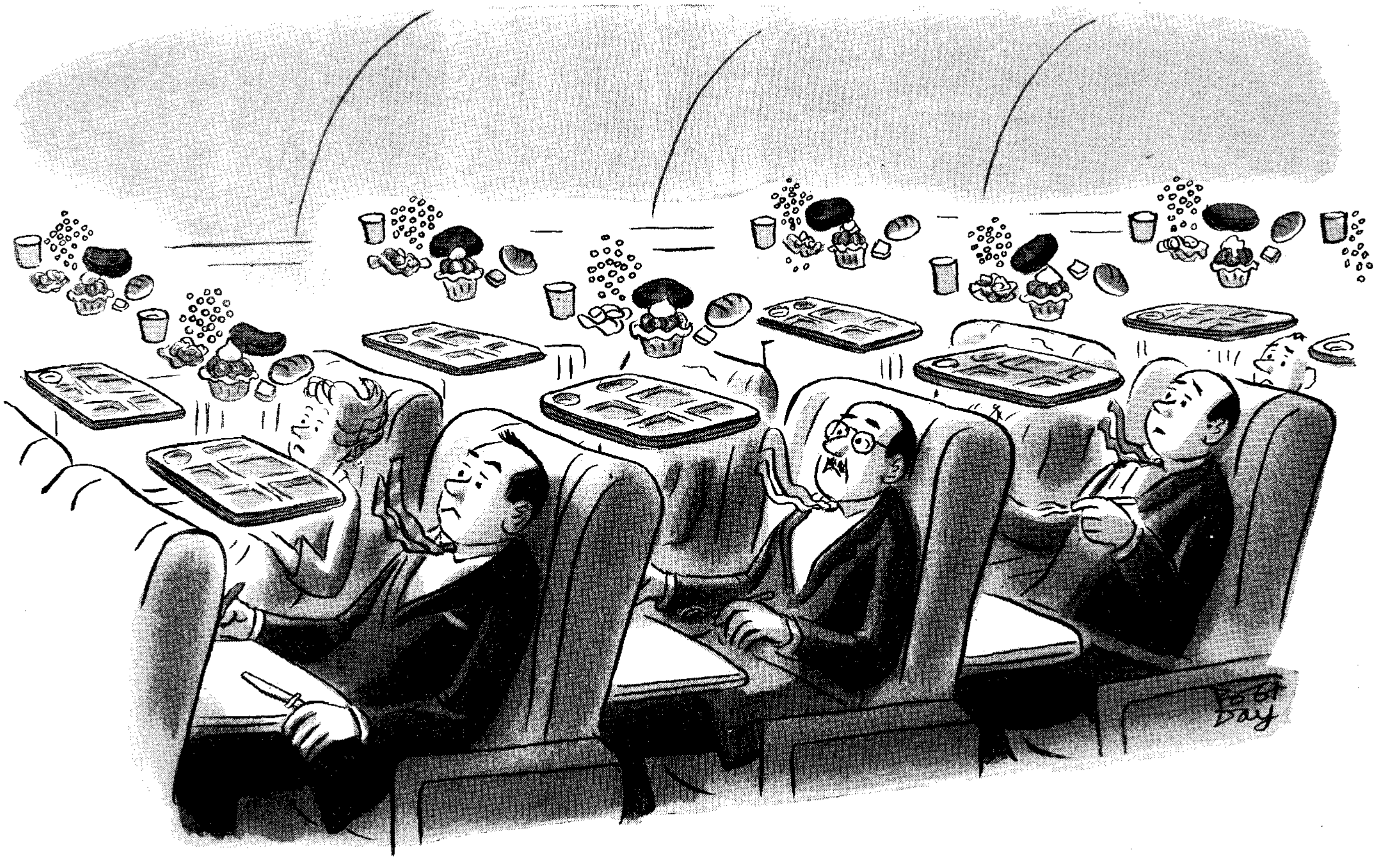
We asked him whether he had a favorite among his films.

"I can't really say I like my own films," he said. "They take too long to make. I started 'Short Circuit' when I was six, and it took me until I was seven and a half. Sometimes, after a while, after you make five or six cells, you get sick of it." He said that his favorite films were the monster movies, like "Godzilla" and "The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms," that he saw on television.

We indicated the comic books scattered around the studio and asked whether they had had any special influence on his movies.

"Not on my movies," David said. "Only on my comics. Would you like to see one?"

"You must stop calling me 'Chiefy-Wiefy' outside the wigwam."



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We said we would, and David, reaching under a pile of discarded "cells" and sketches, dug out a sheaf of papers that had been stapled together into a book. The story described a catastrophic confrontation between an ordinary Earthman and a nova-ball, from outer space.

We asked David what a nova-ball was, and he said, "A sort of a blob, but it's hotter than white-hot. Do you want me to show you what I got for Christmas?"

We said we did. David ran upstairs to get his presents, and while he was gone, Mrs. Wise told us that she and her husband had met twelve years ago in Cleveland, where she was working at the Cleveland Play House and he, a retired paint manufacturer, was just taking up painting on his own. After five years of studying painting, Mr. Wise opened an art gallery in Cleveland. Then, in 1961, having established his New York gallery, he settled here with his family—Mrs. Wise, David, and two sons by a previous marriage. "David has always known artists," Mrs. Wise said. "When they came to the house, they would draw pictures for him, and he would insist on drawing something for them in return. One friend of ours introduced him to flip books, which are really a primitive form of animation, and he was beside himself until he'd learned to duplicate the effect. Another friend, a sculptor who is also a film-maker, gave him a cartooning board, and he started to make cartoons, which his father photographed with a second-hand camera set on a tripod. That didn't work out very well, technically, and artists who saw David's work kept telling us to do anything we could to encourage him, so after he had animated half of 'Short Circuit,' his father bought him this more advanced equipment. Sometimes he'll get up at six o'clock Sunday morning and work till noon. His father loads the camera the night before—it holds about a hundred feet of sixteen-millimetre color film—and the next day David will say, 'O.K., develop it.' We never even know what's on it until it comes back. David doesn't like to plan his movies; he prefers to just sit down and see what happens." Mrs. Wise added that three prints of "Short Circuit" have been put into circulation by the Film-Makers' Coöperative, of which David is the youngest member.

David bounded down the stairs a moment later carrying two huge plastic toys. He had changed into more comfortable clothes—red-and-blue knit slippers, old gray corduroys with a gaping hole in the right knee, and a faded red flannel shirt—and he set the toys down on the tile floor and proceeded to demonstrate the abilities of Tiger Joe, a three-foot-long remote-control model tank that shoots plastic shells across a room, with a puff of white smoke, and Big Loo the Moon Robot, a green monster with blinking red eyes that not only shoots darts but also squirts water and announces (when a key in his back is turned), "I am at your command. I will defend you." While David was retrieving the expended missiles, reloading Tiger Joe and Big Loo, and calming the uneasy Sheba, we asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up.

"I'm not sure," he said. "At night, when I go to sleep, I want to be an actor, and then, when I wake up, I think I'll be a film-maker." As he spoke, he turned the key in Big Loo's back, and the monster's coffee-grinder voice repeated, "I am at your command." Then David pressed a button, launching a salvo of darts.

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COLLOQUY overheard at O. Henry's, in the Village, between somebody's pale, mascaraed daughter and somebody else's bearded son:

"I'm reading absolutely the dirtiest book."

"Yeah? Which one?"

" 'The Old Wives' Tale,' by Arnold Bennett."

" '*The Old Wives' Tale*'?"

"Yes. It's a paperback edition, and the ink runs off on my hands."

ADVENTURES OF A PEOPLE BUFF

CALL me a people buff. I like people. And among my favorites, at the moment, must certainly be ranked the Cox Thimble Drome people of Santa Ana, California, manufacturers of a line of model planes of which I recently bought their one-cylinder-engine SB2C, popularly known as the Helldiver. I had been medically urged to get myself a hobby a little more active than lounging around with a highball after a day in the city, mentally reviewing the human specimens, each more absurd than the last, that I had encountered in the course of it. "I mean that's all right," the doctor said when I told him what I did for hacks, "but it hardly tones up the system or provides any exercise. Also, you should get out more." So I bought this plane, of the sort I had seen people flying in open fields at the ends of guidestrings, apparently quite happily, and flew it—once. Its uncollected fragments lie in the yard beneath the living-room window—one of those picture windows composed of two panes of plate glass slightly spaced to provide insulation and called Twindows by an outfit also high on my list—and I have reverted to the tamer but safer pastime of stretching out with a drink to contemplate the clothed mammal.

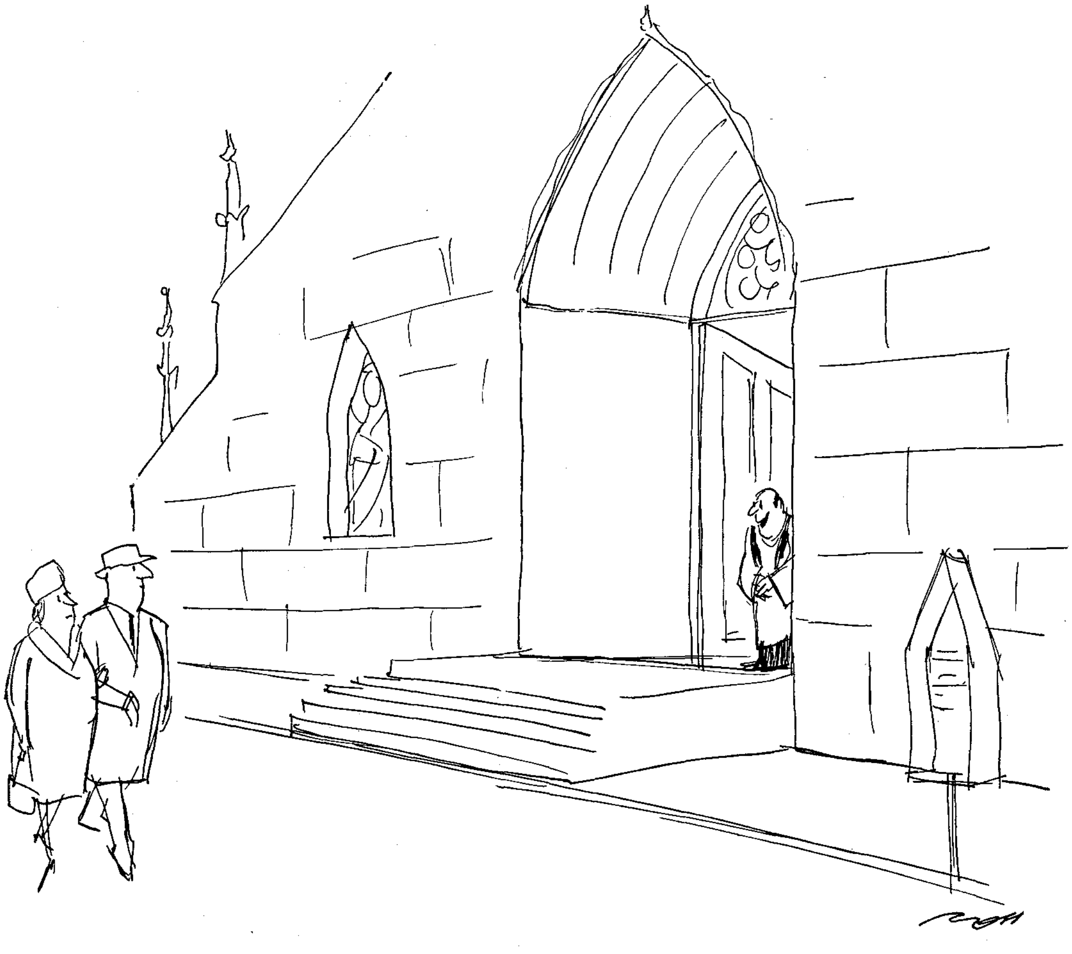
The Helldiver people are wonderful. Contact with their product was brief and catastrophic, but I still spend many fascinated hours poring over the set of instructions in which they stated in plain English that it probably would be, and which seem to have been systematically devised, for that reason, to put any likelihood of a takeoff safely out of the purchaser's reach. Consider, for example, the errant charm of this paragraph, which the greenhorn encounters early on in the set of directions, after some preliminary portents of the total demolition in store for anyone fool enough to think he can get the upper hand:

"Your Thimble Drome Helldiver is much too beautiful and expensive to use as a training ship to learn to fly. Trainer planes made for this purpose are much less expensive to learn to fly with because they are much less vulnerable to crash damage. It might be wise to buy a PT-19 Thimble Drome Trainer for learning to fly as this ship is especially built to absorb hard crash landings without damage. The catalog number is *5700* and the price is *$10.00*."

Now, an outlay of twenty clams for the Helldiver as a roundabout way of coming by the information that you should have bought something else instead is not, I think, exorbitant, as good advice is always worth paying for, and these people seem to know their business. I hurried out to buy the lesser model, but, unable to locate a merchant in town who stocked it, hurried home again to make do with the better. The briefing now sternly warned against the use of any fuel other than something called Thimble Drome Racing Fuel, so I put on my coat and hat again (observing to myself that I was certainly getting out more) and rushed off to buy a can of that. My mission this time was more fruitful, and I was soon home again, settled down to the phase having to do with fuelling and starting the engine.

Here the Helldiver people's genius for frustrating their clientele proves to be at its most disarming. They speak tantalizingly of a carburetor needle valve, which you are supposed to close before you make another move, and direct you to Figure 4. But nowhere in Figure 4 is the nature of the part indicated or its location specified. Love that firm. I found out where the needle valve was, however, thanks to some drag I have at a local repair garage, of which the head mechanic is a friend of mine, and then, back home again for—let's see—the third time, with the engine fuelled, I proceeded to the business of starting it.

The instructions said, "Squirt a few drops of fuel into the exhaust port. This is called priming." No exhaust port in Figure 4, either. Here I outwitted the makers by gathering up my model and taking it to the boy next door—a plucky lad of ten whom I had seen and heard flying a small plane similar to mine behind his house—and he showed me how to start it. I was now ready for the final stage of my preparations—the actual flying of the plane. Here I was dealt the worst blow of all. For a full comprehension of it, we must return briefly to my medical picture.



"*Immediate seating inside.*"

I happen to be subject to something known as Ménière's syndrome, a malfunction of the mechanism in the inner ear which is responsible for equilibrium, and which can convert the visible world into a carrousel without warning. Things become bollixed up firmament-wise, with attendant nausea. People so afflicted tend by instinct to avoid sudden moves, especially those involving circular actions of the head. Friends never have to say to us "Don't look now," because long habits of deliberation would make us about-face slowly if told "There's a panther behind you." Even the quarter turn necessary to dismount a soda-fountain stool is enacted with caution for fear of starting a bout of vertigo, which might be described to the uninitiated as roughly resembling an undeserved hangover, or a kind of *mal de mer* on dry land.

It can be imagined with what dismay, therefore, I encountered this paragraph in the instruction leaflet:

"If you have no previous experience you must accustom yourself to turning around counterclockwise until you can turn 20 times or so without becoming excessively dizzy. This is necessary whether you start flying with this ship or any other. Turn only 3 or 4 times the first time. Repeat after a half hour. Next day try 6 turns—repeat after a half hour. In a week or less you should be ready to fly."

To a man who can scarcely orbit a *smörgåsbord* table without losing his balance, not to mention his appetite, this is a crusher. It could be the coup de grâce to one not made of sterner stuff than the Helldiver people seem to take for granted. I thought first I might duck this entire problem by not revolving on my axis in conformity with the plane's overhead circles at all but simply standing still in the middle of a field, steadily passing my end of the guideline around myself from hand to hand, closing my eyes so I wouldn't see the plane, and trying not to retch. But this sort of thing will not work, as one glance at anybody flying a model plane will indicate. You have to move around, you have to keep your eye on things every second to maintain the steady rotating flight required. No, there was nothing for it, if I was determined not to be daunted, but to practice the pivoting exercises suggested, as prelude to any actual flying.

I picked a spot behind the garage where I would not be observed, closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and began. I rotated slowly, making a half turn first, then a full. I took a rest, and after a few minutes decided to try for two. I was very gratified to note I could manage two, but my exhilaration was short-lived. When I opened my eyes again, it was to find myself heading straight into a lilac bush. The next time, I blundered into a wheelbarrow, thinking I was headed in another direction altogether, such was my disorientation. I decided to quit for the day and try again the next. I returned to the house, marvelling, as I often do, at the spins executed by ballet dancers as a complete matter of course.

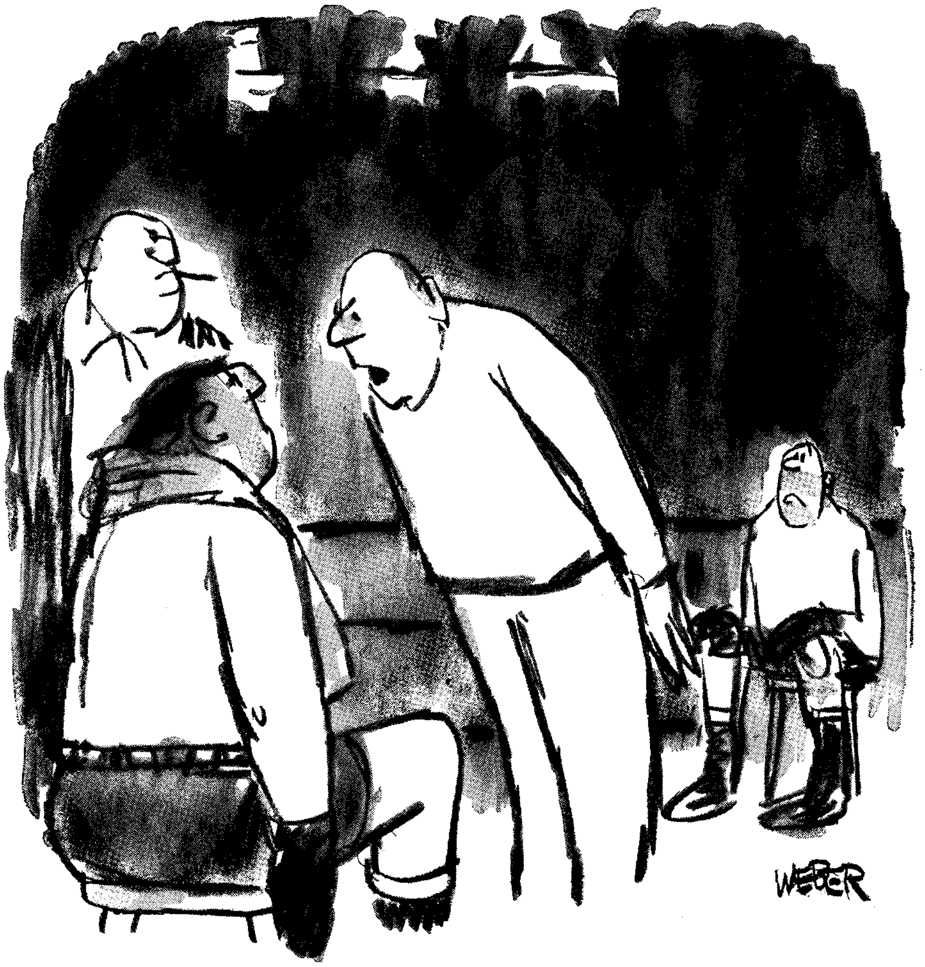
It occurred to me that there was no need to be practicing my rotations in the yard just because I would be flying the plane there, or hoped to. So I did them in the living room, the bedroom, even at the office, whenever I was alone and happened to have a spare moment. One Saturday morning, my wife entered the dining room in time to see me march into the side of a china cabinet, bruising my nose and flattening a cigar butt I happened to have clenched in my teeth.

"Why don't you give this thing up?" she said. "You know it's no use."

I rushed downstairs to the recreation room, where the plane was, snatched it up, rushed outside into the back yard, started it up, and let it go. I had read the instruction leaflet through in full two or three times by now, and, despite the manufacturer's obscurantism, had absorbed a few things about the care necessary in takeoff, both in terms of the plane and the guidelines attached to it (to the left wing, to command this counterclockwise circle), but I forgot all that now in my frenzy and just let the infernal thing rip. I can't say it went out of control, because it never was under control, nor did I pause to try to get it so. The caution to make sure takeoff was downwind (in contrast to that of a real plane) was probably accidentally observed, for the ship rose with a rush. It shot off to the right until all the slack was out of the guidelines, at which point it snapped violently back, like a bolting animal on a leash, made several crazy gyrations as a crosswind caught it, and then, after describing one more erratic loop, came straight at me.

I dropped the guidelines and ran for the house, beginning to gag a little. My feet got tangled up in the lines, which was probably what saved my life, because I tripped and fell as the plane shot by where my head had just been. It went over with its insane whine, then must have got caught in a sudden updraft, for it rose with a jerk, levelled off, and made at full speed for the Twindow.

I heard but did not see the crash, being still bent on saving my own hide. I had recovered my footing, and now scuttled around a corner of the house. As a haven of refuge, however,



"My boy says you called him a dirty name in the clinch."

• •

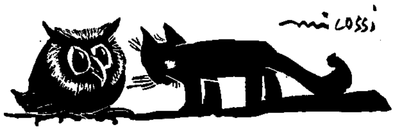
this nook of the property left nearly as much to be desired as the open peril I had just fled. There is a short, abrupt declivity in the lawn there, and as I started across it my foot met a patch of residual winter ice, along which I shot precipitately, and with that slightly delirious sense of having to accelerate momentum on a slippery surface in order to keep upright. I rushed down the slope, arms out, swooped full-tilt across a narrow gravel walk, and wound up espaliered against the side of the garage.

Well, it was just such a calamity as the Helldiver people envisioned for tyros foolhardy enough to try the SB2C, and my hat is off to them. With the lengths of surgical gauze currently turbaning my brow, I can't wear it anyway.

I WAS stretched out on the living-room couch one Sunday afternoon shortly after washing out of the model air force when I began to hear the steady, rasping drone that meant the boy next door was outside flying his plane in the open lot between our houses. I had decided to forgive the Helldiver people for their handling of the crucial element in my fiasco. I know it concerned a defect in me, not in their merchandise. Still, I think they should not have given the problem the emphasis they did in their leaflet, or perhaps even brought the subject up, since by doing so they introduced a note of anxiety and tension into a pastime that many people take up precisely to relieve anxiety and tension. Many authorities consider the Ménière syndrome psychogenic anyway, and you only double the hazard by calling attention to it. No, they should not have opened that can of peas.

I rose and went to the Twindow and stood gazing out of it with my hands in my pockets. The Twindow itself was, fortunately, not broken.

The late-January day was bright and cold, and I could see the plane circling in the clear air, just above the level of some intervening treetops, round and around with absolute precision, like a bird against the blue sky. I had followed its flight for several minutes when I began to realize something very exciting. I was perfectly able to follow the plane with my eyes, provided I myself remained motionless, and to do this *without the slightest loss of equilibrium or orientation.* This may seem a small matter to you, but it hit me with the force of a revelation. The facts of the case are, paradoxically, these: During an onset of Ménière's syndrome, my eyes tend to slew around in my head (neutral observers have told me as much), but when I slew my eyes around in my head deliberately, which should be asking for trouble, as many people not normally subject to dizziness get dizzy when they try it, why, I feel no ill effects whatever. It's some time since I've been able to drum up any interest in myself, but this seemed a phenomenon worth noting—indeed, a knack worth developing. Which is the upshot of the whole episode: the discovery of an unexpected skill.



I practiced swivelling my eyes around in my head till I was really quite adept at it. I can now rotate them clockwise at high speed, stop suddenly, and reverse to counterclockwise. I did this for members of my family till they were nauseated. Next, I took to doing my tricks for neighborhood kids, then at parties, finally on public conveyances. What I do is, I take a seat at the front or back of a bus, so that I am facing passengers on parallel seats, and then quite casually, with no other facial expression, go into my routine. The first time I did it, a

THE MURMURERS

(TOBAGO)

They are formidable under any feather
and each name—of fly, of sharp sound, soft sound, or flower:
oiseau-mouche, *zum-zum*, *beija-flor*—these on the wing.
Their color? Science cries like a lover of their light:
Heliomaster, Stellula, Chrysolampis, Sapphirina, sun
fire, star fire, torch fire, jewel fire in the air.

Honey, honey! What rapacity! All the air
vibrates with that passion. Ravage, ravage! Wing
and beak and raging hunger plunge them, flower by flower,
along the raceme, nodding, balanced in the light;
the brief immortelle on its yellow great tree of sun,
hog plum, ixora wear, like a nimbus, that fire and feather.

At night, if they wish, they can die, but not quite—feather-
light, lax. You may handle them, the head limp, wing
elegantly shut. But they dive up into blue air
in a moment. In 1653, Father Cobo taught the light
of the Resurrection to the Indians by that power. The sun
of their plumage might have served for the Trinity in flower,

requiring three-in-one—light, angle, eye—to flower
into their color. Lacking one, they go colorless as air.
Interference is the cause of iridescence: feather-
shaft, barb, and barbule must have their sun
as seer; its color is structural; and light
knows this is not a pigment but a murmur of wing.

Water lovers, waterfall lovers, by wet wing
they go, pool shatterers, wet-leaf drinkers, light-
ing on nothing. Dew drainers, their drenched elected flower
magnetizes metal. Elliptical platelets, feather-
soft? Goldsmith stuff inlaid with an eye to air?
Murmurers, feast, fight, flash in the Tobago sun!

Stronger than striped tigers, hotter-blooded, that sun
seethes in their blood. The brilliant, obedient air
frees them from patience, fear, and commitment. Flower
or hawk, they maneuver, the murmurers—by wing, by wing,
fight, feast, flash—as though the color's feather
on breast, racket tail, gorget were an attribute of light.

Songless, air-kindled, belligerent bone and feather!
This sun like a round fruit swells to draw your wing
and needle beak, and the whole island's flower is the sound of your light.

—JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN

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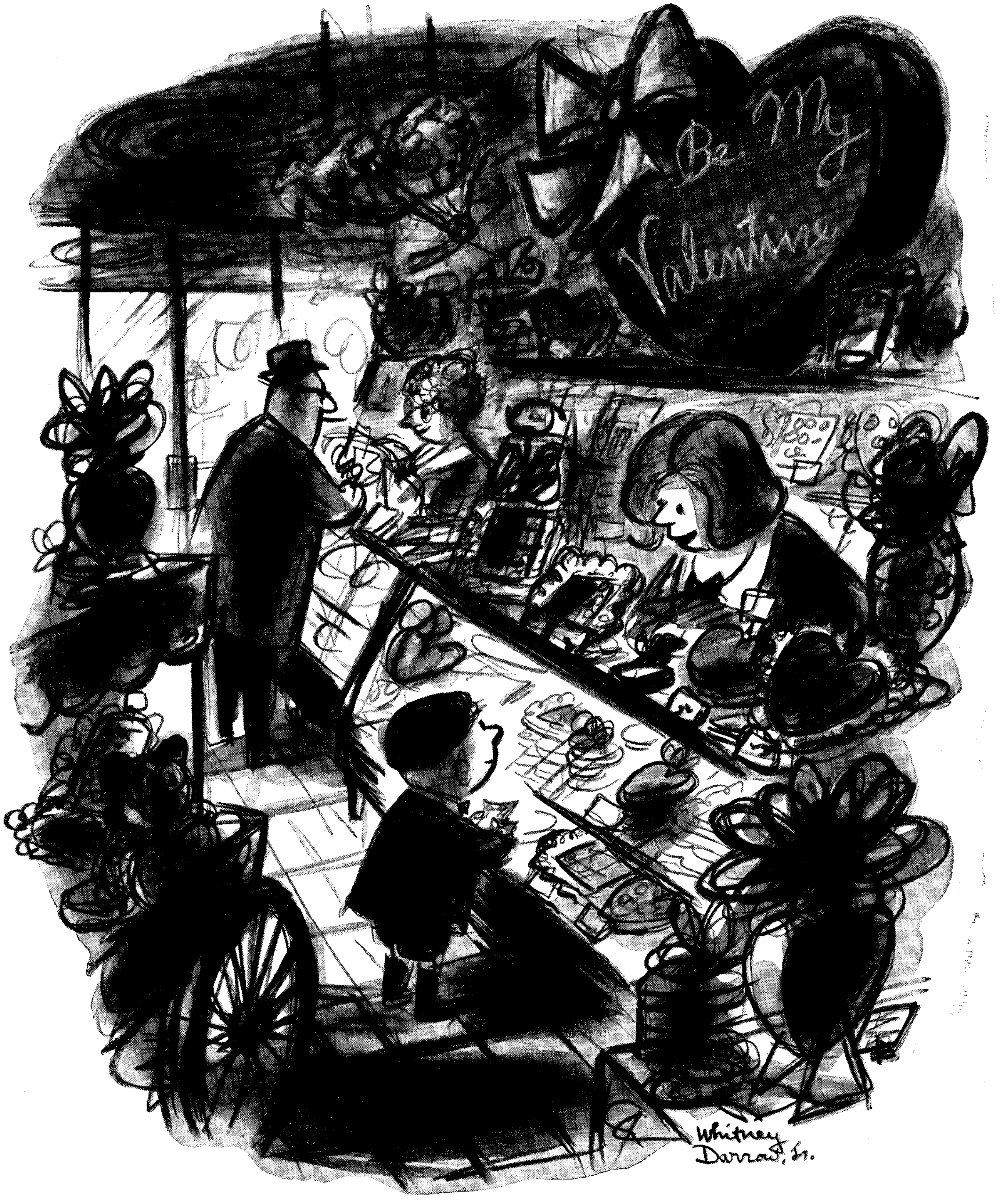


"Well, look at it this way. How deeply in love are you?"

• •

man in a bowler hat turned green and changed his seat. He seemed to have to steady himself as he picked his way up the aisle toward the rear of the bus.

Since then, I have introduced many variations and refinements into my act. I will describe one in closing. I shut one eye, so that only the other is seen whirling around in my head, and simultaneously thrust my tongue deep into my cheek so that it makes a bulge, and whirl that around. When I reach that point in my repertoire, generally everyone is quite affected, and either moves or turns and looks out the window. As my skill grows, so does the percentage of people who rise and get off the bus altogether—and of course, as a confirmed people buff, I like to note exactly *how* they go as well as when they go. Soon, no doubt, I expect I shall be able to empty an entire coach with no trouble.

Why don't *you* get yourself a good hobby? You certainly look as though you need one, Mac, and badly.

—PETER DE VRIES

GIVING

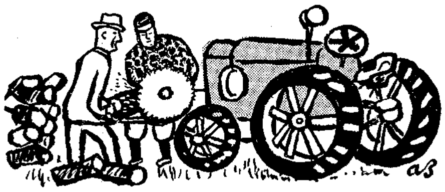
SITTING in his car outside the doctor's office, while he waited for his wife, Paul Symonds watched the wet snowflakes settle on the windshield and, since the defroster was on, melt before they reached the bottom of the glass. From the radio came the smooth, insistent voice of a man listing prizes to be awarded in a limerick contest—a fur coat, five washing machines, twenty cocker spaniels. Irritably, Paul switched off the ignition and began a search, under topcoat, jacket, and sweater, for cigarettes. He had forgotten them. He opened the glove compartment and found, behind a torn road map and two candy wrappers and a screwdriver, a crumpled pack containing one cigarette. He lit it. The smoke was dry and made him remember that he had not had time, earlier that morning, to brush his teeth.

The snow had begun the day before, late in the afternoon, as he got off the train at his station in suburban New Jersey, and he knew then that he would have to cancel his plans to spend the weekend cleaning up the back yard. It was a slow, heavy snow that came, without wind, from flat gray clouds. By nine o'clock the maples lining Watchung Drive as it curved downhill into town were trimmed with soft puffs of snow. The junipers, split-rail fences, and wrought-iron lampposts in front of each of the houses looked, as they were intended to look, appropriately Colonial. Paul had watched the snow and then gone to bed early. He waked the next morning to the startling realization that his body felt like iron, as if he had passed, in the night, through some secret illness he could not quite remember. He was certain he had not dreamed.

At breakfast, while his wife, Jane, prepared for her appointment with the doctor—since they had been married ten years and had had no children, they had both been involved in a series of examinations—he had taken a kind of inventory. Lifting a cup of coffee, he noted the amazing arrangement by which his arms, defying gravity, brought the cup to his mouth. His lips felt stiff. His chest seemed too heavy to push outward for breath; he had a feeling of being somehow imprisoned by his own weight.

There was at least two feet of snow on the ground, heavy and wet, when he shovelled the driveway. Jane's appointment was for ten o'clock, and as they had neither chains nor snow tires, he had, after driving her down to the village, parked halfway into the street beside the doctor's office, halfway into a snowbank the plow had pushed against the curb. In the twenty minutes he had been waiting, the windows had become covered with snow. The car was like a luminous white cave from which he peered, through the watery windshield, downhill to the main intersection of town. Diagonally across the street, in the direction of town, a tall thin boy in a black leather jacket was using a T-shaped wooden pole to push the snow to one side of the parking lot of a supermarket. His slick long hair was sprinkled with white, and his hands were red with cold. He worked so joylessly—a kind of crow scraping at the asphalt in the whitened world—that Paul wondered if the manager watched him from behind the huge glass windows frosted with steam and filled with posters advertising soda crackers and soap.

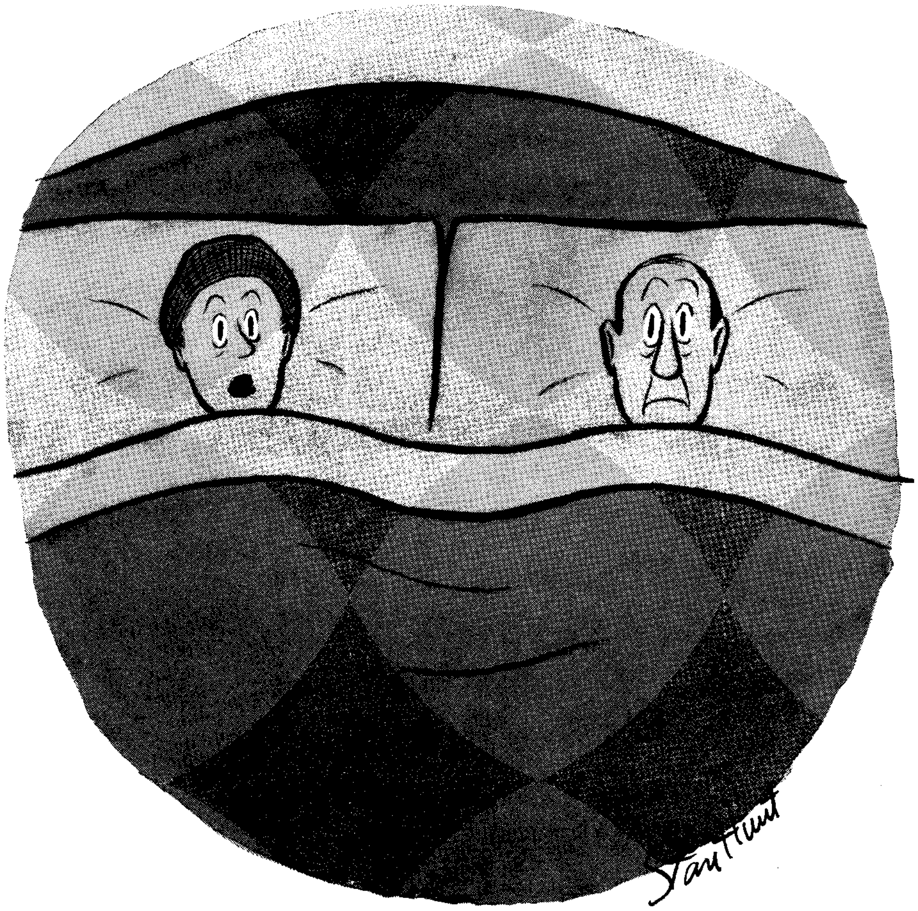
Usually, on Saturday morning, the intersection was busy, but now only an occasional car moved, almost soundlessly, along the single pair of tire tracks pressed into the snow. Suddenly three girls turned the corner, walking in the street, and climbed up the hill toward the car. They were carrying overnight cases, and their faces, under head scarves, were almost completely framed by identical pink plastic curlers. The boy in the parking lot called to them, and they stopped in the middle of the street. Though it seemed from his manner that he was not really a friend of theirs, they waved to him and shouted back, their voices slippery with excitement. They had been to a slumber party, they yelled, and had not slept at all. Two of the girls were pretty, dressed in black stretch pants and boots, but with dismay Paul saw that the third girl was fat and sullen. She held her suitcase in both hands against her stomach, and her little mouth, weighed down by her red cheeks, hung open as though she had trouble breathing. She stood in the snow between the parallel tracks the cars had made, and Paul was suddenly aware that the poor girl had known—as long as she had known anything—that no boy would call to her, not even on a Saturday morning in the midst of a snowstorm, though her hair was in curlers and she carried a suitcase. There was such blank hopelessness in the way she stood planted in the middle of the street, hugging her suitcase, that Paul felt a kind of anger, which seemed irrational and strangely heavy. The other girls, hesitantly, veered toward the parking lot. The boy leaned on his wooden pole, watching them. They didn't walk all the way up to him but stopped halfway into the parking lot. As they talked with the boy, they kicked at the snow, tapped their suitcases with their knees, circled each other with nervous, aimless restlessness as though they were colts on the verge of fleeing. Eventually they returned to the street and continued uphill toward Paul's car. The fat girl plodded after them, nothing showing on her face. Yet as she passed the car, Paul heard her say, in a flat, dull whine, "He's on probation, that's why. He's stolen about a million cars."



One of the girls whirled around, swinging her suitcase—a gratuitous, sure little display of spirit. She saw Paul watching her, and her eyes showed, for a second, surprise and then instantly a kind of hard, youthful indifference. "He doesn't *steal* them," she said. "He just takes them for an hour or so. Besides, his parents are a mess. His father's an alcoholic or something."

There were moments when the fabric of the world did not seem entirely solid to Paul, when the plastic circle of a steering wheel, for example, and the tooled chromium band, which, when pushed, sounded a blatting horn, seemed both unreal and strangely pathetic. The visible manifestations of man were inadequate to something—the weight of the spirit, the slow certain passage of time, the very existence of the world itself. He could not escape the feeling, coupled with the strange sensation of heaviness, that although the snow falling down upon the earth was somehow right, the responses sent forth to greet it—posters advertising soda crackers, colored automobiles, houses, the network of streets—were thin and insubstantial. And the workings of the mind, even in high-spirited girls who had not slept all night or in fat sullen girls weighted with morality, were pale shadows of whatever was real. The heaviness upon him seemed to demand some kind of action. He opened the car door and stepped into the street, intending to go to the supermarket for cigarettes.

The wet snow would become dangerous if it did not soon stop, he thought, even though there was no wind. Against the sky, the telephone wires were soft, looping scratches of snow. The branches of the trees were already bent under the weight. Paul walked down the



"I knew we shouldn't have waited for the 'Eleventh-Hour Worldwide Wrap-Up.'"

• •

street, treading on the girls' footprints, which headed in the opposite direction, until he came to the parking lot. The boy was still working.

"That's heavy stuff," Paul said. "Is it easier to push it with that thing than to shovel it?"

The boy eyed him without surprise. As though he needed to choose his answer, he was silent a moment and then said, "Yeah, I guess so." He rubbed the back of one chapped red hand across his nose.

"What's a job like yours pay?" Paul asked.

This time the boy looked at him carefully. It was a completely studied gesture, a look that the boy obviously imagined was shrewd and calculating but that flickered with hostility. "What's the matter, Mister?" he said. "You *want* a job or you offering me one?"

Baffled as much by his own part in the conversation as by the boy's hostility, Paul said, "No. I was just wondering what jobs like yours paid these days. I was just wondering what future they had."

"Future?" the boy said. It apparently sounded to him like a foreign word, or a slightly obscene one. "I'll tell you, Mister. You work hard and stay clean, you get to sleep with the boss's daughter. Is that what you wanted to know?"

Startled, Paul said quickly, "Yes. You've told me exactly what I wanted to know," and he turned and walked toward the store.

"Good luck," the boy called, and this time his voice was like an angry child's. "But I ought to tell you she's cross-eyed and knock-kneed, both."

THERE were, as far as Paul could tell, no other customers in the store. The wire-basket carts were still lined up in their neat, vaguely sexual nestings. Three girl cashiers, in green smocks and red fingernails, lounged in their cubicles, talking. A teen-age voice wailed a piece of gibberish music from the loudspeakers set into the Celotex ceiling next to the oval discs of the air-conditioners.

Paul circled the store, although the cigarettes, he knew, were next to the cash registers. What a snotty thing to have said to that boy, he thought; so damned priggish in its adult smugness. And the trouble was it had just come out, completely unplanned, as though the boy had struck from Paul his real self, his one true response. He was almost shaking, feeling again a kind of irrational anger.

The display of gadgetry and food appalled him. Impossible to guess how many can openers, how many bottle stoppers, detergents, bleaches, brushes, tissues, napkins, dish towels lined the shelves. Balloons advertising cold meats were strung on wires across the store. Half the length of one aisle was filled with red-and-white cans of soup. There were exactly seven different brands of peanut butter. Two tall pyramids of breakfast cereals, topped with pennants, flanked a bin filled with a jumbled mass of plastic toys colored a fluorescent orange and green.

Ahead of him there stretched, shelf upon shelf, long rows of little sparkling green lights, like the votive candles of a crazed and glutted worshipper: glass jars of pickles reflecting the neon tubes that lined the ceiling. The whole store seemed a kind of mad temple glittering with lights and set to jiggling by the teen-age wail from the loudspeakers. It was as though there were an ultimate pressure men could bear only by throwing forth more and more things: another hundred cans of soup, another hundred jars of pickles—offerings to some god to expiate some inescapable sin, heavy as iron. It struck Paul that men always tried to propitiate their gods with their most gross displays—rows of bloodied packaged meats, pyramids of canned tomatoes. Yet in the very act of sacrifice they flaunted their ingenuity and compromised their offerings.

With surprise Paul noticed that there was, in the midst of the green jars, a native product—Watchung Pickles. These jars were not quite as professionally glittering as the others. Some of the labels were pasted on slightly askew. He chose a little jar priced at thirty-nine cents and went to the front of the store, where he picked up two packs of cigarettes. The checkout girl in the third slot was leaning against her counter, scraping at a flaking spot of skin on her cheek with the long red nail of her little finger. As Paul approached, she quickly straightened up. She covered the jar of pickles and the cigarettes with her left hand while she punched the cash register with her right.

"Ninety-three cents," she said, not looking at Paul.

He wondered if he could make her look at him. "How much are the cigarettes?" he asked.

"Twenty-seven," she said. "Twenty-seven, twenty-seven, thirty-nine—ninety-three." She tore off the cash-register slip and dropped it on the counter.

Paul gave her a dollar bill. She gave

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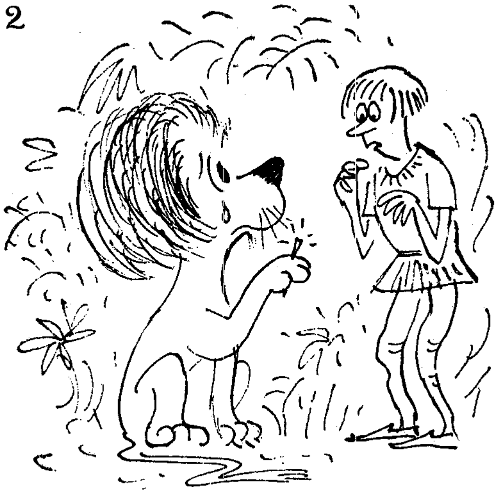


him his cigarettes, the brown paper bag she'd put the pickles in, and his change. He held his hand open a moment, staring at the seven cents. The gesture worked. She glanced up at him.

"You gave me a one-dollar bill," she said. It was a voice already schooled in the art of silencing customers and handling troublesome drunks. Her eyes were very odd, Paul thought—brown flecked with green—and they reflected the same hostility the boy's eyes had shown, though much more sure of themselves.

"That's right," Paul said. "Thanks."

She turned her back and leaned against the counter, though she said, just loud enough for him to hear as he walked away, a simple "Geez." Paul glanced back. She was watching him now and scraping again at the spot on her cheek with her little fingernail.

OUTSIDE, the boy was gone. About a fourth of the parking lot had been cleared and was already covered with a light film of snow. There were two Volkswagens and a large station wagon parked near the entrance. When Paul reached his own car, Jane was waiting.

"Look," he said, opening the door. "I bought you a present." He gave her the paper bag.

She looked into it a moment and then handed it back to him. "That's not very funny, you know."

"What?"

"I am not pregnant."

Paul glanced at her. For Jane the world was, in a kind of vague, unexamined way, a rational place. Newspaper stories about mistreated children, for instance, infuriated her, but she was never successfully angry for herself. It was a perfect defense. Paul threw the jar of pickles into the back seat and opened a pack of cigarettes. "Look," he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't think. I bought them because they were a local product. Did you notice? Watchung Pickles."

"Let's go home," she said. "I don't want to *freeze* here."

The windshield was now covered with snow. Paul turned on the ignition and the heater and then, slowly, the windshield wipers. It was, he thought, better to ask now. If they waited until they were home and had coffee, or waited until tonight, it would be too clinical. "What'd McLeod have to say?" he asked.

"He wants to see you."

This surprised Paul. "Why, for Lord's sake?"

"Just to talk to you, I think."

"No," Paul said. "What good is that going to do? I don't even like the man. Besides, I have talked to him. His job was to find out if there was anything wrong with us, physically. There isn't. Now he wants to play psychiatrist, and he's not qualified." The doctor had been recommended to them—a bit too enthusiastically, Paul thought—by friends who claimed that he treated the whole man. This involved, Paul discovered, lengthy and probing questions about one's sex life. Because he and Jane were childless after ten years, it was natural enough for the doctor to try to find out what he could. But Paul had not liked him from the first. He had felt, without being able to explain why, that the questions Dr. McLeod asked him had nothing specifically to do with him, but were routine, and he had wondered if McLeod was planning to publish a statistical study of suburban sex life.

"He knows you don't like him," Jane said. "You resist him. That's just the point. If you could find out *why*, it might be the reason—"

"Good God, no!"

"But there *might* be a connection, you see."

"That's insane."

"It has something to do with attitude. You're resisting for some reason."

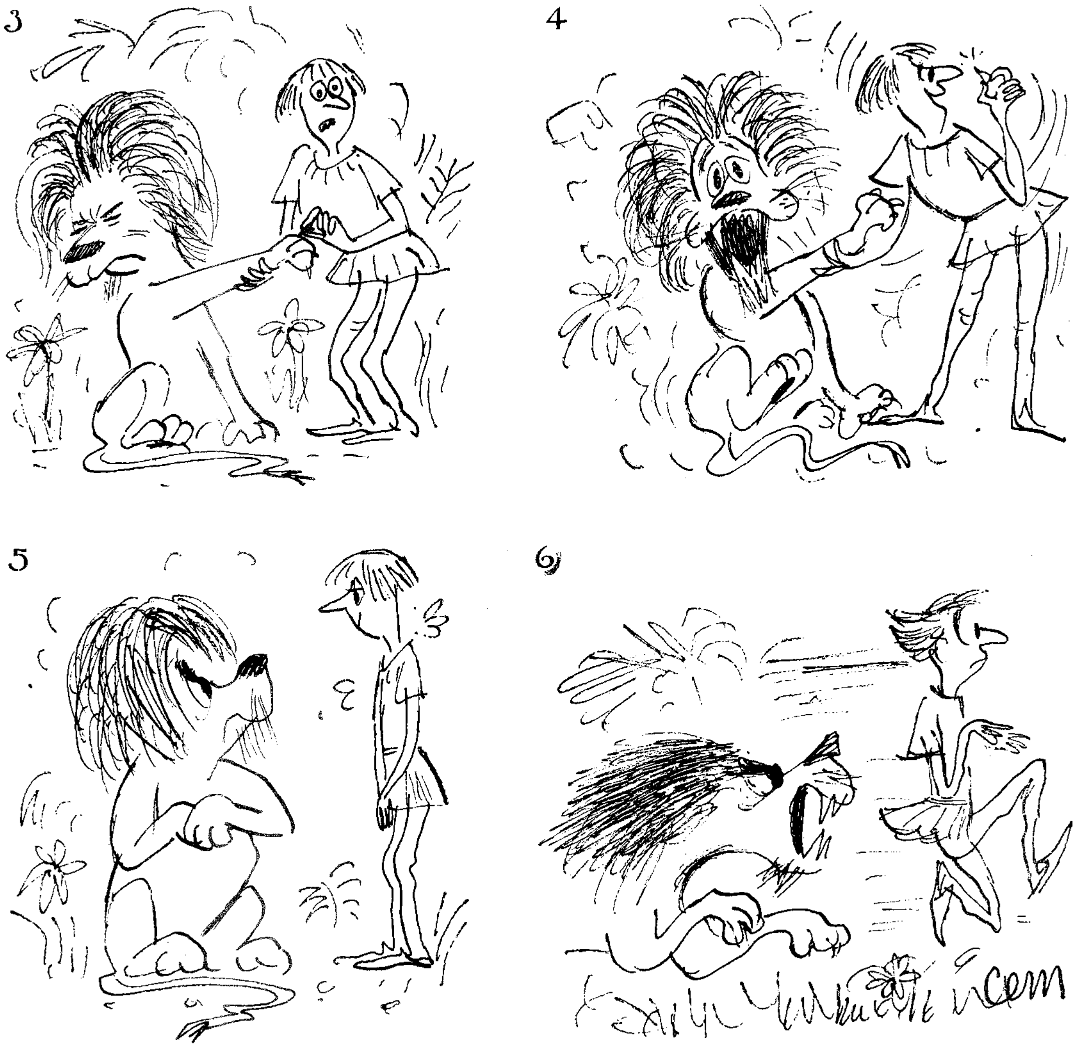
"But that's positively medieval. Worse than that—primeval. They think it's the most modern thing, but it's a kind of superstition."

Jane stared ahead, looking at the intersection down the hill. A car had turned the corner too sharply and was stuck in the snow. The driver, a woman, was standing beside the car, looking at the snowbank, her coat thrown open and her hands on her hips. He should go help her, Paul thought, but then noticed that Heggens was coming from his hardware store with a shovel. Seen from this distance, through the snow, they looked like puppets, and the woman, with a kind of wooden and yet seductive gesture, threw open her arms, appearing at the same time to be welcoming Heggens to her bosom and to be appealing to the heavens.

"Mrs. Brown," Jane said. "Mrs. Gene Brown. They live on Locust."

The whole terrain of sex remained mysterious, Paul thought, even in marriage. He had been surprised at the unquestioning way Jane accepted the mechanical rituals McLeod imposed upon them. It was as though Paul had never known her at all. He himself had been sudden prey to a whole catalogue of responses—lust, prudery, guilt—all of them ultimately embarrassing and all of them, he discovered, his alone. Jane possessed, as though it were a natural ornament of all women, a kind of singleness of purpose that kept her, in the midst of all that experimentation, full of love and wholly chaste. But Paul felt that McLeod was working some kind of terrible damage upon them. The doctor was a little man, with slick hair, a trimmed mustache, and tinted glasses, who wore, like armor, a fussy scientific efficiency. What man, Paul thought, could talk about his relations with his wife to any other man, let alone to McLeod, though his office, panelled in walnut, was filled with thick medical books in polished leather and glittered with framed diplomas?

"I mean *this*," Paul said, taking Jane's hands. "Doctors don't really know what they're doing. They're not gods. They're just men. When they treat some terrible disease, they still have their own deaths to face. When they go around trying to tell other peo-



ple how to run their lives, they still have their own lives to handle. I'd like to know about McLeod's sex life. It's all just shooting in the dark. I read once that Dr. Schweitzer—Albert Schweitzer—ordered an assistant to let a mosquito go. There was the kind of mosquito that carries malaria flying around in the dining room. A nurse or somebody got up to kill it. Schweitzer made her let it go, because man doesn't have the right to kill life. You see? Schweitzer spends his life fighting malaria and then lets the mosquito go. He even prays for forgiveness when he kills bacteria or destroys cancer, since he says for all we know it may be God's plan to let bacteria or cancer inherit the earth. They're not gods. They're just as mixed up as the rest of us. How do we know McLeod doesn't get some kind of nasty thrill out of making you take your temperature and reporting everything to him?"

"He does, in a way," Jane said. "It's not 'nasty.' But he's embarrassed, really, a little bit, though he tries not to be, of course. It's not as though he were treating bunions."

"Well? Don't you see?"

"Let's go home," Jane said.

"Why? Did McLeod tell you the next fifteen minutes were crucial?"

"Now *you're* being nasty."

"I'm being scientific."

Jane took her hands away from his and looked at him a moment, her lips pressed together, two little white ridges showing on each side of her mouth. He knew exactly what she was going to do—retreat, leaving him stranded in the middle of the argument, stuck with whatever words he might have said.

The snow seemed to be falling even harder. Mrs. Brown was gone. Heggens was shovelling the sidewalk in front of his store. The boy was again pushing the snow in the parking lot. He had on gloves now.

Paul leaned both arms on the steering wheel. "Look," he said, "we can adopt a child."

"It takes years. We've been all through that."

"Then we can get an unadoptable child. The world's full of them. Mixed races. Or something suburban people don't want at all—a Puerto Rican or a Negro."

"Are you willing?"

In order to mask—even in order to bear—the weight of an anger and despair that was not, even at the moment, truly important but only another manifestation of that seemingly permanent heaviness that lay upon him, he slowly put the car in gear, slowly released the brake. By carefully not spinning the wheels, he backed into the street and started down the hill. He glanced once more at the boy in the black leather jacket, feeling that he left a scene of defeat all out of proportion to what had occurred there. He slowed to a stop at the intersection and had a bit of trouble starting again. The wheels spun and the car slipped sidewise, out of the narrow tracks.

DRIVING home, he felt heavier than ever; the car seemed to move only by the sheer weight of his grip on the steering wheel. In an almost tangible way, he wanted to set things right—to redeem himself with the angry boy, to ease the fat girl of the burden of her ugly moralizing, to reassure the grocery clerk. And he wanted, even more, to explode against McLeod—and perhaps against Jane, too—the anger of good clean lust, as if that might help. "I won't see McLeod again," he said. "There's something disgusting about the whole thing, about trying to have a baby with all that maneuvering. It's as though our lives didn't mean anything, as though all you could do with life is scheme how to pass it on. It's like a defeat. Life isn't worth having. It's only worth doing any goddam thing just to pass it on. The whole thing is doing something terrible to us." Perhaps he was, after all, superstitious, he thought. Perhaps this was where he would draw the line: science can go so far and no farther, not under his regime, not within the limits of his decrees. "McLeod does *not* know what he's doing. 'Treating the whole man.' That's the most goddam arrogant phrase I've ever heard."

"Stop," Jane said.

"There are too many people anyway," he went on. "Talk about India

SPINDRIFT

1

On this tree thrown up
From the sea, its tangle of roots
Letting the wind go through, I sit
Looking down the beach: old
Horseshoe crabs, broken skates,
Sand dollars, sea horses, as though
Only primeval creatures get destroyed,
At chunks of sea mud still quivering,
At the light as it glints off the water
And the billion facets of the sand,
At the soft, mystical shine the wind
Blows over the dunes as they creep.

2

Sit down
By the clanking shore
Of this bitter, beloved sea,

Pluck sacred
Shells from the icy surf,
Fans of gold light, sunbursts,

Lift one to the sun
As a sign you accept to go,
As bid, to the shrine of the dead,

And as it blazes
See the lost life within
Alive again in the fate-shine.

3

This little bleached root
Drifted from some foreign shore,
Brittle, cold, practically weightless,

If anything is dead, it is,
This castout worn
To the lost grip it always essentially was.

If it has lost hold,
It at least keeps the wild
Shape of what it held,

And it remains the hand
Of that gravel, one of the earth's
Wandering icons of "to have."

4

I sit listening
To the surf as it falls,
The power and inexhaustible freshness of the sea,
The suck and inner boom
As a wave tears free and crashes back
In overlapping thunders going away down the beach.

It is the most we know of time,
And it is our undermusic of eternity.

5

I think of how I
Sat by a dying woman,
Her shell of a hand
Wet and cold in both of mine,
Light, nearly out, existing as smoke,
I sat in the glow of her wan, absorbed smile.

6

Under the high wind
That moans in the grass
And whistles through crabs' claws,
I sit holding this little lamp,
This icy fan of the sun.

Across gull tracks
And wind-ripples in the sand
The wind seethes. My footprints
Slogging for the absolute
Already begin vanishing.

7

What does he really love,
That old man,
His wrinkled eyes
Tortured by smoke,
Walking in the ungodly
Rasp and cackle of old flesh?

The swan dips her head
And peers at the mystic
In-life of the sea,
The gull drifts up
And eddies toward heaven,
The breeze in his arms . . .

Nobody likes to die
But an old man
Can know
A kind of gratefulness
Toward time that kills him,
Everything he loved was made of it.

In the end
What is he but the scallop shell
Shining with time like any pilgrim?

—Galway Kinnell

• •

or China. Look at New Jersey. All these jerry-built houses, all these people crowding in here."

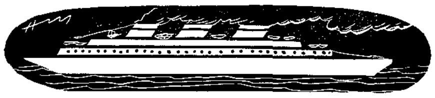
"Stop!" Jane said. "Stop the car."

"What?"

"That's the Bensons' boy," Jane said. "Let's give him a ride."

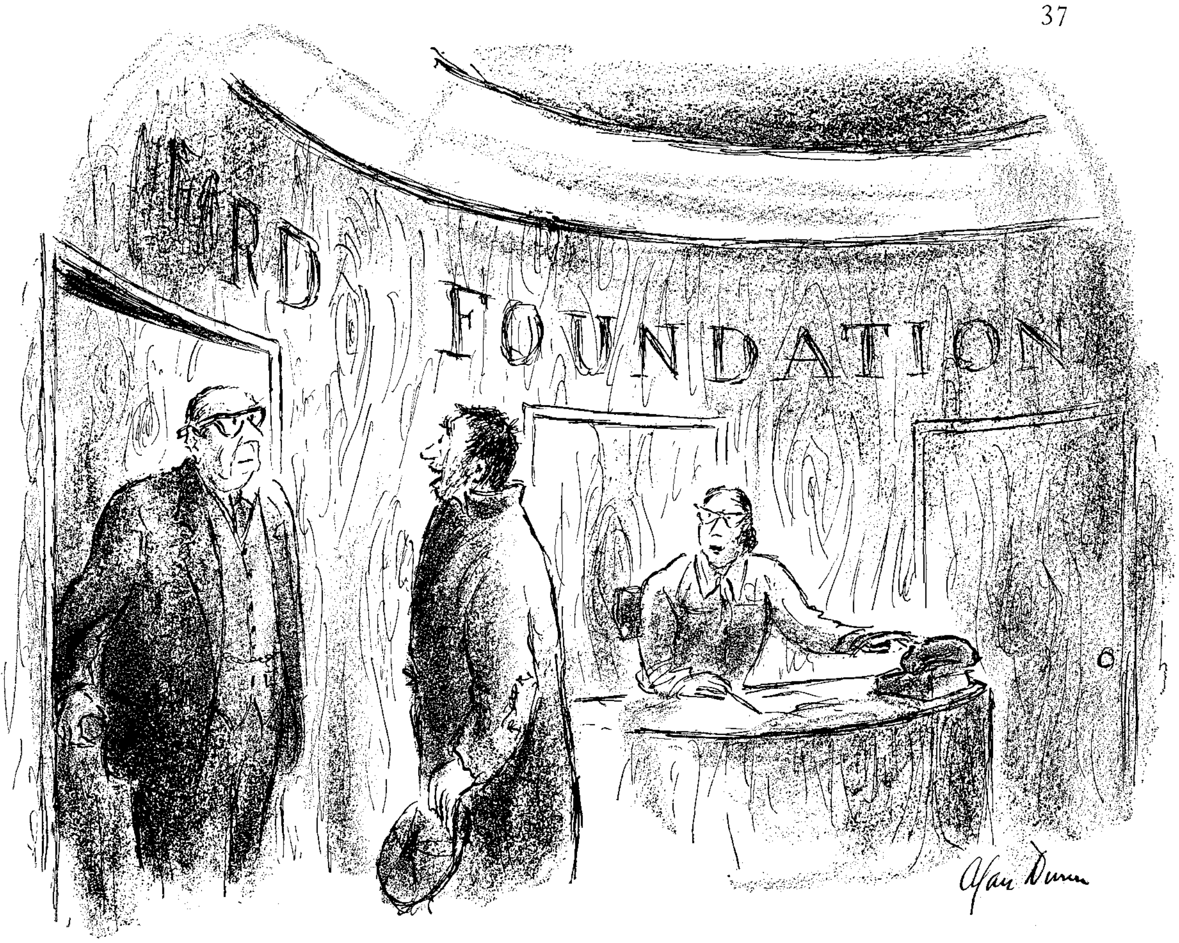
He remembered, then, having passed a kid walking by the side of the road, carrying a huge package. He stopped the car, and Jane opened the door and stepped out. "Let us give you a ride," she called.

The back window was covered with snow. Paul opened his door and looked back. The boy, seeing both of them, halted.



"It's all right," Jane said. "I know your folks. I'm Mrs. Symonds."

The boy, however, had obviously been well trained to reject the advances and gifts that came from strangers, and he stood his ground.



"I was wondering if you might stake me to a research grant on the economics of marginal subsistence."

• •

"Oh, for goodness' sakes," Jane said. "I know your mother well. You live on Sayre Road. Come on and get in this car. You can't carry that thing all the way home."

The boy came toward them slowly. Paul saw him glance at the spot where, except for the snow, the license plate would have been visible. Jane opened the rear door. "What in the world do you have there?" she asked. "You are going home, aren't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am," the boy said. He tried to get into the car still hugging the box, still eying them suspiciously. Paul reached across the back of the front seat and dragged the box into the car.

"You know where the Bensons live," Jane said to Paul as she got in beside him. "On Sayre Road."

"Yes," Paul said. Jane had in fact told a lie. They did not really know the Bensons, who were rich and whom they had met only once or twice at parties. "But I doubt if I can get through Sayre Road today." It was a wooded street winding up the hillside north of town, its huge houses set far back from the road.

"You can at least try," Jane said. She turned around and looked at the boy. "Why, that's a phonograph," she said. "What are you doing carrying a phonograph in this snowstorm?"

"I won it," the boy said. "At the Park Theatre."

"You won it!" Jane said. "How exciting!"

"At the movie. Saturday mornings they have a movie and give prizes. I had the right number."

"Isn't that wonderful," Jane said. "And did you have to go up on the stage and get your phonograph?"

The boy nodded—embarrassed, Paul thought.

"But why are you walking home?" Jane asked.

"I had to buy Joe Baker a sundae. We had this bet. If he won, he had to treat me. If I won, I had to treat him. This is the first time we ever won, though."

"So you had to buy Joe Baker a sundae," Jane said.

"Yeah. It was my bus money."

"Oh, you poor boy!"

"Yeah. My arms were about falling off, it felt like."

Jane's enthusiasm—directed obliquely at him, Paul thought—had the true ring of adult condescension. It was embarrassing the boy, and Paul said, "Did the other boy go home on the bus?"

"We *had* only fifteen cents left," the boy said.

"Then he should have taken the phonograph home on the bus, shouldn't he? And you could have got it from his house later," Paul said.

"We never thought of that," the boy said. He was silent a moment and then added, "That was dumb, wasn't it?"

"Oh, well," Paul said.

"*I'd* have been so excited I couldn't think of anything," Jane said.

"It wasn't really that much," the boy said.

Sayre Road was not as bad as Paul had expected. A plow had been through, and the road, arched with trees, was protected. The long driveway to the Bensons' house, however, was in the open and had not been cleared. Paul turned into the drive but immediately backed again into the street. "I'm not going to try that," he said.

"That's O.K.," the boy said. "Thanks a lot for the ride." He opened the door and got out, then turned and dragged the phonograph across the seat. Snow swirled into the car.

"Help him, Paul," Jane said.

"I don't need any help." Holding the phonograph against his chest, the boy tried to close the car door.

"I'll get it," Jane said, pulling the door shut.

"Thanks again," the boy said. He started up the driveway.

Jane said to Paul, "Wait a minute." They watched the boy trudge along the driveway and then feel his way up the snow-covered front steps of his house. Just as he got to the door, Jane reached across Paul and rolled down the window. "Be sure to tell your mother you got a ride," she called.

The boy turned and hitched the phonograph higher onto his chest, balancing it on one raised knee. "What?" he yelled.

"Tell your mother you didn't have to walk. Tell her we gave you a ride. She'll be worried."

As though the snow had slowed as well as muffled her words, the boy stood a moment, squinting at her.

"Oh," he said finally. "Yeah, thanks."

Jane leaned back. "He's a nice boy," she said. "That's exciting."

As he was rolling up the window, Paul heard the boy shout one final thing. "Hey," he called. "What'd you say your name was?"

Paul didn't bother to answer him. Jane hadn't heard.

"That's a big event for him," Jane said. "Winning something."

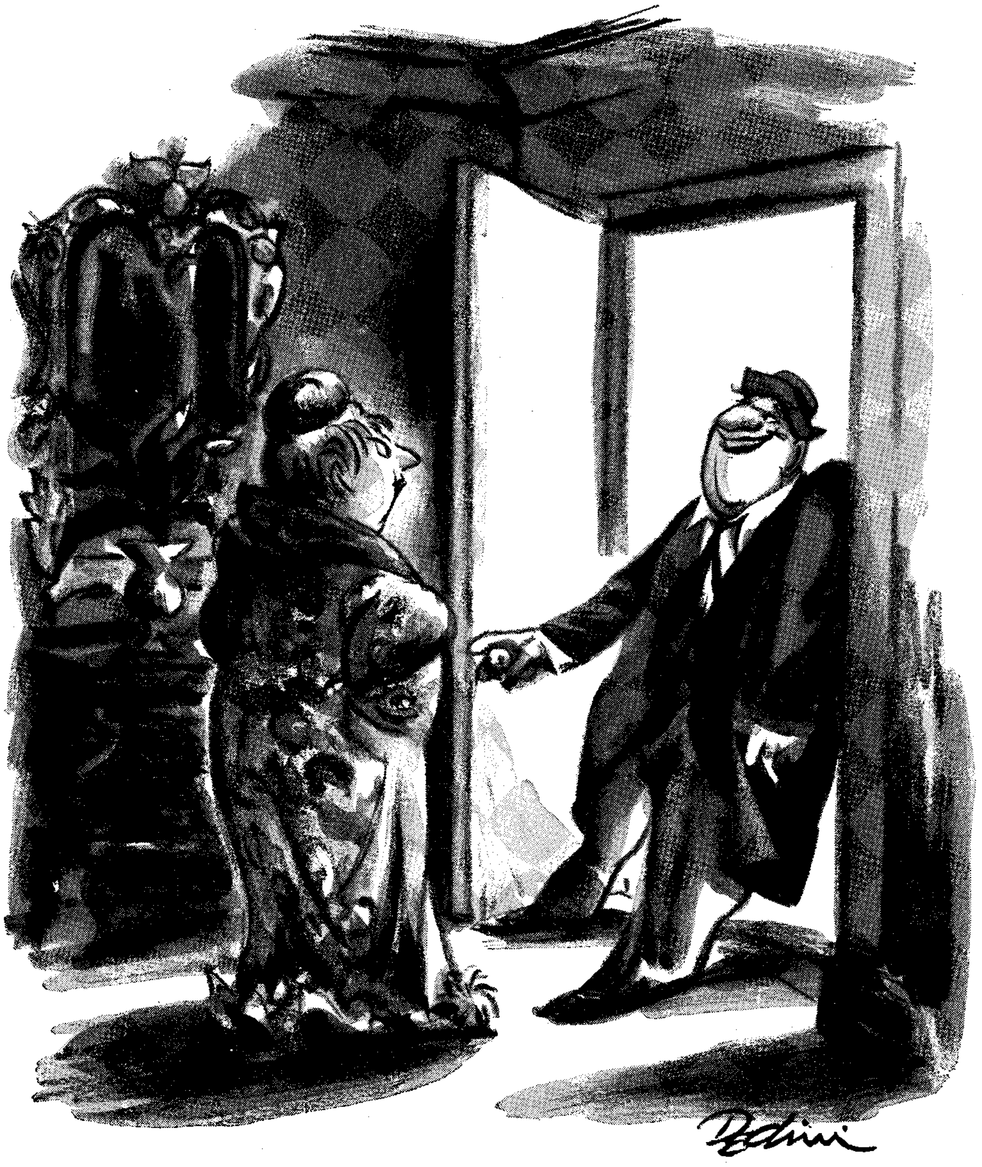
"I suppose so," Paul said. He started the car down the hill.

"No, I mean really," Jane said. "Winning something is always exciting. You never forget it. I can remember not only winning things but even being given things I didn't expect. Ruth Wilson, for example. She was a little girl who lived in the next block. I didn't really know her. Yet I can remember one afternoon—about three o'clock it was—it was really hot and I was playing under the big elm in our front yard. She came down the street and for no reason at all gave me a jigsaw puzzle. I thought it was the most wonderful thing in my life."

"I'll bet it was your first jigsaw puzzle," Paul said. "That's why you remember it."

"No," Jane said slowly. "I'm sure it wasn't, because I knew what it was and I sat right down and tried to put it together. I can't remember what the picture was, though. Isn't that strange? And I never even liked Ruth Wilson."

It was clear now, Paul thought, that New Jersey was going to be paralyzed by this snowfall. Along the road, a wire had been snapped by the weight of snow and its ends trailed, beneath the trees, onto the ground. Streets would be littered with broken branches. Trains, he supposed, would be halted between outlying stations, unable to go farther. Trucks and buses would slip off the edges of the throughways. A state of emergency would be declared.



"I was drinking the one beer to have when you're having more than one."

"Did you ever win anything?" Jane asked.

"No." But this was not true, and he immediately amended it. "Yes, a jackknife. It was at a birthday party, a girl's party. I think it was the first time I had ever gone to one. I didn't want to go, and I suppose I was acting up. Anyway, right after the party started, the girl's mother came and said I had won the door prize. I had no idea what she meant."

"Who was the girl?"

"How can I remember?" Then, oddly enough, there in his memory she stood—green organdie dress, white sash, fat, freckled, and stupidly excited as life. "Nancy Broderick. She was a terribly fat, sad thing."

"Poor little Nancy Broderick," Jane said. "And you see? It was only a jackknife, and the Benson boy has won a huge phonograph, in a movie theatre in front of all those other kids. He'll never forget it. He'll remember going up and getting it and treating his friend and walking home through the snow. Why, fifty years from now, when we're dead and no one remembers us at all, he'll tell how he was walking through the snow and we gave him a ride."

"Nonsense. Not kids today," Paul said. "He's probably got his own television set and a transistor radio. Two days from now he won't even look at the phonograph. Two weeks from now he'll forget he even owns it." He thought a moment and then added, cautiously, "He's forgotten about us already."

"He's the only one who *will* remember," Jane said. "We won't have any children. There won't be anyone else to remember us. He will remember this day exactly as it was. All the snow and the fact that he won the phonograph and that Mr. and Mrs. Symonds gave him a ride home. It'll be the only kind of life we'll have then—in that boy's memory. No one else will remember us or even know we ever existed."

It was an admission, he thought, that he had been right. Life was not worth having for itself. It had to be given away. The basic human gesture was the gift, the prodigal, gross, frantic pouring forth of anything—opinions, cans of food, anger, life itself—as though only this could offer any ease to the heavy heart. Yet so compromised was every gesture, every gift, that even as he reached over to pat Jane's shoulder, the sense of heaviness that lay upon him increased. "Look," he said. "I love you." But he had no idea what to say next, and what he had said did not seem, in itself, enough.

—DEAN DONER

PROFILES

THE HONORED SOCIETY—II

THE condition of Sicily at the end of the Second World War was one that is hardly imaginable by anyone who has not assisted at the spectacle of a country prostrated by defeat and occupied by alien troops. In the towns, basically honest citizens lived useless, preoccupied existences full of the petty maneuvers and shifts that were necessary to keep body and soul together when all commerce and industry lay in ruins and the value of the lira had fallen so low that a week's wages were worth a couple of packs of cigarettes. A large proportion of the female population supplied the family's income, or was compelled to supplement it, by sporadic prostitution with Allied soldiers. In order to live, about every Sicilian had been driven to become a black marketeer in his own small way and, as such, was liable to constant harrying by the police. This was the *mise en scène* created by twenty-one years of Mussolini and five years of war. Under the circumstances, a swing to the political Left seemed certain as soon as parliamentary democracy could be established. The weary disgust of nearly all Sicilians for the Mussolini regime was extended to embrace those many ex-Fascists and Fascist collaborators who were now offering themselves, under various labels, as right-wing candidates for election. The only parties harboring none of these damaged reputations or political turncoats were those of the Left, and many Socialist and Communist leaders could cite years spent in Fascist prisons as evidence of their political good faith.

In Sicily, the Socialists' and Communists' appeal was based on their promise to assuage the peasants' centuries-old hunger for land and to ease the unimaginable squalor of their lives. The Sicilian peasants' response to this appeal was visceral rather than doctrinal, and it marked a full turn of the wheel in their loyalties. In the remote past, they would have turned for aid to the Mafia, that most secret, most powerful, and most enduring of all secret societies. For example, during the Spanish Inquisition, according to Napoleone Colajanni, an authority on the period, "the Mafia in Sicily provided the only means for the poor and humble to make themselves respected. . . . To the Mafia, then, went all the rebels, all those who had suffered injuries, all the victims." If the Mafia in those days lacked the panoply of power—the troops, the cannon, the treasury—it had a long memory, and it was implacable in its pursuit of vengeance. It became, in short, a state within a state. The man who was admitted to the Honored Society, as it was called, saw himself—and this is something that has come down to our own times—as a member of an élite, of a chivalry of power, separated both from the peasant in his mire of oppression and from the landowning noble in his palace. He was a "man of respect." Even today, the self-confidence bred by membership in the society oozes from the *mafioso* like a vital current. In 1951, a judge presiding over a homicide trial, having recognized a witness as a member of the Mafia, although the man had never been described as such, felt impelled to say to him, "I can read in your face what you are, but do not think you can intimidate me." Over the years, the state within a state, like any other sovereignty, contracted many alliances, in every case aimed at the accretion of money or power, or both. With money and power, of course, came corruption. No longer did the Mafia take up the cause of the poor and humble, because the poor and humble could offer nothing. Thus it was that in the years right after the Second World War the Honored Society found itself aligned with the landowners—the very barons for whom it had once lain in wait so remorselessly to settle old scores.

In addition to the peasantry, the Mafia, and the landowning aristocracy, there was one further dominant figure in the chaotic postwar Sicilian landscape—the bandit. Thirty armed gangs of brigands were at large, their numbers swollen by numerous Army deserters and by six hundred criminals who had escaped from Sicilian jails damaged in Allied bombings. The bandits were abundantly armed with weapons collected on the battlefields. They staged innumerable highway robberies, held up trains, drove off the peasants' flocks, kidnapped rich men by the hundred and held them for ransom, and even laid siege to the police in their barracks. The landowning barons had managed to come to terms with them, paying them protection money and allowing them to hide out on their estates. As for the Mafia, it had a deep distaste for uncontrolled and independent crime, but because it was busy with its own organizational problems, it was content to watch and wait.

Over all these factions blew the libertarian "wind from the north"—from the great factory cities of Turin and Milan—fanning the aspirations of the Left, hardening the resistance of the Right. It had all happened before, after the First World War, but now there was no Mussolini to rescue the feudalists from the rabid reformers of the north. As the wind strengthened, it became clear to the aristocracy and the Mafia that something would have to be done to divert it, or at least shut it out. So there came about a revival of the old fallacy that Sicily could be detached from the Italian nation and turned into a separate state. For this, quite obviously, an armed force would be needed—and who was better armed than the gangs of bandits that infested the island? If they could be harnessed to the cause of the Separatists . . . At an extraordinary congress of the movement, held in September, 1945, in a nobleman's villa on the outskirts of Palermo, precisely this expedient was suggested. Present at the gathering was the Duca di Carcaci, regarded as the head of the Separatists and a likely candidate for the throne—if a Sicilian monarchy were ever to be established—along with a miscellany of barons. Present also was Don Calò Vizzini, undisputed chieftain of the Sicilian Mafia and the *éminence grise* of the Separatist movement from its beginnings, in 1941. Don Calò, never avid for personal publicity, was known only by reputation to some members of this central committee, and his rumpled suit and his insistence on expressing himself (when he spoke at all) in a peasant dialect that—rich in vivid metaphor and salty allusion as it was—could hardly be understood by a patrician probably caused some surprise. However, the little that Don Calò had to say was, as usual, very much to the point, and he was soon able to impose his view at this most fateful moment in the Party's history.

The moment was fateful because the Party had just suffered a savage blow. An armed insurrection had been scheduled to take place later that very month, and now the man who had been the brains of the organization, as well as its military strategist, was lost to it. Antonio Canepa had personally organized activist cells throughout Sicily, and he had seen to it that there would be real mass support for the insurrection when it came. While Canepa had been there to lead them, the Separatists had felt themselves invincible, but now that he was gone—assassinated—there were doubts and divided counsel. Like most revolutionary organizations, the Sicilian Separatist movement had brought together some strange bedfellows. In the forefront, in the full glow of the footlights, were the Duke himself and his supporting barons, all of whom hankered after an unqualified return to the Middle Ages and were absolutely certain that the only way to prevent Sicily from being overrun by Communist hordes was to detach it from Italy. Behind this façade of aristocrats, for the moment, was the Mafia—but only for the moment, and while it suited the Mafia's purposes. For the rest, the movement was largely composed of romantic young idealists who looked forward to a war of liberation from the Italian "oppressors." Canepa had been the hero of the romantic-idealist faction, and also of such of the peasantry as had been attracted to the aims of Separatism. He was an ardent anti-Fascist as well as a Separatist, and for this reason he had always been viewed with some reserve by the aristocratic right wing of the movement, which, on the whole, had had no reason to complain of the epoch of Mussolini. Canepa's history was an astonishing one. In 1933, when he was a university professor of economics and still in his late twenties, he had been seized with

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the implausible idea of descending with his brother and a party of student disciples on the tiny mountain state of San Marino, of declaring it an anti-Fascist Italian Republic, and of holding out at least long enough to show the world that not all Italians had bowed their necks to Mussolini. Betrayed by a police spy, he was arrested, certified as insane, and locked up in a lunatic asylum. By 1943, he was back in Sicily, now in the employ of British Intelligence, and early in that year he carried out a totally successful sabotage mission against the German-held airfield of Gerbini, near Siracusa; later, he was parachuted into northern Italy to organize the partisans around Florence. Attaching himself to the Separatist cause after the war, he worked quickly and effectively. In July, 1945, sixteen guerrilla formations of the so-called Canepa Brigade awaited his order to raise the yellow-and-red Separatist flag throughout Sicily. The police showed him nothing but benevolent neutrality. The Allies had so far been discreetly favorable to his cause. Then the unthinkable happened. It was revealed that Canepa was a secret Communist. One can imagine the explosion of horror in Sicilian baronial circles when they were confronted with this nightmarish fact. The time had come when many interests would be served by the elimination of the brilliant but complicated Canepa, and eliminated he was.

By the standards of political assassination, the thing was not well done, and the lack of professionalism—of careful attention to detail—suggests that Don Calò had no hand in the planning. The operation was carried out—on whose instructions one can only guess—by a patrol of nervous young carabinieri, who panicked as soon as their task was completed. Canepa was caught returning in a truck with his bodyguard from some night excursion, and was riddled with bullets by the previously well-disposed police, who were manning a road checkpoint. Although the ambuscade was bungled—two of Canepa's companions were able to escape, and later furnished an account of what had happened—the distracted carabinieri nevertheless went ahead with the second part of the plan, now rendered meaningless by the incompleteness of the execution. It had clearly been intended that Canepa should quietly disappear from the face of the earth, but he did not do so. In the small hours of that same night, the custodian of the cemetery of the village of Giarre—some twenty miles from where the shooting had taken place—was awakened by the

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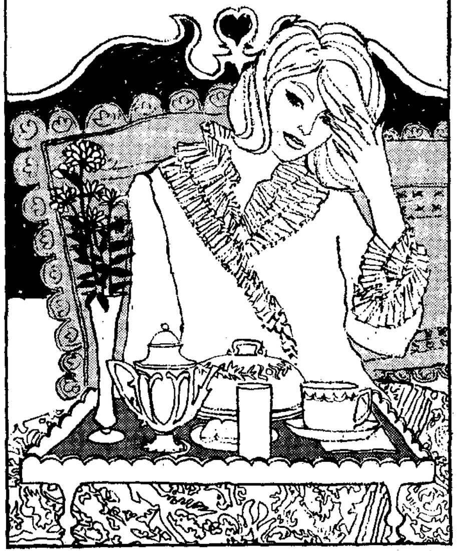

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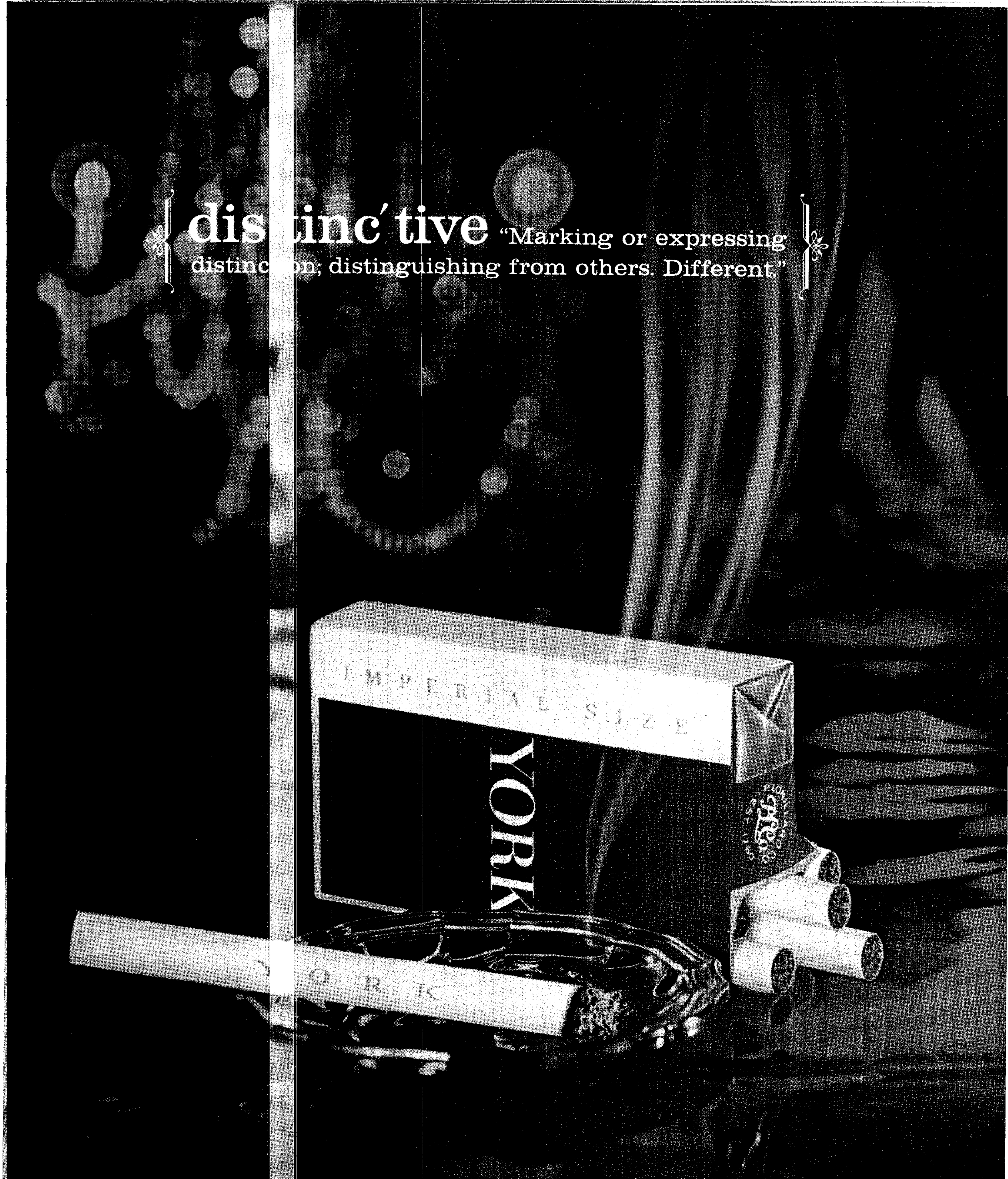

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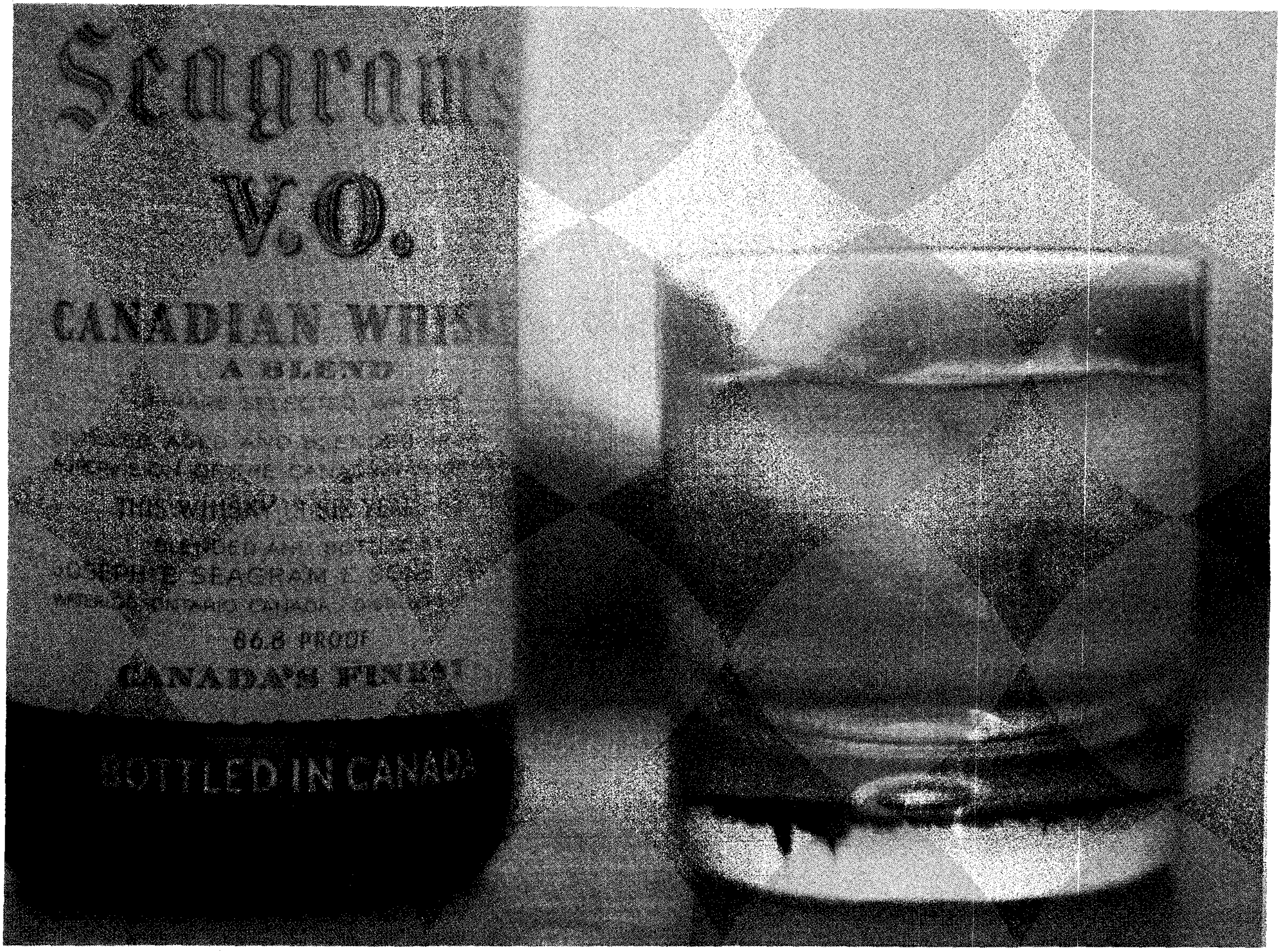
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police, who carried in four coffins. These they tried to persuade him to bury immediately. Their explanation was that they were the bodies of bandits killed in a battle, but their evident nervousness and their inexplicable insistence that the burials should take place there and then excited the custodian's suspicions. When he asked for the death certificates, the carabinieri said that they had none, and that they were acting "on higher orders." At this point, the custodian, who seems to have been both an obstinate and an indomitable fellow, insisted on prying open the coffins. Being himself a Separatist, he instantly recognized the corpse of Canepa. One of the four encoffined men turned out to be still alive, and actually survived the experience. Thus, all hope of disposing discreetly of Canepa, the man and the legend, failed through the officiousness of a village sexton, and with it failed the cause of Sicilian separatism. Canepa's sixteen guerrilla formations, now abandoned and without direction, dissolved themselves. The barons and the Mafia were left with their plans for an armed insurrection but with no insurrectionists.

The Separatists, barons, and *mafiosi* who now gathered with some anxiety in the villa of the Palermitan nobleman had chosen as their new captain Concetto Gallo, a lawyer and small landowner from the eastern part of the island. Gallo was not the man that Canepa had been, but he possessed all of Canepa's almost insane courage and was a gifted orator who, at a moment's notice, could unleash a rhetorical flood behind which an absence of original thought passed unnoticed. Physically, he bore a strange resemblance to Lord Kitchener, with his drooping mustaches, his severe gaze, and even—in the way of the Kitchener of the famous recruiting poster—his habit of shooting out an admonitory finger at the half-hypnotized victims of his harangues. Gallo showed none of the late Canepa's inclination to tinker with the established order. At the meeting, he outlined his strategic plan for the "tactical utilization" of the outlaw bands. He was particularly eager to enlist the band of Salvatore Giuliano, in western Sicily, and a heterogeneous collection of brigands in the east; in this way, the forces of the Italian state could be harried on two widely separated fronts. One or two of the delegates voiced some alarm at this proposed open association with common criminals, but they were shouted down. The vice-president of the organization, Lucio Tasca, intervened to point out, with telling effect, that even Garibaldi had consented to align himself temporarily, and

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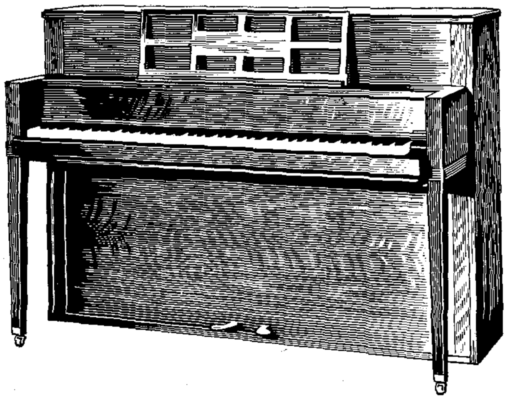

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Tasca was the mayor of Palermo, an elderly and capricious *mafioso* whose appointment to his office had confirmed Sicilian belief that the Allies not only were dedicated to the rehabilitation of the Mafia but were solidly behind the Separatists. He was a devout believer in the divine mission of the aristocracy, and he had elaborated his social philosophy in a treatise entitled "In Praise of the Latifundium." In this, he set out to show that the special spiritual quality possessed, as he saw it, by the Sicilian peasantry—their innate nobility of soul—could be quite simply extended to Italy, and in due course to the rest of the world, if only humanity could be induced to return to primitive forms of agriculture. Tasca recommended that every tractor in the world be scrapped in favor of the nail plow, an archaic instrument of husbandry used in Roman times. He also advocated the moral regeneration of mankind—with the exception of the aristocracy, who were not in need of it—by turning as many people as possible into peasants, working under a paternal feudalism, which he proceeded to describe. Tasca was a great admirer of Don Calò Vizzini, and on one occasion had sent him a handsome tribute of black-market grain. He was now to be rewarded by Don Calò's weighty and incontrovertible support.

Sweeping aside the objections of the few liberals left in the movement, Don Calò stated his absolute confidence in the success of the revolt. However, he recommended that the old Canepa idea of a popular revolution be thrown overboard. Who could say where a real insurrection would stop, and how could anybody be sure that it could be kept under control? Don Calò offered the delegates his guarantee that he himself would assume the indirect leadership of the outlaw bands. What he proposed, in effect, was a bogus insurrection. The bandits could be disguised as Sicilian patriots, and their numbers could be bolstered where necessary by lads of good family with a spirit of adventure. In this way, the Italian authorities could be harried quite as effectively as by an undependable rabble that might at any moment pick up the Communist virus and start helping itself to other people's property.

It was a suggestion that met with ready acceptance. Machiavelli would have been delighted by some of the realistic political thinking that found expression on this occasion—and certainly by the subsequent performance of his star pupil, Don Calò, who went straight

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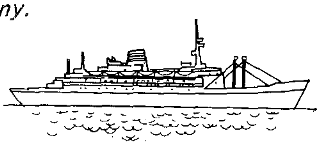

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from the meeting to an appointment with Ettore Messana, chief inspector of the public-security police in Sicily. To Messana, Don Calò gave a detailed report of all that had taken place, omitting only the small matter of his own enthusiastic vote in favor of enlisting the bandits. He thus made himself as indispensable to the police as he was to the barons, and as he would shortly be to the bandits. In perfect Mafia style, the ground was prepared for certain delicate and profitable manipulations that Don Calò, as holder of the balance of power, expected to perform.

A FEW days later, the Duca di Carcaci sent a message to the bandit Giuliano, inviting him to come to Catania for consultations. Giuliano's reply was brief but characteristic: "I slip on asphalt." Mohammed was therefore obliged to go to the mountain, and the meeting finally took place in the warehouse of one of the feudal estates within a few miles of Giuliano's mountain stronghold of Montelepre. A small, mean, poverty-stricken town lodged like the cells of a cancer in the flanks of the mountains of northwestern Sicily, Montelepre lies less than fifteen miles as the crow flies from Palermo; behind it are desert acres—a bony, sun-corroded African landscape of spectral peaks and whining siroccos. Here Concetto Gallo, the commander-in-chief of the Separatists, formally offered Giuliano the command of the Separatist guerrilla forces in western Sicily. In return, Giuliano was promised a free pardon for his now imposing list of crimes, plus a high government post in the new Sicilian state. Giuliano accepted, and was commissioned a colonel on the spot. Gallo handed him a Separatist battle standard and a badge showing a map of Italy and America and two American soldiers—one in the act of cutting the chain linking Sicily with Italy, and the other chaining Sicily to the United States. This had been hastily confected by the organization's "Bureau of Psychological Warfare," in deference to Giuliano's known belief that Separatism could not win without American military aid. It is probable that he was persuaded that this aid was about to be given.

Already, at the age of twenty-three, Salvatore Giuliano ranked as the most famous Sicilian bandit of all time, and was usually referred to by the Italian press as the King of Montelepre. He had become a bandit two years prior to his encounter with the Separatist leaders, when two carabinieri, patrolling the mountains on the lookout for petty

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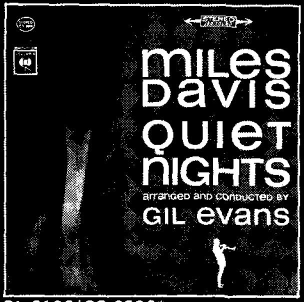
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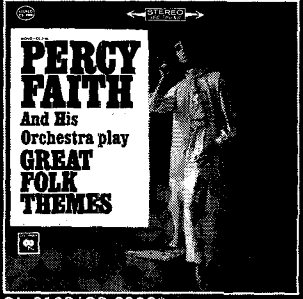
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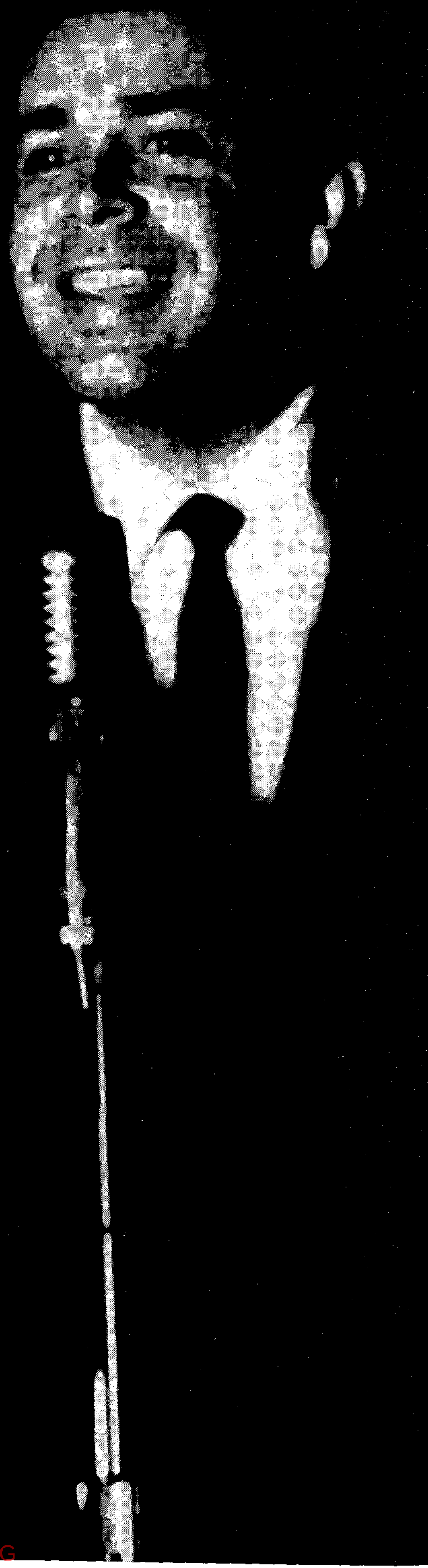

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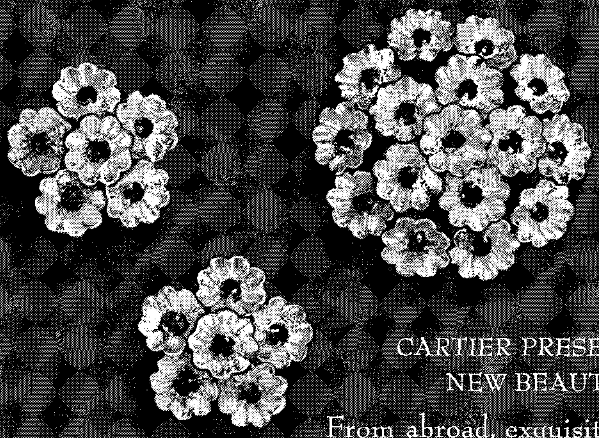

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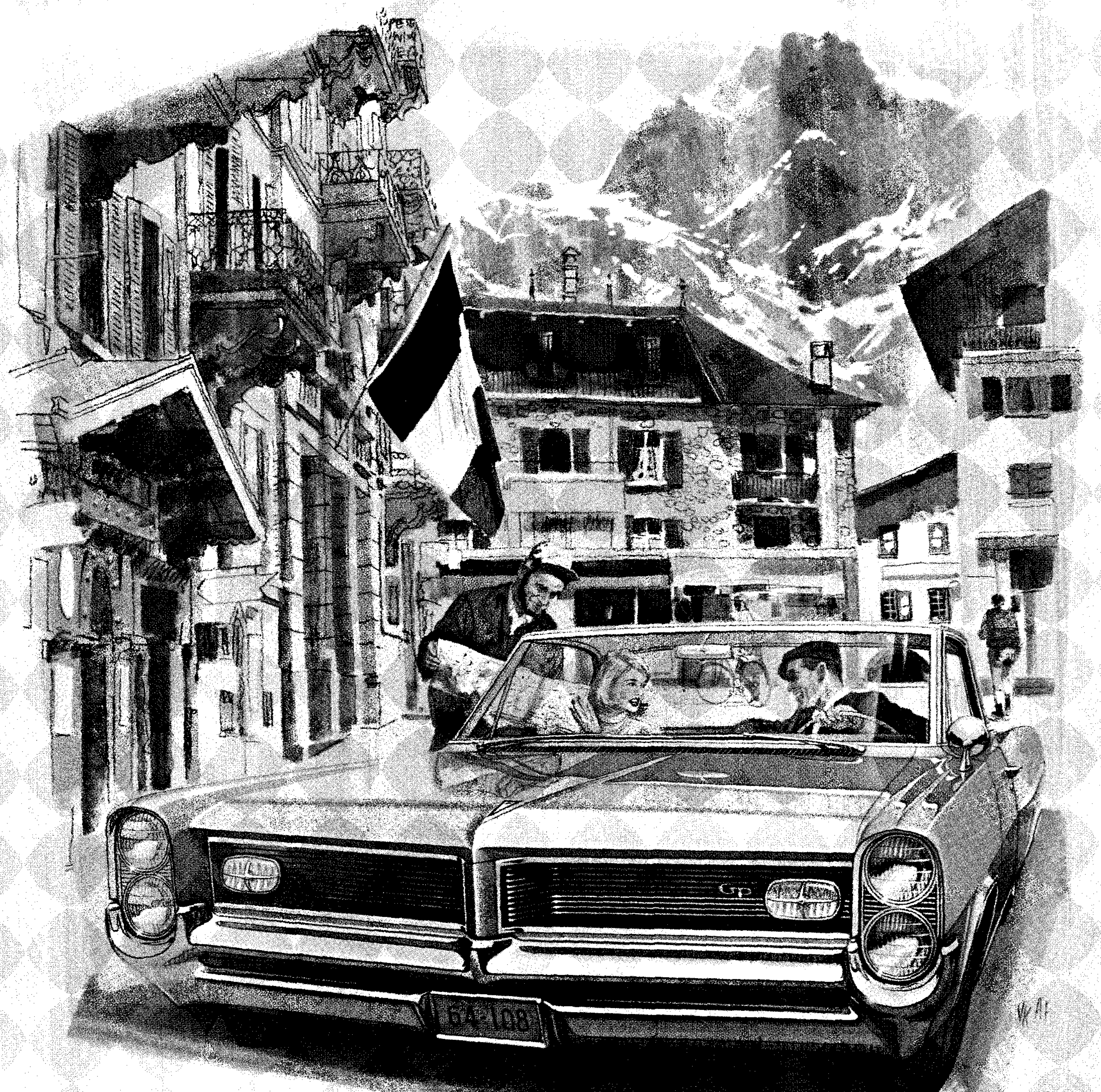
black-market operators, caught him with a sack of contraband flour; resisting arrest, Giuliano shot one carabiniere dead and was himself wounded by the other. He took to the maquis, and, as soon as his wound had healed, began a series of audacious coups, the first being the liberation of a number of criminals from the jail at Monreale. It has been suggested that this operation was planned for him by the Mafia, who may have already recognized his potential usefulness in any armed showdown that it might be necessary to stage against the peasants; in any case, the escaped prisoners formed the nucleus of his band. By way of reprisal for this humiliation, the police organized a mass roundup of suspects in the town of Montelepre. As the arrested persons were being led away in chains, Giuliano made a dramatic appearance in the town square and opened fire on the police escort, killing another carabiniere. Giuliano's exploits were carried out with a sense of theatre that endeared him to newspapermen; on one occasion, for instance, he suddenly materialized in the path of two carabinieri who were supposed to be looking for him, and deprived them of their weapons and their boots.

From the start, the King of Montelepre had shown a quite extraordinary capacity for leadership and organization. He soon involved the whole countryside in a kind of conspiratorial network to safeguard him against being taken unawares. A warning system was worked out by which the presence in the mountains not only of a policeman but of any stranger was immediately signalled to him by shepherds, who transmitted messages by whistling from hilltop to hilltop. Like all the bandits remembered by history, Giuliano was careful to cultivate the Robin Hood tradition of robbing the rich to give to the poor. To this conventional source of popularity he added another, specifically Sicilian qualification for the people's esteem by declaring against the Mafia—which turned on him its characteristic reptilian smile and simply bided its time. In one way or another, he succeeded in winning over not only the whole of the civil population of Montelepre but a number of its authorities as well. Giuliano had the intellectual raw material of a political thinker, and although he was handicapped by his limited education and knowledge of the world, he was a master—through sheer natural genius—of the art of guerrilla warfare; he was a far abler strategist than Concetto Gallo, for instance. It was inevitable that his fame should go



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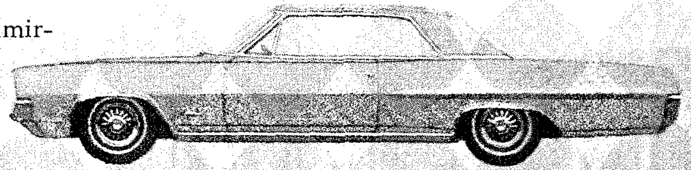

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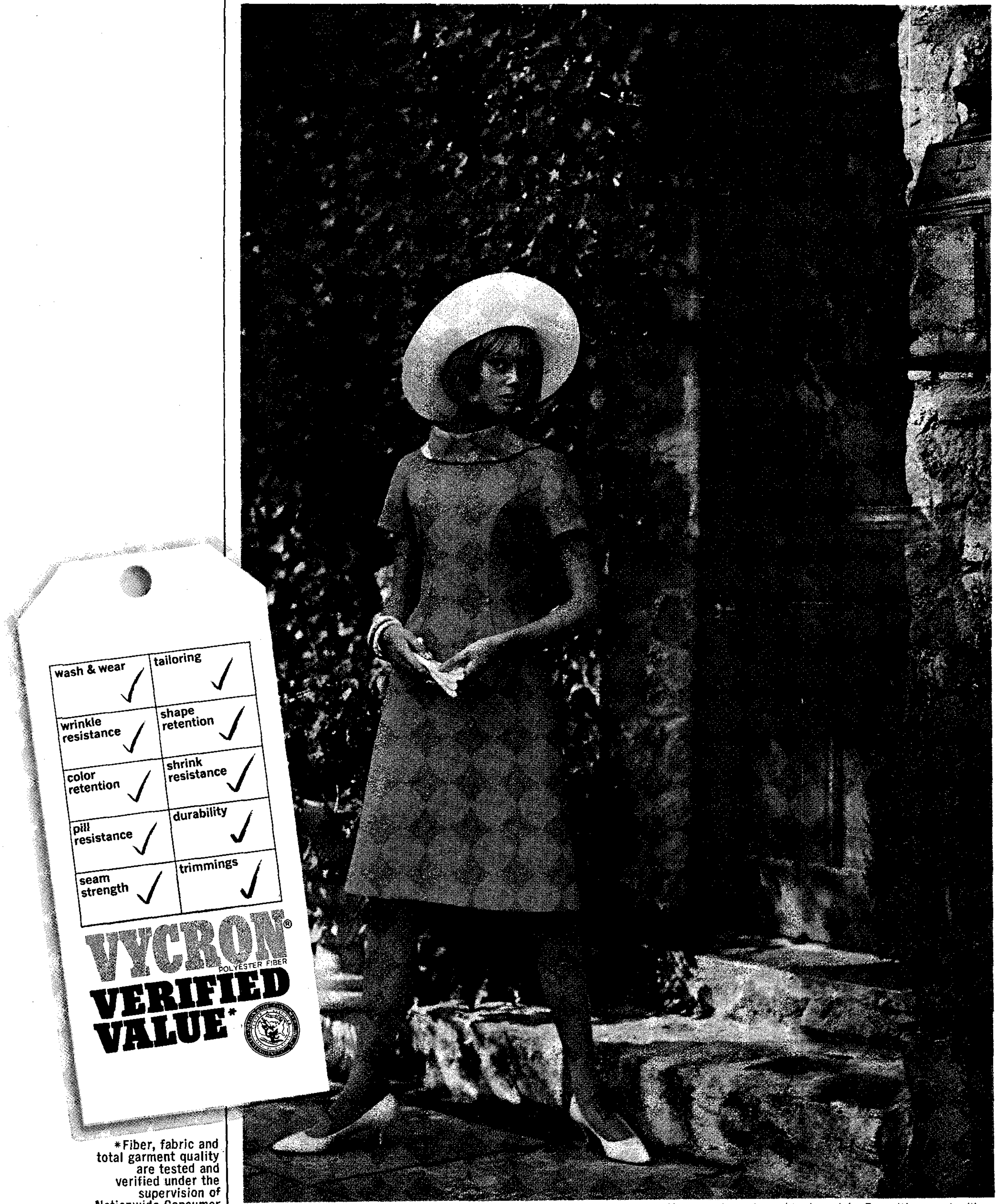
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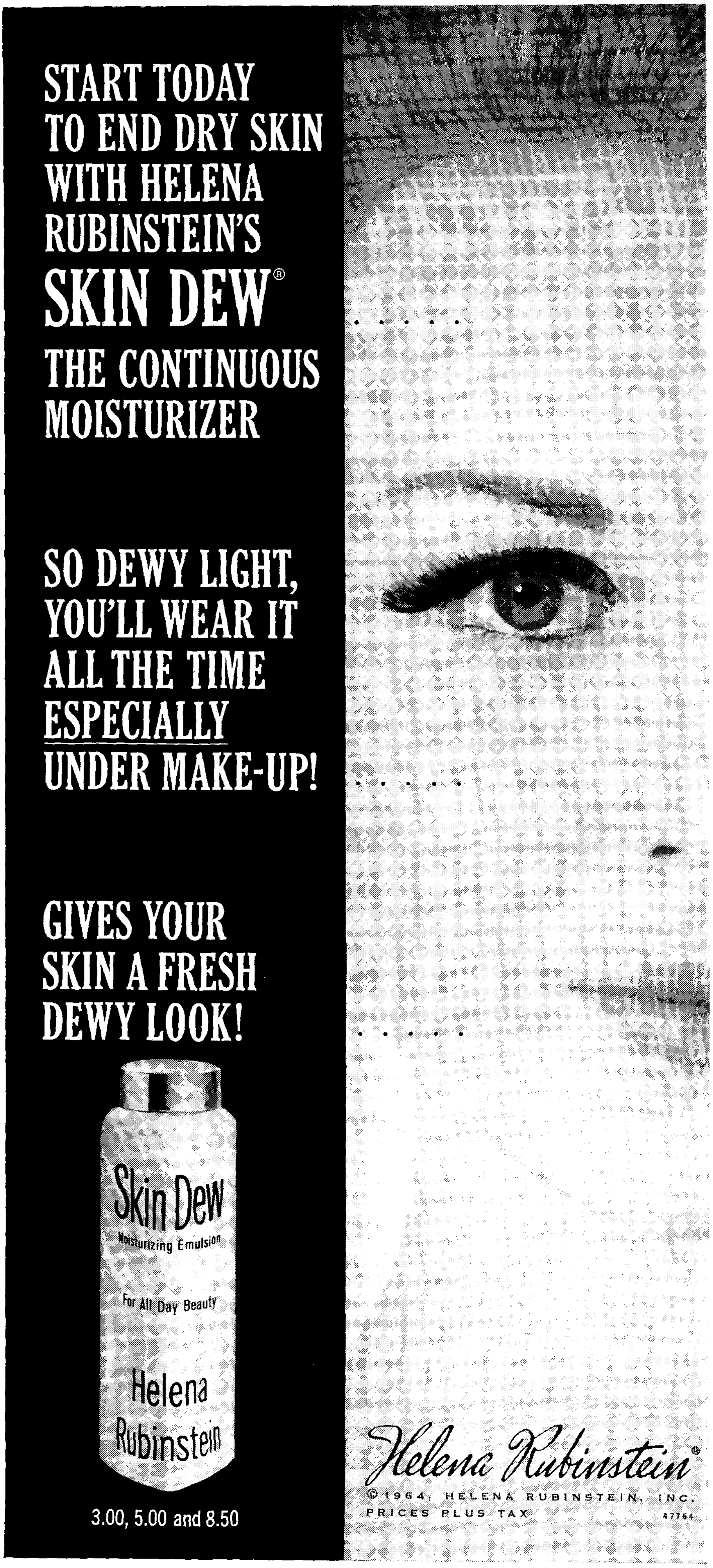
to his head. He was lionized by journalists and film producers, and was courted in secret by politicians and high officials of the Italian police. He became a letter writer, explaining and justifying his actions to the press, the police, and members of Parliament in letters that were couched in a vigorous style and that often began "My name is Giuliano," in the manner of Ozymandias, King of Kings. Photographs taken of Giuliano at this period show him as an athletic stripling with the kind of good looks that a Northerner can understand and appreciate. He had what in the old days used to be called an open countenance, with a good forehead, a firm mouth, and a certain directness of expression. His face was that of a Latin but not that of a Mediterranean man of the deep south. Indeed, his appearance was in strong contrast to that of his henchmen—in particular, his cousin and second-in-command, Gaspare Pisciotta, whose almond eyes and long, thin nose, with curving nostrils, belonged to the face on an Etruscan vase, or even in a Persian bas-relief. Pisciotta was famous for a pullover, patterned with rampant lions, that he habitually wore; Giuliano was more of a dandy. For formal occasions, or for one of his incognito visits to the city, he dressed with the sober dignity of a true Sicilian—"better than a professor or lawyer," as the troubadour Cicciu Busacca puts it in his "Ballad of Giuliano, King of the Brigands." The touches of luxury he permitted himself were discreet—a calendar wristwatch, a gold belt buckle, and a diamond solitaire ring that he himself had removed from the finger of the Duchessa di Pratomeno.

Giuliano would probably have admitted that—through no fault of his own—he was temporarily an outlaw, but he would have been shocked to hear himself described as a bandit. He was desperately eager for an excuse—now presented by the Duca di Carcaci and company—to describe himself as a political fighter. Even before the Separatists made their offer, there is evidence that he had an amorphous vision of himself as a potent force for the reshaping of the new Sicily that was bound to emerge from the disorders of the day. Giuliano was no cynic. He simply had his own definition of righteousness; indeed, like every one of the fantastic plotters whose cat's-paw he was to become, he managed to identify the furtherance of his own ends with the ultimate benefit of his country. Giuliano's Sicilian utopia was equally far from Canepa's Marxist state and the medieval paradise of Lucio Tasca, but his utopia had a real exist-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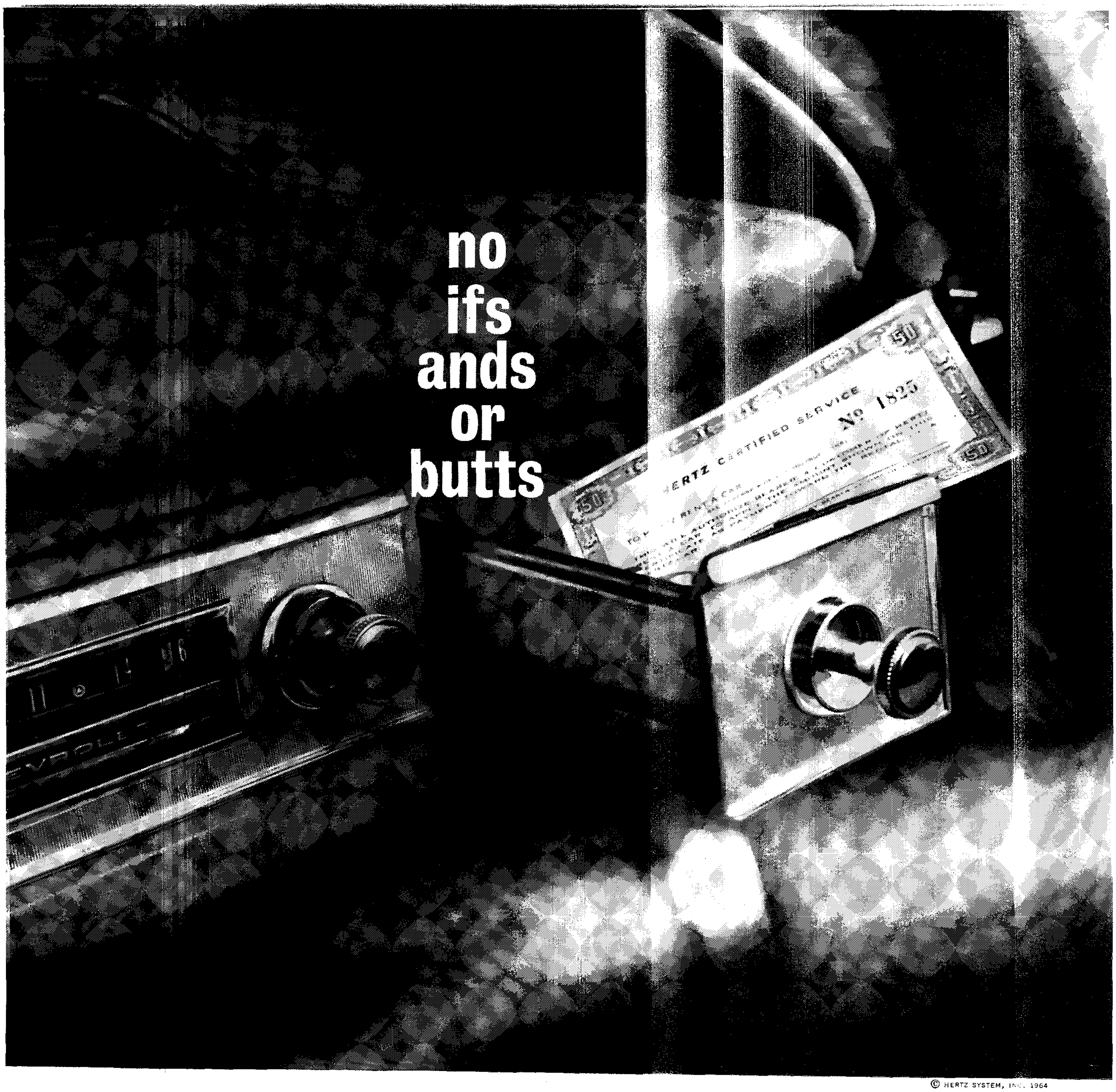
ence in his own mind. Its starting point was justice for those like himself, whom he saw as having been wronged by a corrupt society; after that, all the oppressors of the poor, beginning with the police and ending with the Mafia, would be cleared away. As a reformer, Giuliano gave the people of Montelepre a foretaste of the stern but paternalistic regime he had in mind. Common criminals—i.e., robbers who were not members of his band—were caught and executed by firing squads. Members of his own band were also sometimes liquidated—one for assaulting a woman, another for requisitioning a poor farmer's cattle, and a third, who had stolen two barrels of wine, for "disrespect to the poor." Petty dishonesty infuriated the King of Montelepre, who said on one occasion, "A rich man no more misses a million lire than he would his hat, but if you take a sack of wheat from a peasant, you leave him in misery."

Having licked his own band into moral shape, Giuliano next decided to clean up some of the civil wrongdoers of his home town itself, and a post-office employee was swiftly executed for stealing the mail, and a shopkeeper for usury. Whenever possible, executions were carried out with proper formality in the town itself, while the police cowered in their barracks. The condemned man was given time—in fact, was urged—to say a prayer before the volley was fired, and afterward his body would be exposed in a prominent place bearing a notice such as "Giuliano Does Not Steal from the Poor." The Giuliano despotism, however, was not all repression. In a capricious and erratic way, the bandit did succeed in distributing a fair amount of his loot among the neediest of the peasants in the area. Once, he descended like a fairy godfather with a wad of banknotes in hand on an old woman who was about to be evicted from her house, and there are many instances where he is known to have dug into his war chest to alleviate suffering that had been reported to him. The real trouble was that, like so many of the contenders for power in the Sicily of those days, Giuliano found himself obliged to make alliances of convenience with the oppressors of the poor, whose protector he claimed to be. Determined though he was to strike at the Mafia when the moment came, he listened too long to the siren voice of their whispered promptings. The end, Giuliano assured himself, justified the means. But the end as Giuliano saw it in his naïve vision never came about, and before the Mafia had finished with him they had turned him into a marionette with a machine gun, who killed mindlessly and strictly to their order.

Even at this early stage of his career, there was something not altogether explicable about Giuliano's unbroken run of successes. Giuseppe Calandra, a *maresciallo*, or senior warrant officer, who commanded Montelepre's twelve-man carabinieri detachment, while far from underrating the bandit's intelligence and intuition, began to be puzzled by the fact that Giuliano seemed to be aware not only of all the *maresciallo's* moves but of the intentions of higher police headquarters. Calandra's memoirs, entitled "I Could Have Captured the Bandit Giuliano," were published seventeen years later, in 1961, when he was in retirement and felt himself able to dispense with some of the reticence that is expected of a serving officer. Looking back, he writes, he has the feeling that even in those early days Giuliano was being protected—that he may already have been singled out for some occult task.

The *maresciallo's* situation in Montelepre was an uneasy one. He found himself isolated with his men by the total hostility of the local population, and also beset by pronounced logistic difficulties. There were no beds for the men, and there was no change of clothing when they came in from patrols in the freezing winter rain. Somewhat more remarkably, there were only six pairs of boots among the twelve, so that half the contingent—wearing boots that only roughly fitted them—could leave the barracks at a time, the others being obliged to wait in their socks. The disparity in firepower between the bandits and the carabinieri was notable. Giuliano's band was equipped with up-to-date machine guns, German P.38 automatic pistols, and American rifles and hand grenades. Calandra's men carried Italian revolvers of the 1889 model, and Italian Army rifles, Model 1891, that looked more like well-made toys than weapons of offense.

IT was now time for the Separatist leaders to hold a second meeting with the bandit, in order to work out a necessarily hasty plan of action for the projected uprising. This encounter took place on the Sagana bridge, on the Palermo highway and only fifteen minutes from the center of the city; Giuliano, still apparently not entirely convinced of the *bona fides* of the people he had to deal with, had chosen a position where the road crawled through a naked amphi-



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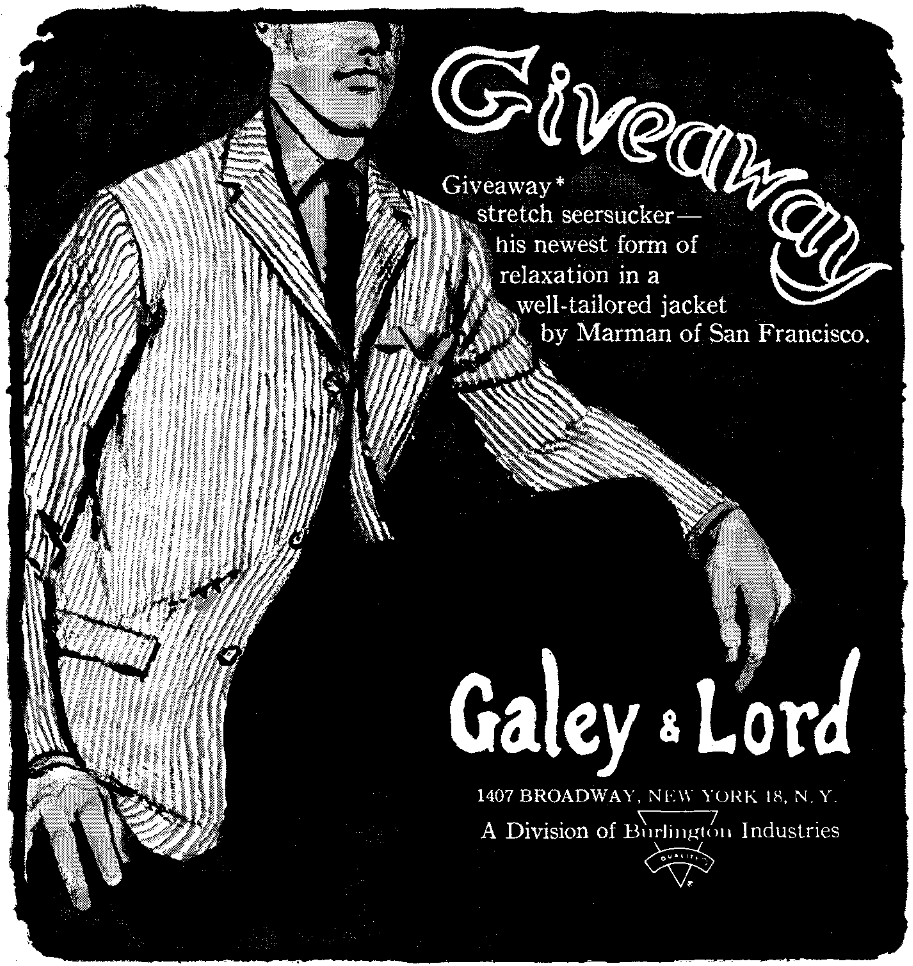

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theatre of rock and the approaches to the bridge could be kept under observation for miles. The whole central committee of the Separatist Party put in an appearance on this occasion, at which Giuliano, leaning on the bridge parapet while members of his bodyguard sauntered up and down fingering the triggers of their machine guns, more or less dictated his conditions. Concetto Gallo, the Separatists' commander-in-chief, had come in the hope of convincing Giuliano of the strategic necessity of moving his whole band right across Sicily to the Caltagirone district, in the southeastern part of the island. The reason for this switch in Gallo's plans was that the Separatists had been successful in enrolling an important complex of outlaw bands operating in that area—which happened to be Gallo's home country. These were known collectively as the Niscemesi. For a year or two, they had been organized in small groups of ten or a dozen men and had plagued a wide area of roadless countryside centering on the small town of Niscemi, to the south of Caltagirone. More recently, they had come together in a loose confederation. There were a lot of them, and Gallo seemed to think that, properly fed, armed, and disciplined, they could be turned into passable soldiers. The Niscemesi were to be joined, when the moment came, by several hundred young enthusiasts whom Gallo had enlisted in the towns of eastern Sicily. Now, if only Giuliano could be induced to move his band into the area, the Separatists would have a real army. The main force, dispersed through the wooded mountains around Niscemi, would fight a classic guerrilla war of attrition with the government forces; in the meanwhile, the carabinieri, parcelled out in tiny groups of two, three, and four men in towns and villages all over Sicily, would be pinned down by a series of attacks on their barracks.

The Gallo plan was turned down emphatically. Giuliano quite simply refused to budge from the mountains of Montelepre. He proposed that his contribution to the revolt should be large-scale attacks on the various carabinieri headquarters in his own area, synchronized with the action planned by Gallo in such a way as to confront the authorities virtually with a second front. He showed himself immovable in this decision, and in the end the Separatists could do nothing but agree. One result of Giuliano's refusal to leave Montelepre was that the date of the insurrection had to be postponed, in order to give Gallo time to enlist more volunteers for his eastern front. Most of these

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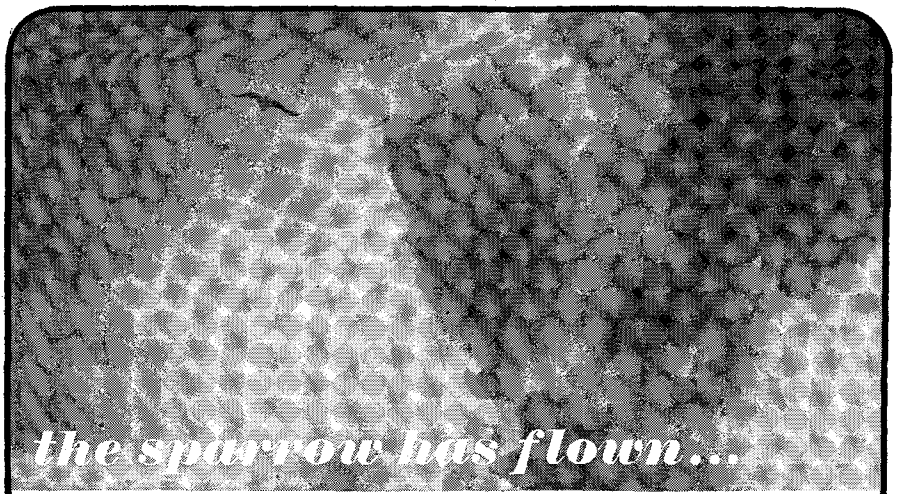
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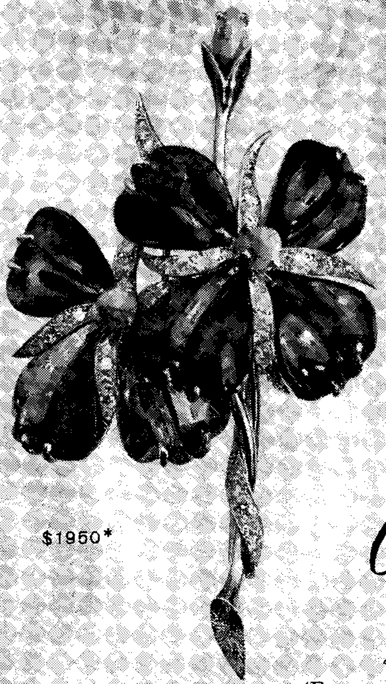

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were students left at loose ends by the wartime closing down of the universities, and young white-collar employees who were without work as a result of the postwar chaos. Recruiting went on all through October and November, and the volunteers arriving by train and bus in Caltagirone paraded the streets wearing Separatist armbands and singing patriotic songs. From Caltagirone they were taken to the Separatists' camp in a wood on the top of nearby Monte San Mauro, on Concetto Gallo's estate. Here they were fitted out with uniforms and given guns. Compared with the police, they were extremely well armed; one of the Separatist leaders, Baron Stefano La Motta, had helped himself to a small arsenal left on his land by the retreating Italian forces at the time of the Allied invasion of Sicily.

At the San Mauro camp, the volunteers met for the first time the bandits who were to be their companions in arms, and their high spirits were a little chilled. Unlike the stalwart malefactors who formed the hard core of the Giuliano band, and in spite of their fearsome reputation, the Niscemesi were on the whole a scarecrow collection. Most of them were former day laborers or drovers who had committed some petty offense and had taken to the maquis to avoid the certainty of spending two or three years in prison while awaiting trial. Since then, they had of necessity become robbers, but very few had committed a murder. There was little that was warlike in the appearance of the Niscemesi, and much that was pitiful and ridiculous; even their absurd names, in translation, were straight out of "Henry IV"—Muckrake, Tasty, Shuffle, and Chewed-Nose. Concetto Gallo explained to the disconcerted townsmen that these men had all solemnly undertaken to desist henceforth from criminality and to pay their debt to society by dedicating their lives to the liberation of their country.

There was no nonsense about democracy on San Mauro. The gentlemen volunteers were housed and fed separately, and considered themselves officers, while the bandits ran their errands and cleaned up for them. Much as some of the young volunteers might have wanted to have their blood curdled with stories of desperate deeds, they soon found that this subject was taboo in bandit circles, and that all the Niscemesi really wanted to talk about was the families they had been driven to abandon, for whom they felt an extreme nostalgia. Above all, they longed to regain their respectability. One thought constantly discomfited them. Having in

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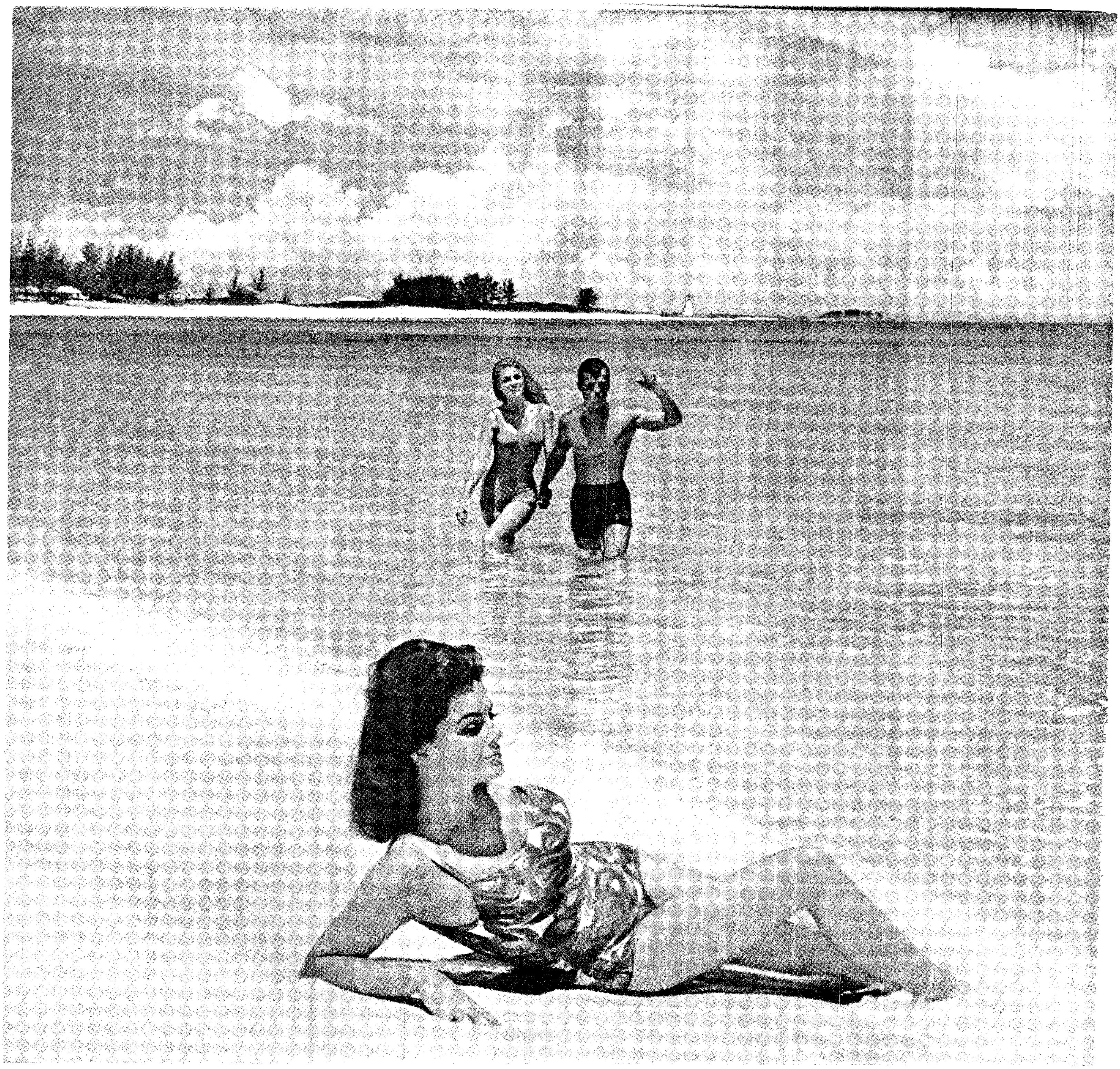

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most cases only robbed, they would now be expected to kill. Taking the measure of the young city gentlemen on whom they waited at table, they realized that it was they, the Niscemesi, who would do most of the fighting when the time came. Concetto Gallo had assured them that they were now regular combatants, and that whereas in the old days it had been absolutely wrong to steal sheep to keep from starving to death, for example, it would now be right and commendable to shoot down carabinieri from ambush for a political cause. The trouble was, what was to happen if things went wrong? The bandits' instinct told them that the lads from good families would be let off lightly and regarded as misguided rather than vicious. Should the worst happen, they knew that they themselves need expect no mercy.

October, November, and most of December passed; time hung heavy, and morale began to wilt. Concetto Gallo was expecting more volunteers, to bring his force up to a minimum of a thousand; more weapons, including artillery; and, especially, more money. None of these arrived. Recruiting declined to a trickle. A tank hidden in a cowshed on one of the barons' estates was to have furnished at least a symbol of armored might, but rats had found their way into the engine and gnawed the insulation off the electrical wiring, so that it could not be started. Gallo did his best to combat the gathering dejection by tightening up discipline. One of the bandits, an ex-Army N.C.O., undertook to drill the volunteers, and many otherwise unfruitful hours were used up in presenting and ordering arms, and in other ceremonial exercises. Soon food supplies began to run short, and now came the time when the bandits were called upon to place their special aptitudes at the service of the cause. For three months they had led quiet and self-respecting lives; now they listened unhappily while Gallo assured them that to ransack farmhouses and carry off cattle could not be classified as banditry as long as they were provided with proper requisition orders, signed by him. Thus exhorted, but still dubious, the bandits were dispatched to resume their reign of terror over the countryside. No doubt the volunteers, presumably more restrained, would have been sent on this mission but for one difficulty: hardly any of them, being townsmen, could ride, and the distances that had to be covered in this largely roadless countryside were too great to be attempted on foot. This meant that either the bandits had to be allowed

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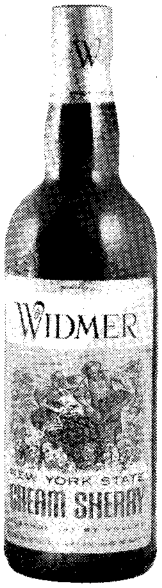

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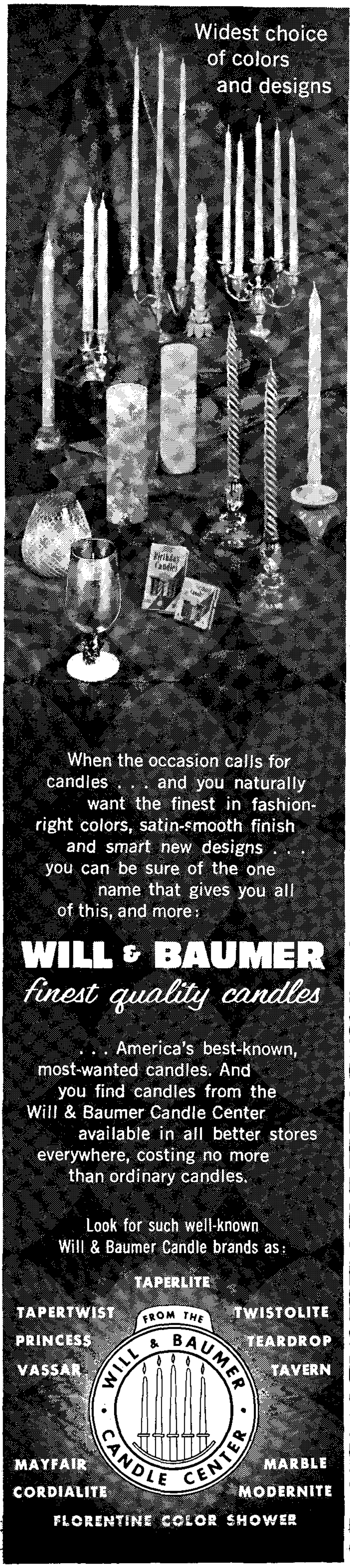
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a free hand or Gallo had to accompany them and keep an eye on what went on. On one such occasion, he was recognized by two of his neighbors dressed in a city suit and ludicrously mounted on a recently purloined race horse at the head of a company of ten or eleven bandits, all of them in black-market American uniforms.

As the days became weeks and the possibility of action seemed to grow even more remote, skepticism began to corrode the spirit of Gallo's army. A more vigorous discipline, the posting of sentries, and the surrounding of the barracks with barbed wire failed to prevent desertions, and by the beginning of December the Separatist Army of Eastern Sicily numbered fifty-eight men. It is not to be supposed that the Italian military authorities were unaware that something was going on on San Mauro. On the contrary, having listened to misleading rumors, they believed the Separatist force to be much bigger and better equipped than it actually was, and they had enormously strengthened their own forces to deal with it. By the end of December, San Mauro was surrounded by five thousand troops with full armored and artillery support, and this imposing force was commanded by three generals. On the mountaintop, the fifty-eight men of the Separatist Army waited for battle to be joined.

The guiding principle of the battle that followed was caution, and this was adhered to by both sides. The attack on the Separatists' positions began soon after dawn on December 29th, and at ten o'clock a spirited exchange of fire was continuing. Government tanks lumbered into position but, as so often happens in rugged, wooded terrain, they turned out to be useless, and were withdrawn, leaving the government artillery and mortars to pound away somewhat vaguely in the general direction of the enemy. There was a prodigious expenditure of ammunition on both sides. Several of the defenders' machine guns jammed as a result of being fired almost uninterruptedly, but by nightfall, when action was suspended, the Separatists appeared to have suffered no losses. The next morning brought a brisk renewal of mortar fire from the government side, plus a cannonade from anti-tank guns that had been maneuvered into position during the night. Whatever his defects as a tactician may have been, Gallo at least believed that a commander ought to lead his troops in action. Accordingly, he had taken up his position in a hole in the ground on the lower slopes, and here, accompanied by two volunteers, he remained all day long,

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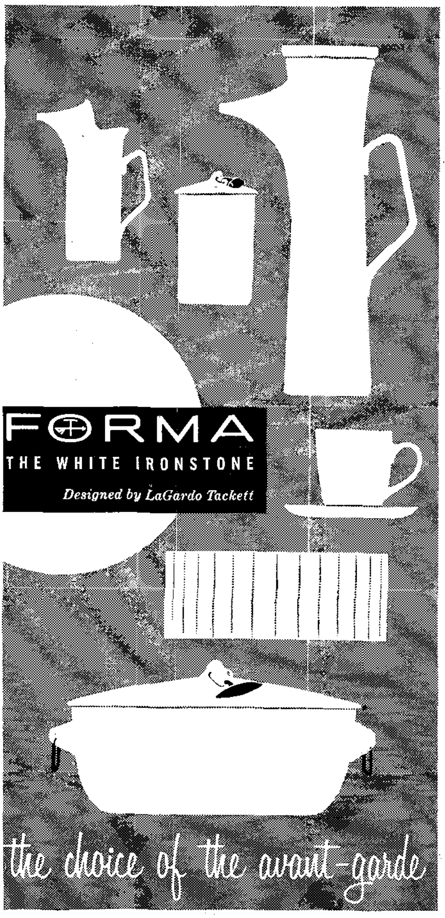
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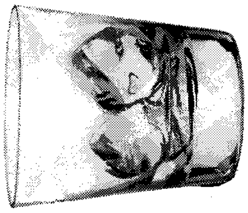

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blazing away enthusiastically hour after hour, until his machine gun, too, jammed. He then ordered the two volunteers with him to withdraw, and there was a tense and heroic moment when they refused to do so and Gallo drew his pistol and brandished it at them. Since even this gesture had no effect on their determination to stay and fight it out, all three men embraced emotionally, and the battle went on. Eventually, when the defenders' last shot had been fired, Gallo was knocked out by the blast of a hand grenade, and all three men were captured. Night fell again, and with it came the end of the battle. In two full days of fighting, hundreds of artillery shells had been fired, and tens of thousands of bullets. The entire action had cost the Separatists six wounded, while the government forces had suffered six casualties, too, one man being killed. With the loss of Gallo, the Separatists accepted the impossibility of continuing an organized resistance, and started filtering through the cordon of surrounding troops and making their escape.

All through the bitter months of winter, the remnants of the Separatists' eastern army dragged themselves miserably about the mountains, chased from hill to ravine by enormous bodies of soldiers and carabinieri. By early April, their numbers had been reduced by sickness and desertion to eight bandits and twelve volunteers. Some of the volunteers suggested calling the whole thing off, but the bandits always refused; while the volunteers stayed with them, the bandits could still believe in the myth that they were the soldiers of a defeated army, with at least the possibility of being treated as such when the end came. By the end of the month, however, all the volunteers had slipped quietly away, leaving the bandits as they had always dreaded they would be left—alone in the mountains. By the end of the year, all but two were dead.

MEANWHILE, from the wings, Don Calò Vizzini had been watching the comedy. Of the tiny handful of those who manipulated the Separatist movement from behind the scenes, he was probably the first to lose confidence in it and to realize that, with Separatism gone by the board, the right-wing political party that stood the best chance in the battles ahead was the Christian Democrats, now vigorously supported by the Catholic Church. Preparing himself for a political conversion, Don Calò saw no reason to prolong the Separatists' agony. The trifling fact that he himself was deeply compromised

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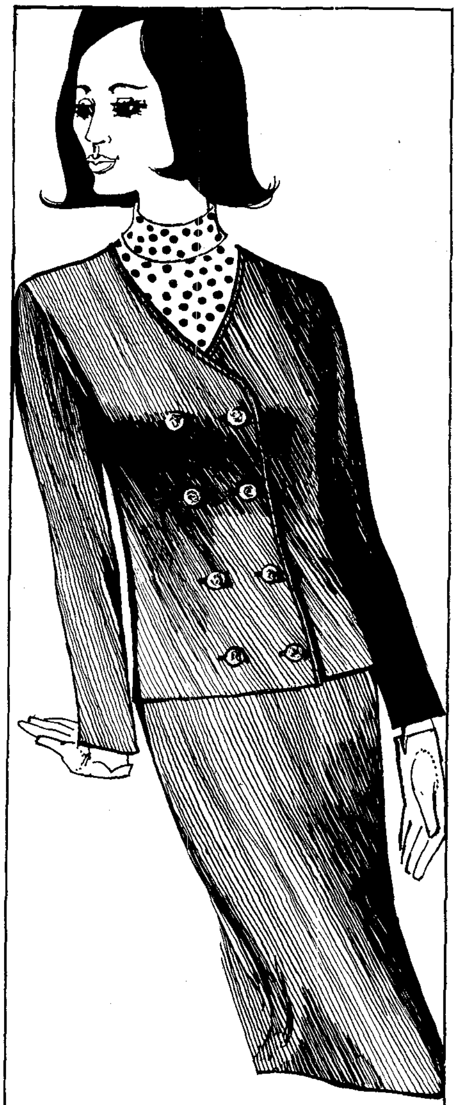
with them hardly troubled him, in view of his intimate friendship with Chief Inspector Messana. Now, to cement that friendship, Don Calò betrayed to him the Separatists' plan of action for western Sicily, where, as arranged, Giuliano was engaged in attacking the carabinieri barracks. Nothing was further from Don Calò's intention than to bring about Giuliano's annihilation, but, in view of the way things had gone, he preferred to have the bandit kept in check. When, therefore, Giuliano next attacked a police station, he found that he was expected, and suffered a sharp reverse.

Following Don Calò's furtive abandonment of their cause, the dukes and barons flocked back like prodigal sons to make their peace with the Italian government. If it had accomplished nothing else, the faked-up popular revolt—nine-tenths of which had been banditry—had succeeded as a piece of blackmail, for in the negotiations that followed not only did all the leading figures of the Separatist movement go scot-free but it was agreed that Sicily should be granted autonomy within the framework of the Italian state, the central government recognizing the very special social structure of the island. In other words, there would be no land reforms. Thus, the barons were given nearly everything they had almost had to fight to get. In return, they believed themselves able to guarantee that Sicily would remain a perpetual reservoir of right-wing voters.

Against this background of fraternal hugs and popping champagne corks in honor of the new autonomous Sicily, Giuliano, colonel of the Separatist Army, still carried on what was now a meaningless private war. His coups were increasingly audacious, bloody, and successful. He blew up carabinieri barracks, massacred soldiers and policemen from ambush, disrupted all road and rail traffic in western Sicily, and was even almost successful in an attempt to take over the Palermo radio station. Until May, 1946, when Sicilian autonomy was officially announced, he managed to see himself as a soldier legitimately killing the enemy. But with the declaration of autonomy he was a criminal once again. There was to be no amnesty for *him*, and the violences that he had been induced to commit diminished enormously any hope he may have had of eventual rehabilitation.

Even as a bandit, though, Giuliano was useful to the Mafia. One of the conditions that the Italian government had imposed in granting Sicily its autonomy was the eradication of the island's



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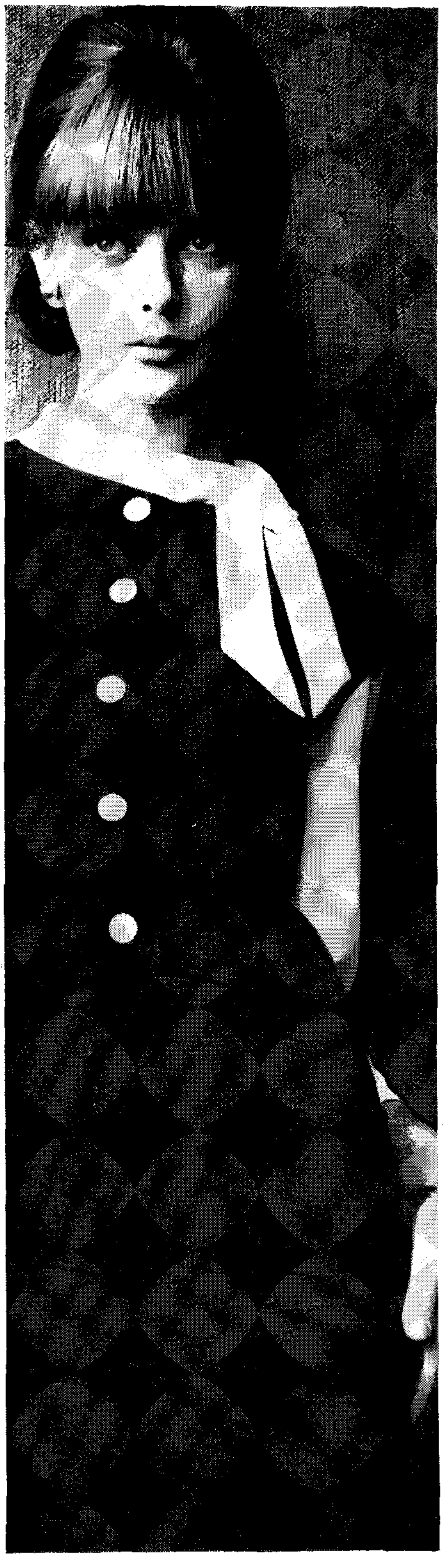
plague of bandits—a project clearly beyond the power of the local police forces, since, even excluding the Niscemesi, thirty armed bands were still at large. How was it to be accomplished, then? With brilliant economy and a characteristic display of mental agility, Don Calò found the answer: Giuliano and his band of freebooters—the most powerful armed force in Sicily—were to be exempted from the order and enlisted on the side of righteousness; they could be taken care of later. Accordingly, a certain Cavalier Santo Fleres, a dependent of Don Calò's and the head of the Mafia "family" of Partinico—a man who had grown so fat in his latter years that he could walk only with the aid of a couple of men propping him up on each side—met Giuliano and put a proposition to him. Giuliano was to "persuade" the electorate in the area under his control to vote Christian Democrat, and he was to go to work immediately to eliminate all the rival bands within his reach. In return, the Mafia would use its influence through its tame representatives in Parliament to obtain a pardon for him and his men. By this time, the Honored Society felt itself strong enough to add a stipulation: Giuliano was to cease his depredations in country areas and leave landowners alone. In the future, his tribute-raising activities were to be confined to the towns.

Giuliano went to work with speed and silence. What now happened was murder reduced to clean surgery. Operating in an unholy trinity, Don Calò, Giuliano, and the public-security police not only cleaned up the country but deftly removed most of the unpleasant traces of what had happened. It was a task undertaken in traditional Sicilian fashion, without publicity. A handful of the condemned bandits actually met their death, guns in hand, in the open, but nearly all the rest were the victims of cold-blooded betrayals, and death made its approach in many unexpected disguises. It was in the changed smile of the mistress waiting to signal from the window of a room where a worn-out fugitive sprawled on the bed, and in the handclasp that became a grip from which a man could not tear himself free, while a knife struck down from behind. A new gun, the gift of an old friend, exploded in a man's face the first time he tried it. A car crashed into a wall when the steering unaccountably failed. Bandits were induced to come out of hiding by faked appeals from their families, or by promises that clandestine emigration had been arranged. The Mafia showed no loyalty or fair play. All that counted was expediency. What had to be done was best done quickly. Demoralized and leaderless, the rank and file of the bands were rounded up by the police. At their common trial—the "Trial of the Rags," it was called—two hundred and ninety-two of them stood in the dock, around which had been built an enormous cage. Most of them received life sentences.

This trial marked the end of the period of postwar anarchy. By December of 1946, order had returned to five-sixths of Sicily. Only one band remained, and that, of course, was Giuliano's—as active, as numerous, and apparently as invulnerable as it had ever been. No effort was made to destroy it; on the contrary, the evidence is that it was kept in readiness as a political instrument to be used in a final emergency. The emergency came on May 1, 1947. Giuliano and his men, having at last received their orders, moved to the attack—this time an attack not on the police but on a great multitude of peasant holidaymakers. Italian politics has never recovered from the effect of the deed that was done that day.

FOR several years, the Sicilian peasantry had been licking the very dregs of misery, mocked by the bitter sight of the weeds growing high on the aristocracy's uncultivated land—land that was actually the peasants' by government decree. Whenever they had tried to stand up for their rights, the Mafia or hired bandits had quickly browbeaten them back into submission. Killers had been paid to assassinate their leaders. It was beginning to look, in fact, as though autonomous Sicily would be quite indistinguishable from the feudal paradise that the Separatist barons had planned for themselves. Then the Right made a psychological blunder. A referendum of all Italy was held in June, 1946, to decide the fate of King Umberto II, and the Sicilian Monarchists—i.e., the landowning barons—adopted the slogan "Whoever votes for the Republic and against the King votes for the Communists." The slogan acted as a boomerang, because by this time Don Calò Vizzini himself had become a Christian Democrat and a supporter of the republic. To the peasants' profound astonishment, Umberto—whom they saw as the patrón and ally of the feudal landowners—was sent packing by the verdict of the referendum. The figurehead of an invincible order had been thrown down. Suddenly, the peasants understood that



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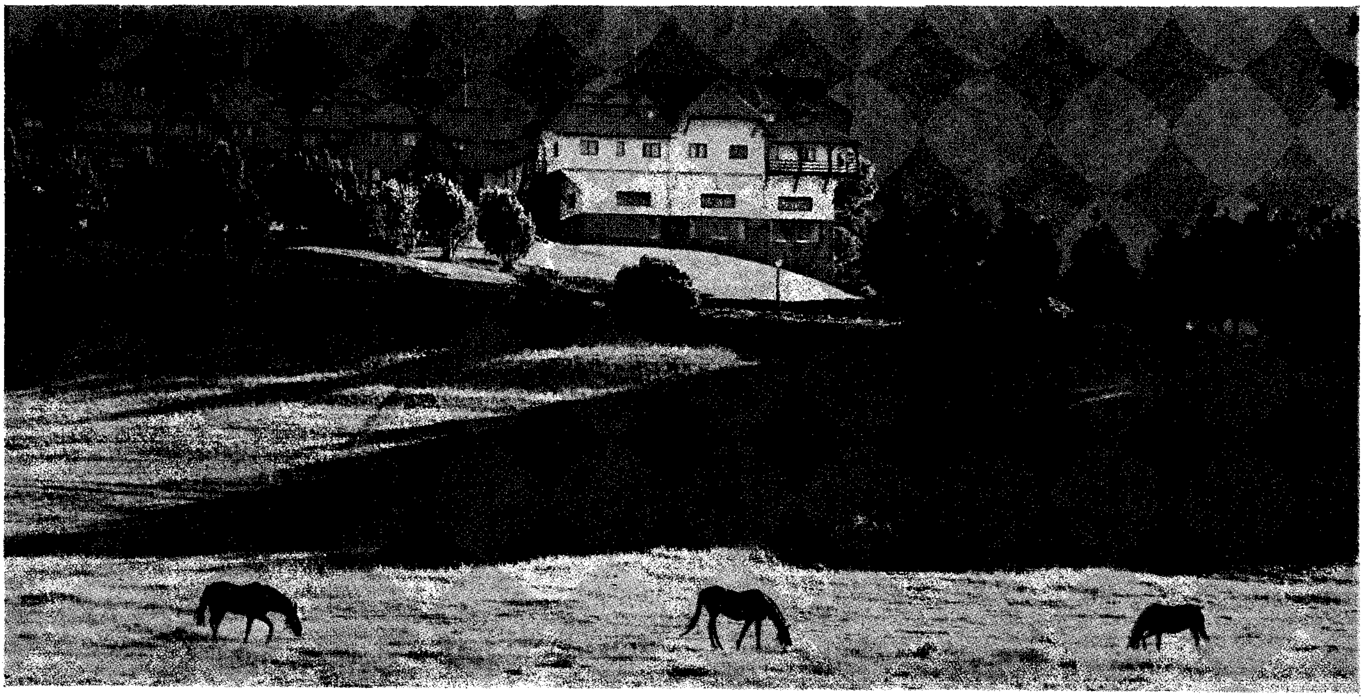

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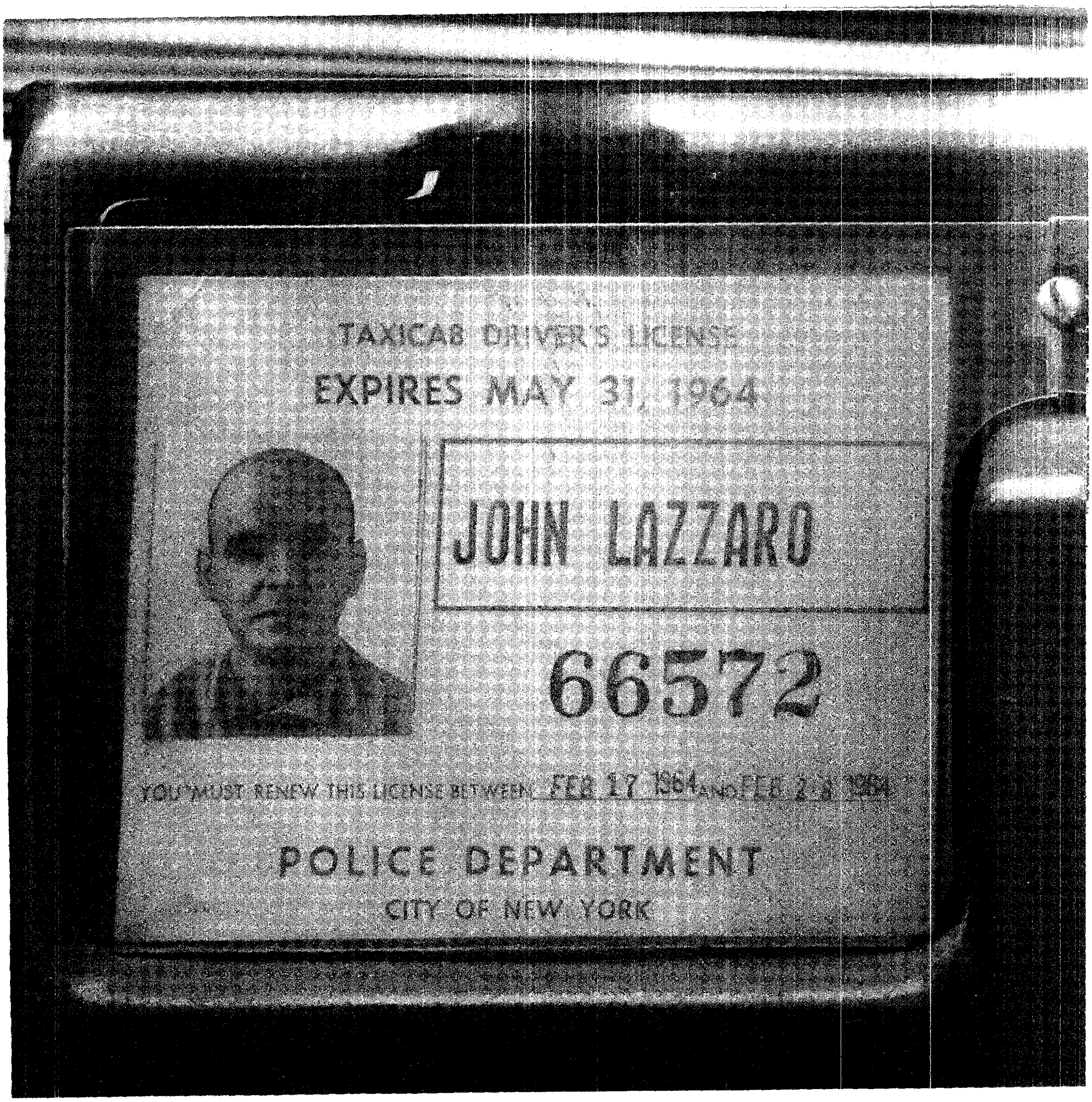

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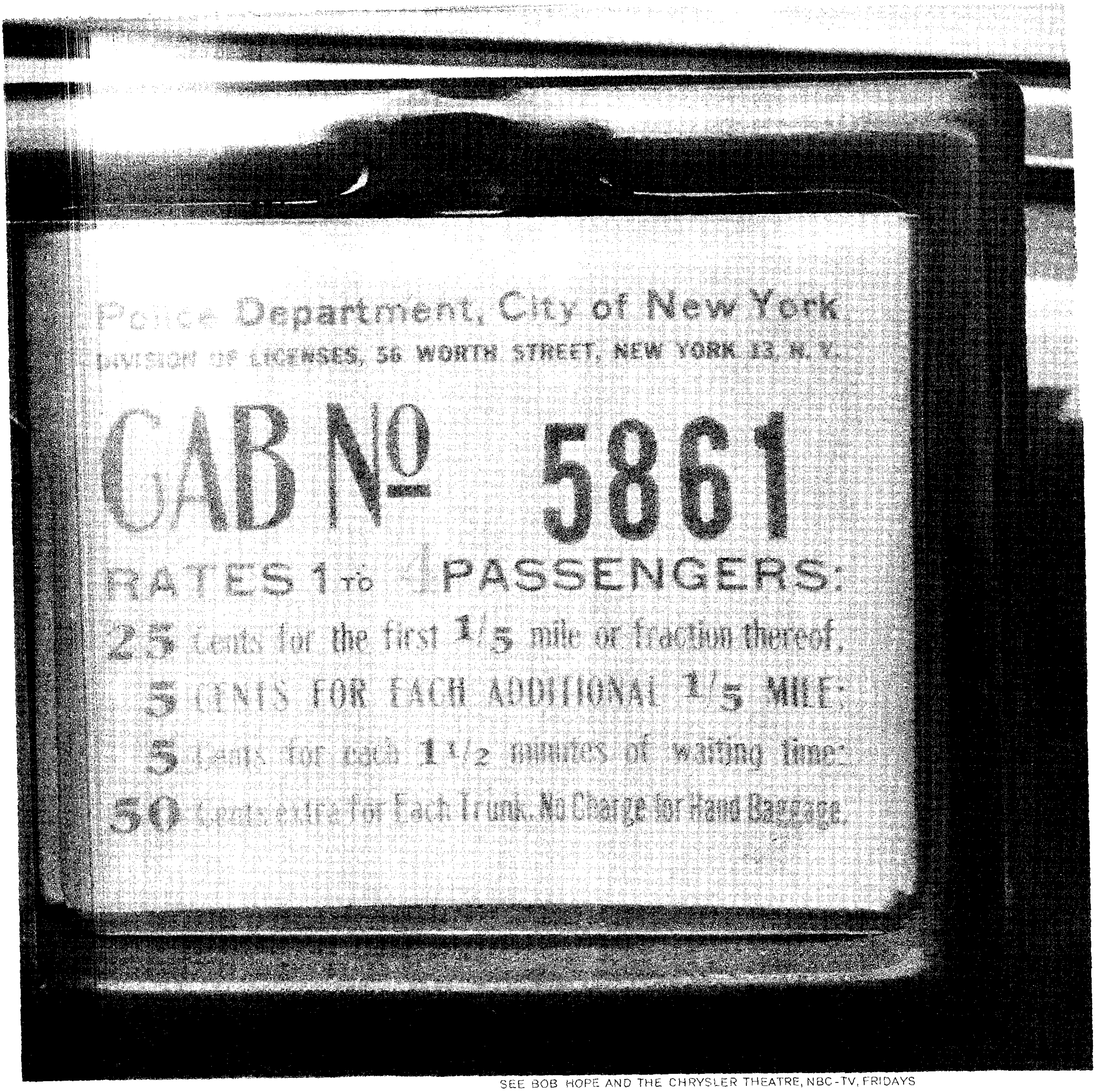

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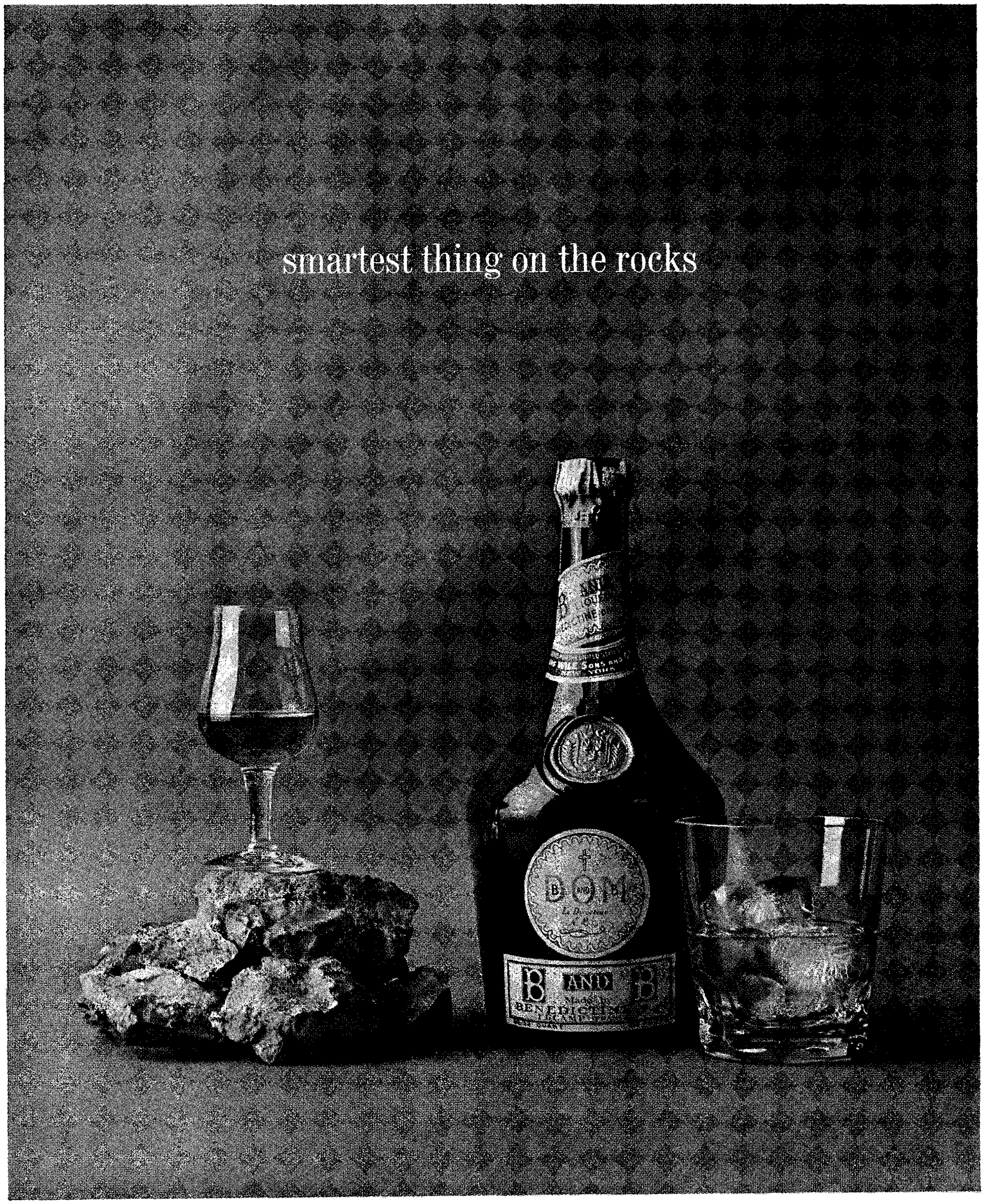

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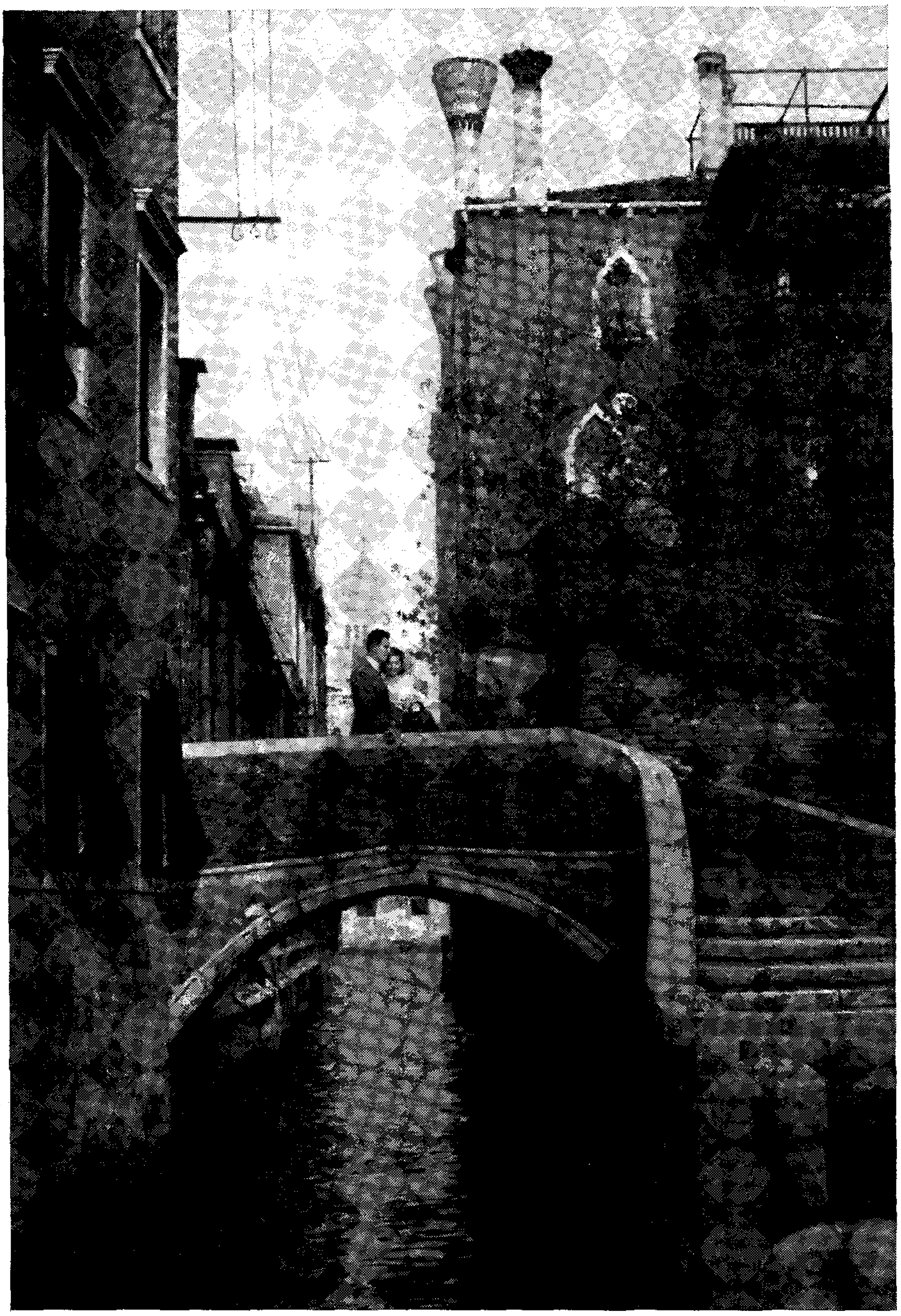
The drier liqueur B AND B BENEDICTINE BRANDY their position at the bottom of the feudal pyramid was not necessarily preordained, and they took heart again. Except in Sicily's northwestern corner, where Giuliano still reigned unchallenged, the bandits were gone. In September, 1946, the prefect of Caltanissetta finally gave in to peasant pressure and signed a document by which five uncultivated estates were handed over, and within the next few weeks fourteen more estates were occupied, cleared of stones and brambles, and put under the plow. To the Sicilian landowners, it must have seemed as though their gloomiest prophecies about a Red tidal wave were about to be fulfilled.

This, then, was the setting for the elections to the Sicilian Regional Parliament that took place on April 19 and 20, 1947. The Separatist and Monarchist Parties had faded out of the picture now, and the real contenders for power were the Christian Democrats—which had absorbed the members of those two defunct right-wing parties—and a Popular Front amalgam of independents, Socialists, and Communists. The Christian Democratic Party, supported by the Church and by the feudal landowners, was considered a certain winner. The electoral proceedings were conducted in the usual atmosphere of cajolery, intimidation, and sheer violence on the part of the Mafia. It was no longer possible, as it had been in 1900, to administer a thorough beating to the elector before allowing him to enter the polling booth, but many and varied were the forms of psychological coercion applied. Popular Front political meetings were outlawed in Mafia territory, and when election day came, gunslinging thugs hung about the polling stations to remind the voters where they were expected to put their cross. In these circumstances, it seemed almost incredible that the Christian Democrats could be defeated—but defeated they were, and by a substantial majority. At the very moment when the feudal landlords and their allies believed that at last they were going to be able to put their house in order, this catastrophe—all the more terrible because so unexpected—confronted them with the spectre of the howling revolutionary mob at their very gates.

Seven days after the election, the turning point in Giuliano's career occurred. It was signalled by the arrival at his headquarters of his brother-in-law, Pasquale Sciortino, with what seems to have been a long-awaited letter. The following is taken from a deposition subsequently made by a



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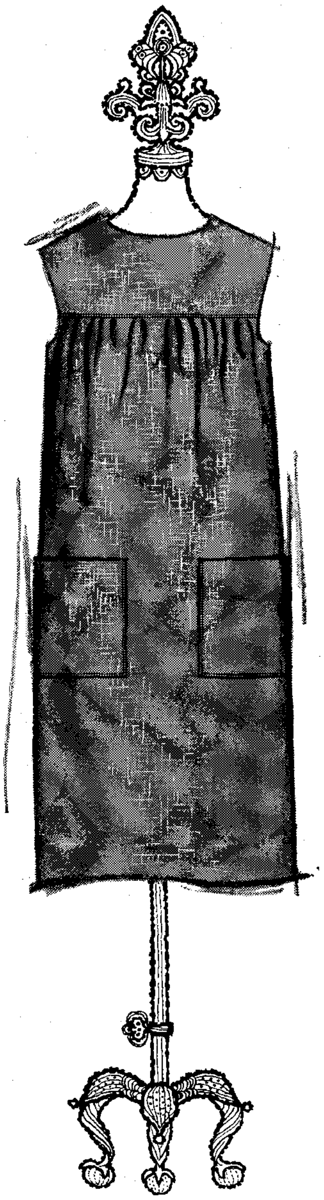

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member of the gang to an examining magistrate:

About three o'clock, Pasquale Sciortino showed up. He had a letter for Giuliano and called him to one side. The two of them went to sit down behind a wall, where they read the letter and discussed it. It must have been an important document, seeing that, after reading it, Giuliano burned it with a match. After that, Sciortino went off. Giuliano came over to me and asked me where my brother was. I said he was probably in town, because he was suffering from a boil. Then Giuliano said to me, "The hour of our liberation has come." I asked, "How's that?" Giuliano said, "We have to go into action against the Communists; we've got to go and shoot them up on the first of May, at Portella della Ginestra."

It is here that Giuliano's obsession with liberation from his predicament is revealed. The muddled romanticism of the Robin Hood has been driven out by a bitter realism. Giuliano no longer thinks of punishing the Mafia, avenging the poor, or ruling in a brigands' Cloud-Cuckoo-Land—a kind of police-free Sicilian Valhalla. What he craves now is simply to go free at any price. The sterile liberty of the fugitive is no longer freedom, and the vast, silent amphitheatre of mountains has closed in on him, to become a prison cell. Eighteen months before, Giuliano had dealt on equal terms with the nobility of the country, who had promised to repay him for his support with high office in the government of a Separatist Sicily. But Separatism was dead, and Giuliano was still locked in his empty mountains. Now he dropped his price. All he asked was to be allowed to escape with his men—even to Brazil, if the worst came to the worst. The only political party in a position to do business with him—or even to pretend to do business—was the Christian Democrats, who were in power in Rome but had suffered their unpredictable setback in the Sicilian elections. Now, for the third time, a bargain was made, but the terms of this bargain were cruelly high.

THE small town of Piana dei Greci differs from the other small towns of western Sicily principally in being a tourist attraction—which the others are emphatically not. Piana dei Greci has color and folklore to offer, although these are supplied strictly to order. The girls still possess the Albanian-Greek national costumes handed down by their great-great-grandmothers, and if enough tourists are on hand, a folk dance can be arranged. In between these brief eruptions of organized gaiety, Piana dei Greci relapses into the brooding calm of its everyday existence. A wind bickers

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ceaselessly in the streets, tearing at the sails of a half-dismantled windmill, puffing white grit into the eyes, and ruffling the festoons of washing into a brisk, scudding sea. Most of the citizens of Piana dei Greci go in black, speak in low voices, and use the gestures of tragic resignation. For years, it had been the custom—never abandoned, even in the severe days of the Mussolini dictatorship—for the people of Piana dei Greci to join forces with those of San Giuseppe Iato for the celebration of the first of May and the religious feast of Santo Crocefisso. San Giuseppe Iato is about seven miles away, on the other side of a low mountain pass called Portella della Ginestra, and the arrangement had always been for the festivities to take place on a conveniently open place at the top of the pass, roughly equidistant from the two towns. This spot had the additional advantage of being furnished with a large, flat rock, which served as a rostrum. In Sicily, such outings generally follow a pattern. Often, their serious purpose tends to be engulfed in a holiday spirit. A small, responsible minority of males listens to the speeches and does its best to shush the rest into a respectful silence, but for the majority—and for the women and the innumerable children—this is the outing of the year, and to be enjoyed as such. Immense time and thought, therefore, go into the preparations, and many of the families will travel in those extraordinary Sicilian carts, every foot of which is covered with paintings of the bloody passages of knight-errantry—scenes from the Song of Roland or the crusading adventures of Roger the Norman. When they arrive at their destination, stalls selling sweets will have been set up, and there will almost certainly be a phrenologist and probably a ballad singer, standing with his guitar in front of a kind of giant cartoon peopled with the stiff and grimacing figures that his song will bring to life. For such an occasion the Sicilian is ready to allow himself to be coaxed out of his habit of silence into an almost noisy sociability. After the speechifying has come to an end, there is a picnic of holiday bread and sausage and thick new wine. There will be cardplaying and perhaps horse racing, and then naps in the shade—where it can be found—before starting home.

This was more or less the way that May Day at Portella della Ginestra had always gone, but in 1947 the people of the two towns really had something to celebrate. In April, they had gone to the polls and given the Popular Front an astonishing and quite unexpected victory. It would be an error to believe that

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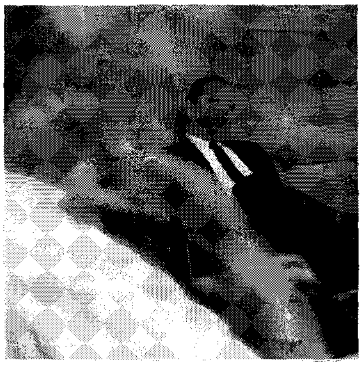

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more than the tiniest proportion of the people of Piana dei Greci and San Giuseppe Iato were either Socialists or Communists. The traditions of such communities are Tolstoyan, pacifist, and puritanical; government is seen at best as useless and at worst as an evil fraud. What these citizens had really voted for was not Socialism or Communism but the right to wipe out the agonizing spectacle of land being allowed to go to waste. Now, incredibly, they had beaten the seemingly invincible combination of landowner and Mafia, and, their leaders assured them, there was no power on earth that could stop them from taking over the uncultivated land. By half past nine on that tranquil and brilliant morning, over two thousand people—more than two-thirds of them children—had reached the open place where the celebrations would be held. At ten o'clock, the first speaker, the secretary of the local Popular Front, climbed onto the rock platform and stood waiting for the crowd to settle down. Behind him, the floor of the pass sloped gently up to a white muddle of rocks topped by the ashen pinnacle of Monte Pizzuta, and facing him, pencilled in on the gray heat mist, were the ridges and stark cliffs of Monte Cometa. By ten-fifteen, he had the attention of a reasonable audience, and the speech began.

At that moment, a distant popping was heard—an unalarming sound, according to those present. The speaker hesitated and turned his head, and then went on, only to stop again. Francesco Liotta, a seventy-year-old peasant who was standing close to the rostrum, felt his wife tug his sleeve. "They're letting off fireworks for the *festa*, Francesco," she said. But then she shrieked and fell down. At the same moment, ten-year-old Rigotta Castrense held up her hand to her father, the fingers hanging by bloody ligaments, while her thirteen-year-old friend suddenly sprawled on the ground, the lower part of her face carried away by a bullet. The speaker jumped down from the rostrum as the crowd broke into a babbling confusion, some parents throwing themselves across their children on the ground, others snatching them up to run but not knowing from what they were trying to escape. Bullets ricocheting off the rocks inflicted atrocious wounds. Animals were screaming and kicking and spraying their blood over those who rushed to secure them. In ten minutes, the shooting was over. Half a dozen or more people had been killed, and close to fifty wounded.

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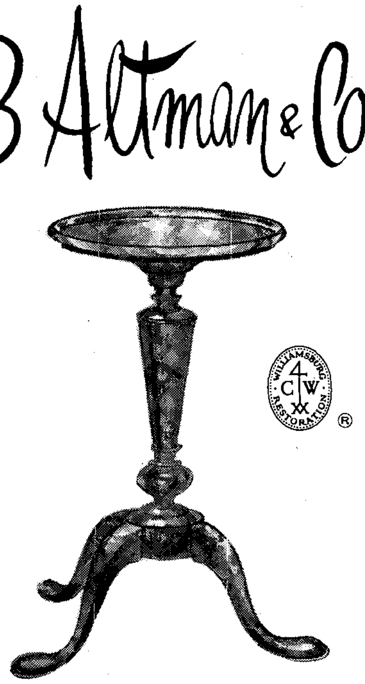

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ano made haste to withdraw from the position on the slopes of Monte Pizzuta where he and his men had been lying in wait since shortly after dawn. Three youths who had decided to spend the holiday in their own way had a lucky escape. "We were going to the meeting, but decided to call it off because we had an Englishwoman with us," they said later. ("Englishwoman" is the Sicilian euphemism for a prostitute.) Hearing the shooting, they hid themselves in a fissure among the rocks, and soon afterward they saw twelve armed men come down the mountainside, eleven of them in American uniforms, and the twelfth—Giuliano—in a white raincoat. An estate guard who ran into the bandits a few minutes later was less lucky. He was made to turn out his pockets, and among the contents was a note from a minor police official, inviting him to call at headquarters that evening. The man's body was found in a ravine forty days later. Four other men passed through the edge of the shadow of death that day. These were peasants from Piana dei Greci who had decided to play truant from the demonstration and were setting snares for rabbits on the slopes of Pizzuta shortly after dawn. Suddenly they found themselves confronted by a youth with a submachine gun. He asked whether they were Communists and, on receiving their energetic denial, marched them off to a cave, where they were held under guard. The bandits left their captives in no doubt about the reason for Giuliano's presence on the mountain, and one man who had two sons playing in the band at the celebration begged that their lives be spared. To this he received the reply "They want the land, and we're going to give it to them—six feet of it apiece." This literally seems to have been the bandits' intention. When a conscientious young infantry lieutenant named Ragusa searched the mountainside the next day, he found a position from which a Breda .38 machine gun had been fired. Some eight hundred empty cartridge cases were strewn over the ground. The lieutenant carefully gathered them up, believing that they might prove useful as evidence.

THE next weeks were filled with intense activity for Giuliano and his band. A few days after the massacre at Portella, Giuliano gave one of his many interviews to a journalist. This time it was to an American, Michael Stern, who went to the rendezvous dressed in an American officer's uniform. Giuliano handed Stern a letter for President Truman—a masterpiece

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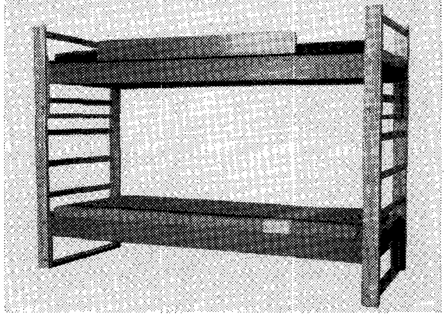

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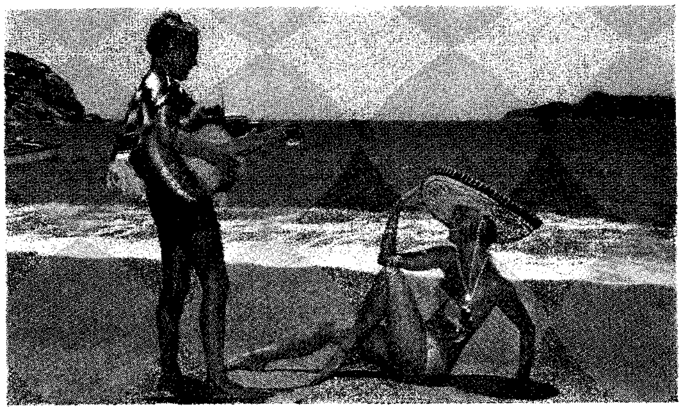

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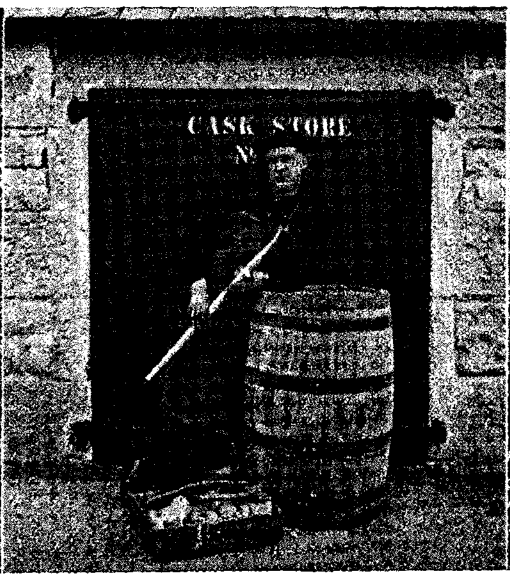

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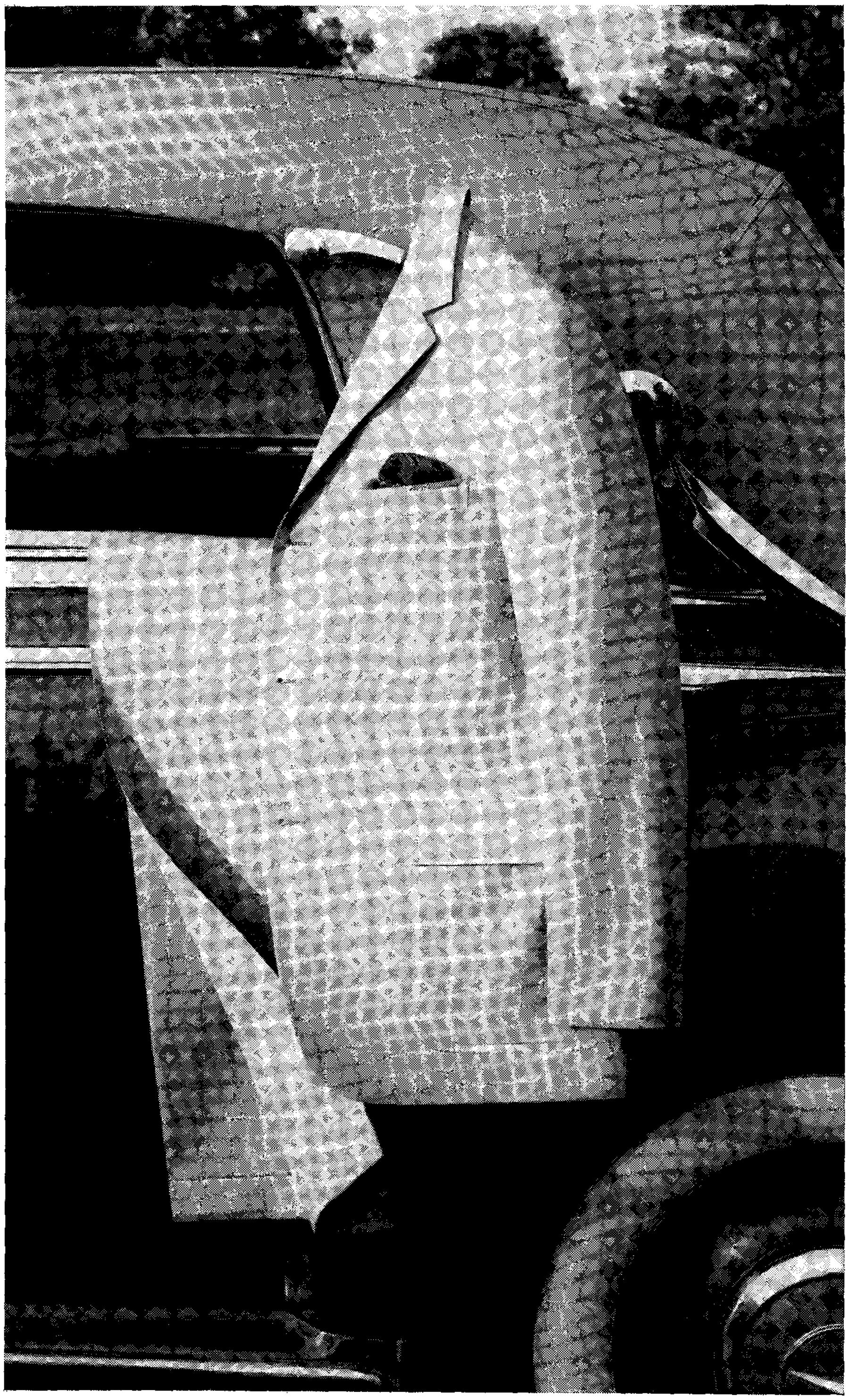
of self-excuse and persuasion that it is unlikely he could have concocted himself. Giuliano pleaded for the President's "moral support" in his struggle to wipe out Communism in Sicily. "Because of a lost war, we find ourselves in a hopeless state, and will easily fall a prey to foreigners—especially to the Russians, who long to appear on the Mediterranean Sea," he wrote. "The consequences, if this should happen, would be of the greatest importance, and you know it." Then, on June 22nd, trade-union centers and Communist Party headquarters in many towns in the province of Palermo were attacked simultaneously by the bandits. Hand grenades, dynamite, and Molotov cocktails were used to demolish the buildings, and their occupants were machine-gunned as they ran from the flames.

With Giuliano's gunmen now actively entered in the fight on the feudal landowners' side, few people were inclined to give much for the peasants' chances of pressing home their claim to the uncultivated land, and the collapse of the Popular Front in the next year's elections was generally predicted. Until that time, Giuliano prospered. Indeed, his popularity in certain quarters of the population was never greater than in the eleven months that followed Portella and his attacks on the trade unionists and the Communists. But then, in April of 1948, the fateful election was held, and, as had been foreseen, the Popular Front was routed. Giuliano had done his work well; now there was no further use for him. He was merely a nuisance, to be disposed of when it was convenient. This ironic turn of events was made clear three years later, when thirteen members of the Giuliano gang were put on trial for the slaughter at Portella della Ginestra. At the trial—which was held in Viterbo, a few miles north of Rome, in order to remove it from Sicily's inflamed atmosphere—the bandit Terranova testified, "Our orders had been to make people vote for the Christian Democrats, and we had carried them out. In return, we had been promised our liberty. Giuliano [said] that the instigators of the massacre had refused to carry out their side of the bargain. . . . He said to me, 'We must compel these gentlemen to carry out their undertakings.' "

The situation, then, was coming to a head on both sides. Santo Fleres, the fat *capo-mafia* of Partinico, who had been responsible for bringing Giuliano and the Christian Democrats together, proposed to resolve the predicament quite simply by betraying the bandit to the police. But, for once, something went



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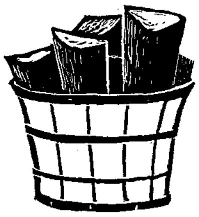
wrong with Mafia planning. Giuliano got wind of the trap that had been set for him, and both Santo Fleres and the secretary of the Christian Democratic Party of Alcamo, who had negotiated with Giuliano on behalf of the Party, were shot dead.

Abandoned by the Christian Democrats, as he had been by the Separatists, Giuliano now hit on an ingenious method of staving off the fate that had overtaken so many bandit chieftains in Sicily since the end of the war. He composed a memorandum, of which several copies were made, that revealed the truth about the massacre at Portella—that it was not just another example of seemingly irrational banditry but, instead, had been instigated by highly placed outsiders for purely political reasons. In it, Giuliano spelled out the reasons and named the instigators. One copy of the memorandum was given into the keeping of his brother-in-law, Pasquale Sciortino, who was smuggled away to America. Then word of the nature of the memorandum was leaked to the authorities. Thus, for fear of the deadly secrets in Giuliano's possession, he could not be captured alive, nor—until it was certain that all copies of the incriminating document were in safe hands—could he be killed. In the meantime, the daily butchery went on.

It was the public outcry that followed the slaughter of eight carabinieri and the wounding of thirteen more in an ambush that changed the climate for Giuliano. Until that time, the prosecution of the war against him had been directed—in an extremely devious manner—by the public-security police, under the command of Chief Inspector Ciro Verdiani, successor to Don Calò's friend Inspector Messana. Now the task was handed over to a special group called the Force for the Repression of Banditry, commanded by Colonel Ugo Luca, of the carabinieri. Colonel Luca had his work cut out for him. The main difficulty he had to contend with was the undisguised hatred that existed between the public-security police, who reported to the Ministry of the Interior, and the carabinieri, who reported to the Ministry of War. The antipathy was a traditional one, stemming from the carabinieri's pride in their status as a military organization, and their contempt—not unsullied by envy—for a rival force that was not exposed to military discipline and had, as the carabinieri saw it, a relatively soft time. Since it had proved quite impossible to draw a clear line between the functions of the two forces, overlapping took place constantly, and whenever it did, bitter friction was engendered. As a result, when Colonel Luca arrived in Palermo to take over from Inspector Verdiani, he made the discouraging discovery that all the documents relating to the Giuliano band, and all the evidence gathered about its activities over three years, including Lieutenant Ragusa's cartridge cases, had been made to disappear. It was the first blow struck in the private war between the carabinieri colonel and the inspector of public security. Indeed, although Inspector Verdiani should have ceased at this stage to interest himself in any way in the Giuliano affair, he remained in close contact with the bandit through the Miceli family, who were important *mafiosi* of Monreale; one might almost say that he made the bandit a protégé.



For his part, Colonel Luca now set to work to liquidate the band. Italian public opinion wanted action at all costs, so the enthusiastic and imaginative press fed it with stories of trapped desperadoes' last-ditch stands against bodies of hand-picked troops supported by parachutists, reconnaissance planes, and helicopters. Behind this stage scenery painted with such fictitious violence, Luca tackled the problem in his own singular fashion. Having spent many years in Intelligence duties in the Middle East—a circumstance that inevitably encouraged the newspapers to call him "the Italian Lawrence of Arabia"—he was deeply imbued with the attitudes of cloak-and-dagger fiction, and some of his actions almost parody the most improbable doings of Somerset Maugham's secret agent, Ashenden. Luca had the idea of importing a professional assassin from Istanbul known as the Turk. The Turk was about forty-five years of age, tough, thickset, and dumpy, and a little ridiculous in appearance; his fingers were covered with rings, and he habitually wore shorts and a khaki desert forage cap with a neck protector. This imported specialist in violent death was a shy and taciturn man who would sit for hours eating enormous quantities of spaghetti and swilling down strong Sicilian wine. He lived by himself in a room in the carabinieri barracks and, when not eating, tinkered endlessly with a great collection of professional equipment that he had brought with him. On the rare occasions when he strolled outside the barracks, he was never without a small leather case that was intended for a musical instrument but that actually housed a tiny submachine gun of Brit-

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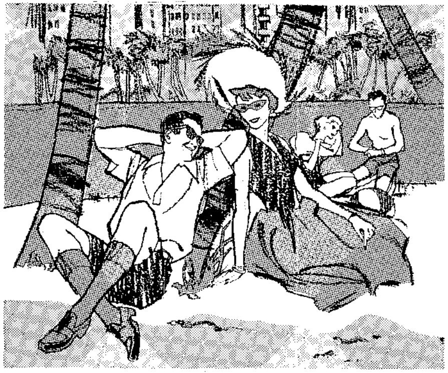
ish manufacture, which had been fitted with a silencer and which enchanted all of Luca's men. Whenever the presence of Giuliano was signalled in a particular area, the Turk was hastily taken there by night and left with his arsenal, seemingly in the remote hope that Giuliano might accidentally run into him. However the hard-bitten policemen of Luca's command may have viewed this project, one thing about the Turk staggered them all. This was his immense resistance to fatigue. They would leave him propped in an angle of a wall with some dried emergency rations and a gallon of wine, and there he would stay without moving, sometimes for as long as four days, waiting for Giuliano to happen to pass that way. However, Giuliano never did happen to pass that way, and in the end the Turk was packed off back to Istanbul.

The most active member of the special carabinieri force was Maresciallo Giovanni Lo Bianco, Colonel Luca's exceedingly down-to-earth senior N.C.O., and years later, after his retirement, he supplied a newspaper with a disenchanted account of the goings on of those days. The lack of a university education had prevented the Maresciallo from attaining commissioned rank, but, like many senior carabinieri N.C.O.s, he possessed real power. At first, he fell foul of the Machiavellian Inspector Verdiani, who was doing everything he could to hamper, discredit, and cast ridicule upon Colonel Luca and the operations of his men; for example, while the two thousand men of the new special force were chasing phantom outlaws in the mountains, Giuliano was giving interviews to newspapermen whose visits had been arranged by Verdiani, with the coöperation of the Mafia, and was even taking a week off to make a documentary film. But Lo Bianco was determined and not without resource, and he eventually succeeded in persuading someone to present him to Don Nitto Minasola, of Monreale. Minasola was the head of the Honored Society in that small, Mafia-ridden town, with its stupendous Norman cathedral, on a hilltop behind Palermo.

There was never a more remarkable possessor of the not fully explicable power of the *mafioso* than Don Nitto, whose name could not even be mentioned in association with any of these events until twelve years later, when he was safely dead—assassinated on the sombre main street of San Giuseppe Iato at high noon while looking over the animals in a horse fair. Minasola had started life as a poor shepherd, but he

NASSAU



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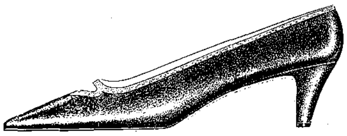

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had always possessed all the qualities demanded of a "man of respect," and inevitably he became one. He was patient, self-controlled, intelligent, gifted with a knowledge of men, and implacable. Had he been born the son of a comfortable family in, say, Milan, nothing could have prevented his becoming an outstanding politician, or at least a millionaire. But Minasola's father had left him two scrawny goats, and he had never set foot inside a school. Lo Bianco says that when he knew Minasola, at the age of fifty-two, the *capo-mafia* was still a poor man, though greatly feared. A lifetime of guarding his expression had given his face an Oriental quality, a mandarin's impassivity, which Lo Bianco found disconcerting. Lo Bianco told him straight out that he wanted his help in capturing Giuliano, and Minasola gave him one of his penetrating and enigmatic looks, followed by an almost frightening smile, and said, "You ask me for Giuliano in the same way that one asks a friend for a cup of coffee."

However, it turned out that Minasola was disposed to collaborate. To *mafiosi* like him, Giuliano's bandits were a contemptible rabble. They were the Brown Shirts of a bypassed revolution, and now that the Mafia was finally back in the saddle, a quiet and economical version of the Night of the Long Knives had to be arranged. Besides, Minasola had a special dislike of the flamboyant Giuliano, with his press conferences, his letter writing, and his obvious pursuit of publicity, all of which were distasteful to a true "man of respect." In spite of his high authority in the Mafia, Minasola still looked after his own sheep, and more than once members of the Giuliano band, taking him for just another shepherd, had tried to bully him, refusing to be warned in time by Minasola's cold *mafioso* stare. Now Minasola was induced to suggest to Lo Bianco how Giuliano could best be taken.

When Luca first came on the scene, Giuliano and the hard core of his band had prudently withdrawn into the province of Trapani, in the far western corner of the island, where he was under the protection of Mafia families described by Minasola as "unfaithful"—in other words, they showed poor response to Don Calò Vizzini's central authority. Minasola's opinion was that it was necessary to entice Giuliano back to the Monreale area, thereby bringing him again under the sway of the "faithful" Mafia—himself included. To achieve this, the first thing that had to be done was to move out all the police who were operating in the Monreale

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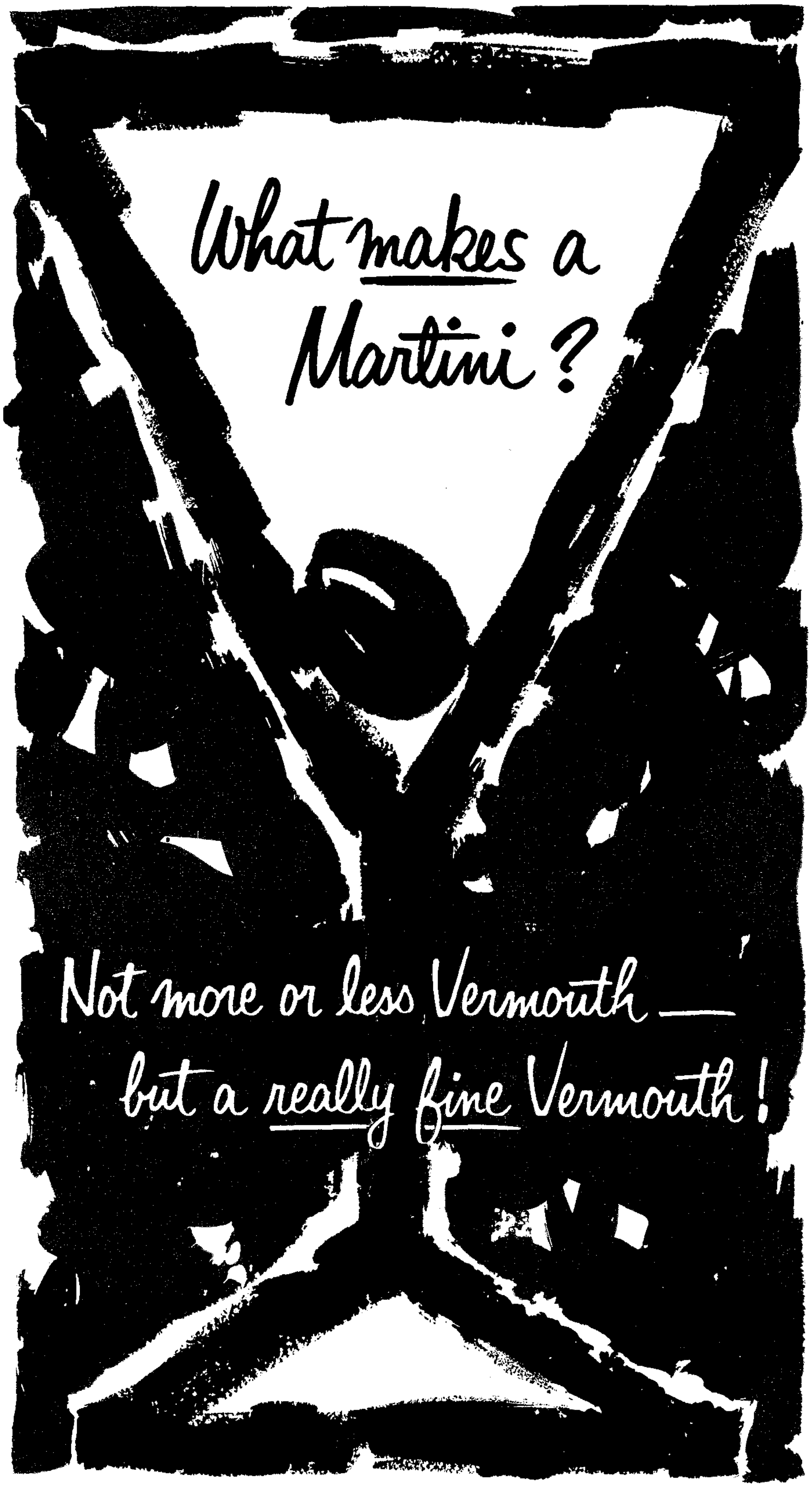
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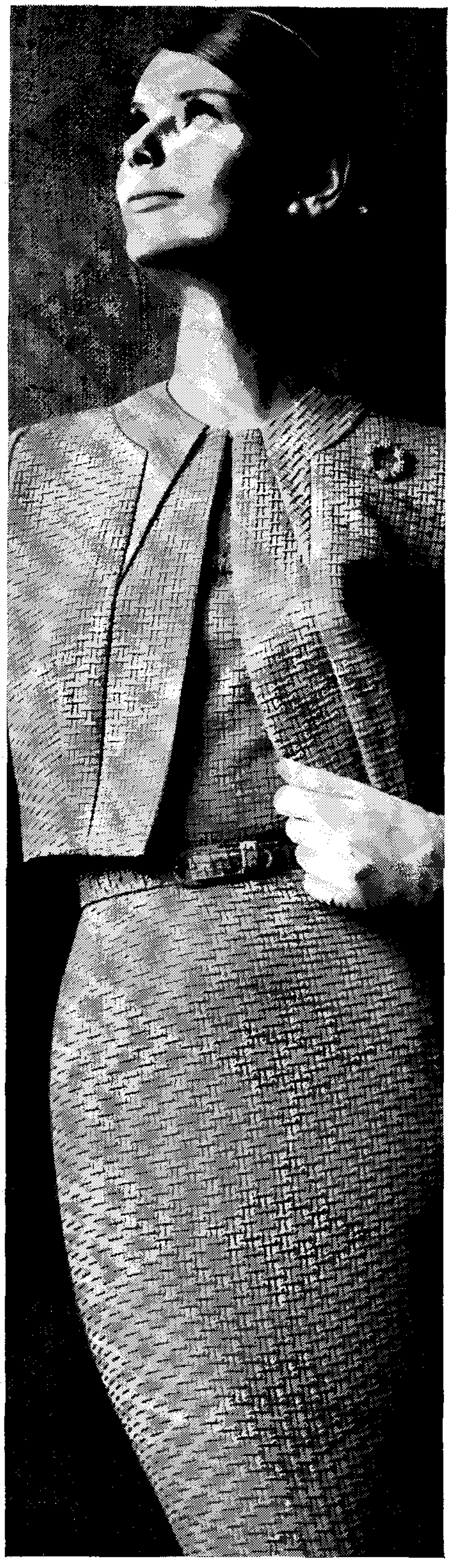

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area. Lo Bianco agreed, and before long this was done.

At some time in the days when the Giuliano band was a valuable military asset to powerful men, it had been reorganized by an expert in guerrilla warfare, who divided it into a number of self-contained cells. The intention was to prevent the secret dispositions of the whole band from being given away through the capture or defection of a single man, or even of several men. In practice, this division of forces made the Giuliano band totally dependent on the Mafia, because the Mafia volunteered to effect the liaison between the different groups. In the mountains, the bandits were independent and self-supporting, but as soon as they were obliged for any reason to come down into the towns, it was to the local *mafiosi* that they went for shelter. Also, when any bandit who had been sent on a mission wanted to return to Giuliano's constantly shifting headquarters, he was passed from one "man of respect" to the next until the new hideout could be first located and then reached. It was this crippling involvement with the Mafia that made Minasola's task so easy once he had set his mind to it.

The next step in Minasola's plan was to suggest to Giuliano, through one of Minasola's relatives who was a member of the band, a suitable victim for extortion living in the Monreale district. After a long period of inactivity, Giuliano's funds were running low, and Minasola managed to whet his appetite with a description of an immensely rich and defenseless landowner, guaranteed to disgorge millions of lire at the mere sight of Giuliano's well-known signature at the bottom of a letter of extortion. Giuliano took the bait. The letter was sent off, and the landowner, who was in on the plot, ignored it, as instructed. Minasola had been of the opinion that such a rare act of defiance would bring Giuliano himself to the scene, but instead Giuliano sent a member of his general staff, Frank Mannino. Mannino, as foreseen, was forced to get in touch with Minasola, who invited him to a meeting of Mafia notabilities at the Villa Carolina, the property of the Archbishop of Monreale, just outside the town. "*Salutiamo gli amici*" was Mannino's greeting as he advanced with hand outstretched toward "Don Peppino," Minasola's guest of honor. But Don Peppino turned out to be Maresciallo Lo Bianco in plain clothes, and Mannino's hand was seized and not released until police agents had rushed in from the next room. A few days later, two more of the key figures in the

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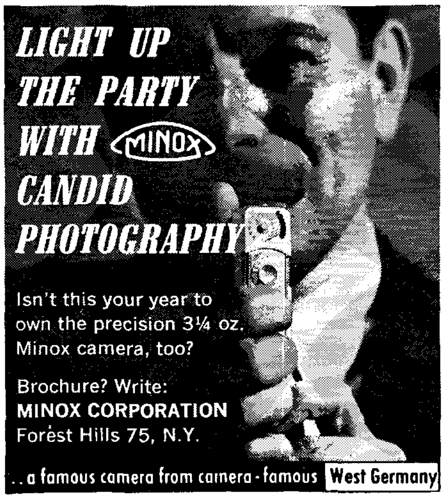

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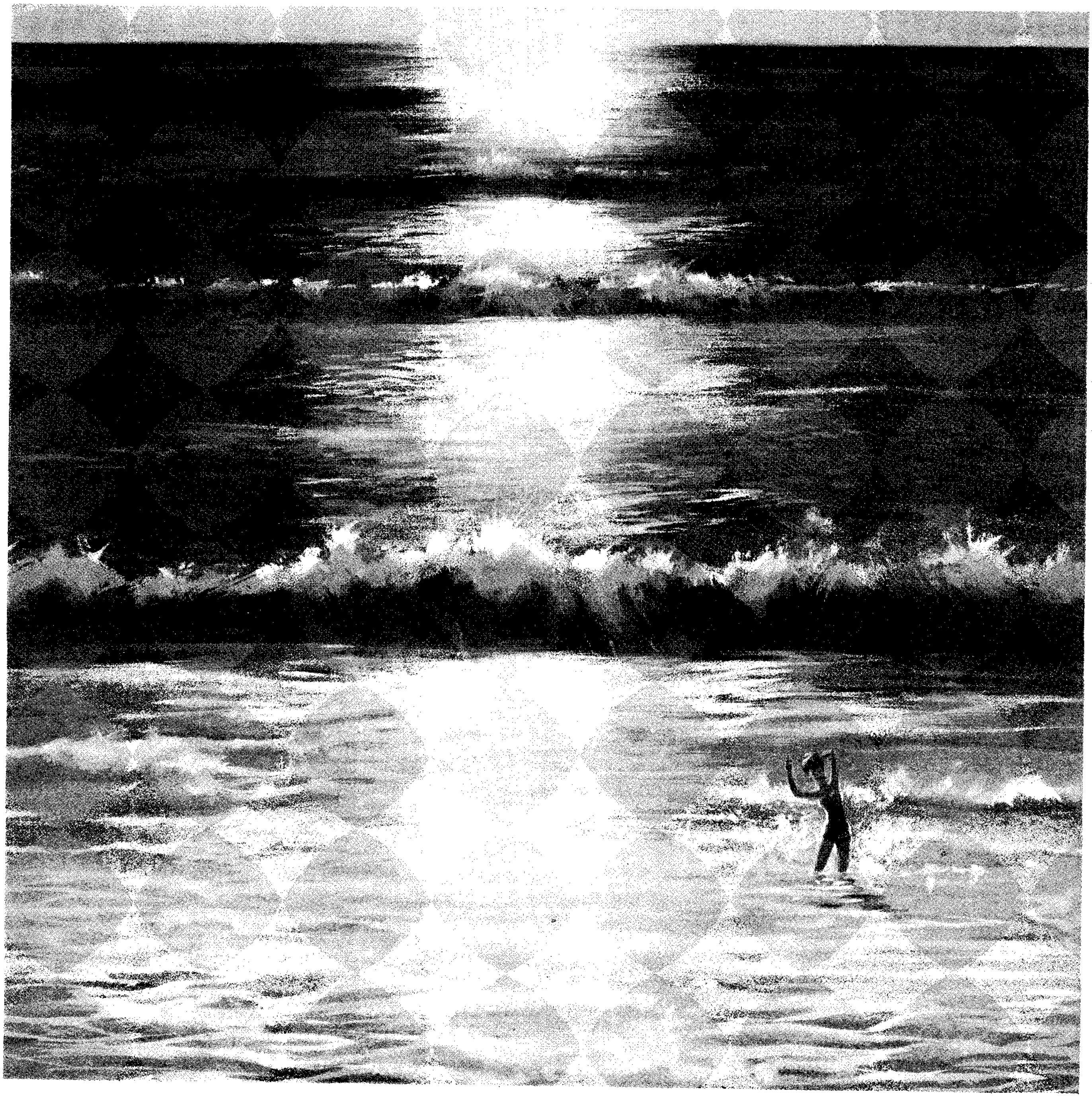

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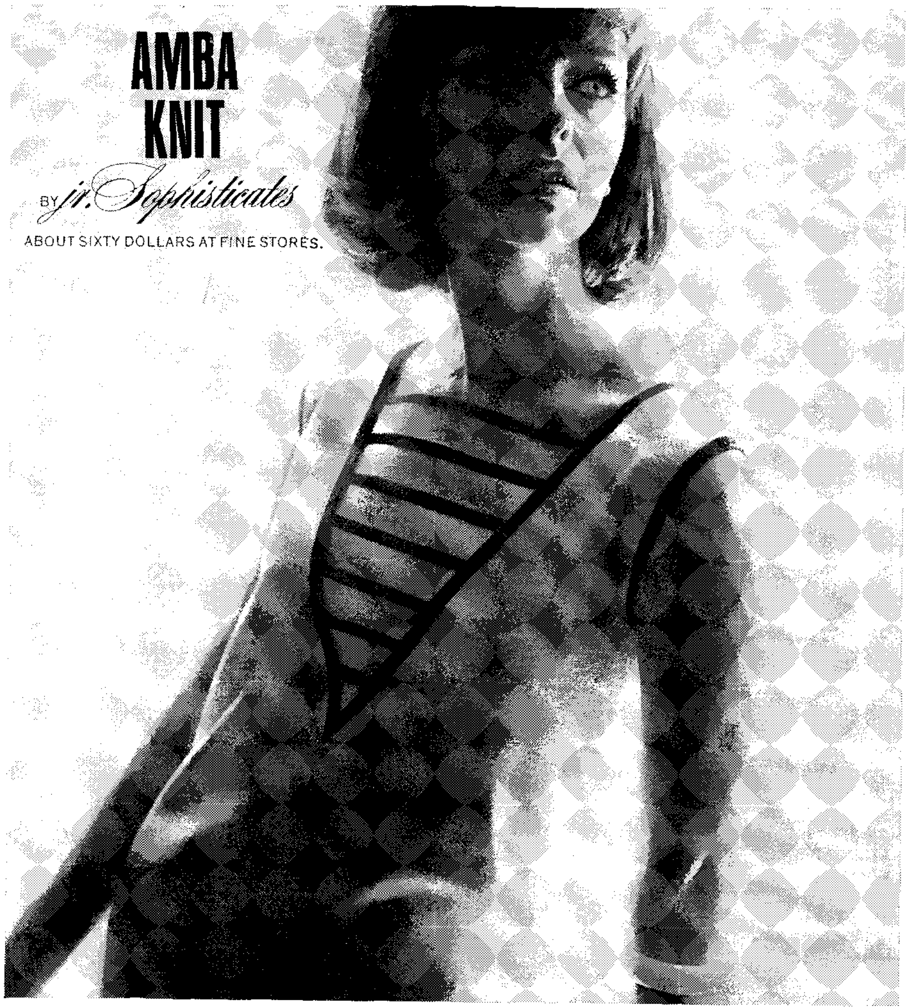
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford MOTOR COMPANY band—Madonia and Badalamenti—fell into another trap. A military truck had been disguised as a fruiterer's van, and Madonia and Badalamenti, who wanted to get back to Giuliano, were invited to enter it and to conceal themselves among the piled-up fruit baskets. They were then driven not to Giuliano's hideout but to the police barracks at Calatafini. These were important men in the Giuliano organization, known for years to every Italian, but in addition to them many lesser figures were removed from circulation by the Minasola-Lo Bianco combination. The press was not informed of these captures, so for a while Giuliano, too, remained in the dark about what was happening to his men. As Lo Bianco interrupts his chronicle to exclaim, "How many intrigues, and what extraordinary happenings!"

HERE and there, one discovers defects in the carpentry of Lo Bianco's narrative. There are too many unexplained gaps in the sequence of events, too many anonymous faces, and, even after twelve years, too much is left unsaid. For instance, although the Minasola-Lo Bianco campaign of attrition had now left Giuliano alone with his lieutenant Pisciotta, no further mention is made of traps being set for him. In fact, Giuliano seems to come and go much as he pleases, even paying unmolested visits to Monreale, where he is recognized in the streets. Lo Bianco paints an unconvincing picture of the wounded tiger at bay but still as cunning, as ferocious, and as unapproachable as ever. His colleague Maresciallo Calandra, in *his* memoirs, presents a different view in speaking of the first months of 1950, when the obscure maneuverings of Lo Bianco and Minasola seem no longer to have been producing results:

> Now only Pisciotta remained at Giuliano's side, and he had decided to betray him. But even if Pisciotta had not decided on this betrayal, it would have been child's play to capture Giuliano. And if so much time had to be taken over it, this was probably from the necessity of carrying out to the very end a plan that had been prearranged with the Mafia. At this period, in fact, a squad of men and an officer would have been all that was necessary to capture the two bandits that remained.

There is a hint here of the true facts, which were that the last moves in this tragic farce had to be constantly postponed until it could be quite certain that the bandit's elimination would cause no damage to men in high political places. Finally, two circumstances made possible the winding up of the Giuliano affair. One was that the devious Inspector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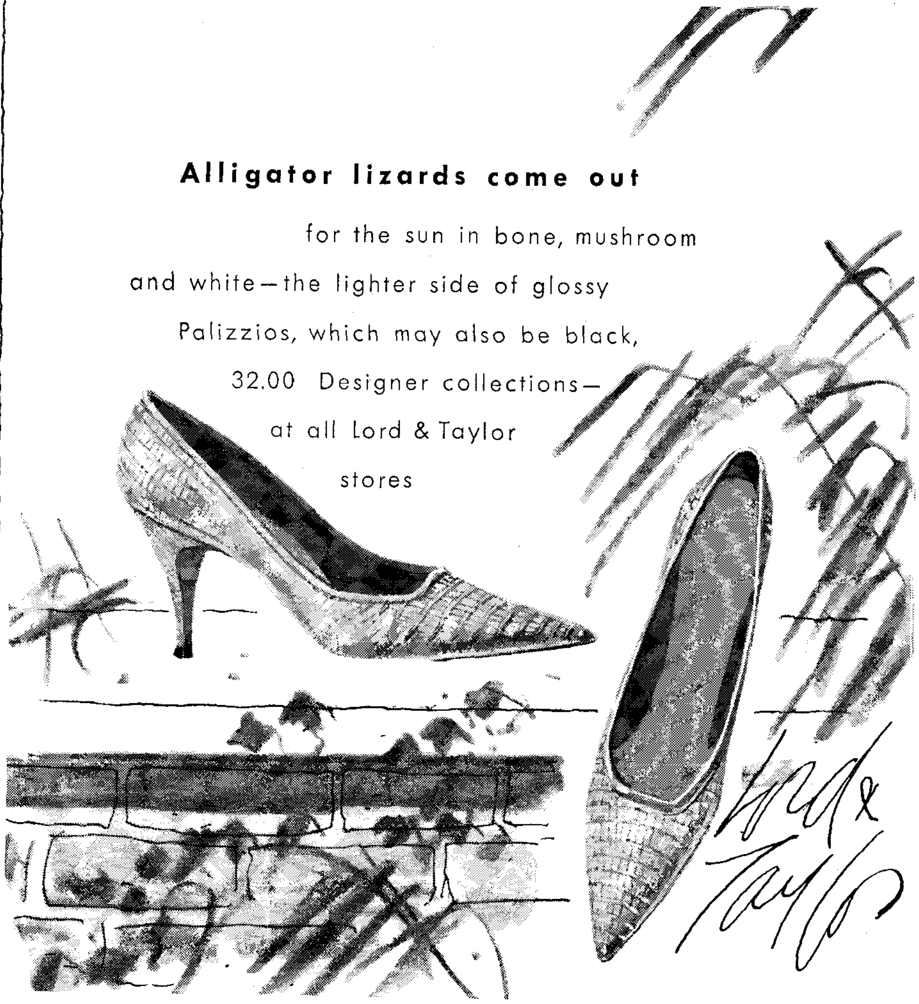
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Verdiani persuaded Giuliano—it is difficult even to imagine how—to give him a statement in which the bandit took upon himself full responsibility for the massacre at Portella della Ginestra, and denied that outside instigators had ever existed. The other was the news that the F.B.I. had arrested Pasquale Sciortino, the man who had got away to the United States with a copy of the famous memorandum. It has always been supposed that the news of his arrest was accompanied by some message of reassurance about the fate of this document. But one should not be led to think that Giuliano's end came quickly, or without the usual Sicilian convolutions.

On one of Giuliano's visits to Monreale, he ran into an uncle of one of the two bandits who had been carried off to police headquarters in the spurious fruiterer's van. After the usual exchange of courtesies, this man asked for news of his nephew, whom he had not heard from since the day he saw him go off with Minasola—in theory, to be conducted to Giuliano's headquarters. It was then that Giuliano realized what had been the fate of all the men who had disappeared. In the early hours of the next morning, Minasola and Nino Miceli, another *mafioso*, were dragged from their beds by Giuliano and his lieutenant, and forced to confess. They were hidden in a house in Monreale, and Pisciotta was left to guard them while Giuliano went off to kidnap three more *mafiosi*, who had been named in the confession. These, together with Miceli and Minasola, were to be publicly executed in the main square of the town. (It seems that Giuliano was still able to conscript "occasionals" when an operation of this kind was projected.) Minasola received permission to prepare a will, and somebody wrote it out for him on a sheet of paper from a child's exercise book and took it to his wife. In it, Minasola told her to sell off all his sheep, which would otherwise be killed in the vendetta that was now certain to start. In the meanwhile, Giuliano's absence gave Minasola an opportunity to work on his jailer, and for what turned out to be seven full days the twenty-five-year-old Pisciotta was left alone at the mercy of the acute native intelligence and the suggestive power of the head of one of the most prominent Mafia families. It was inevitable that, by playing constantly upon Pisciotta's vanity, his fears, and his obvious obsession with freedom, Minasola should win him over to his side and prepare the ground for a betrayal of his chief. In the end, Pisciotta released both *mafiosi* and, when Giuliano got back, made the excuse that he

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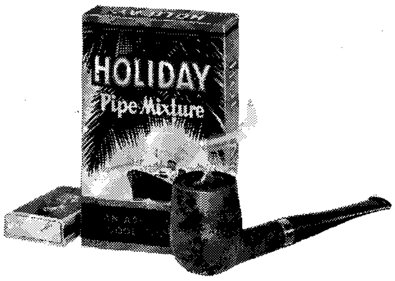

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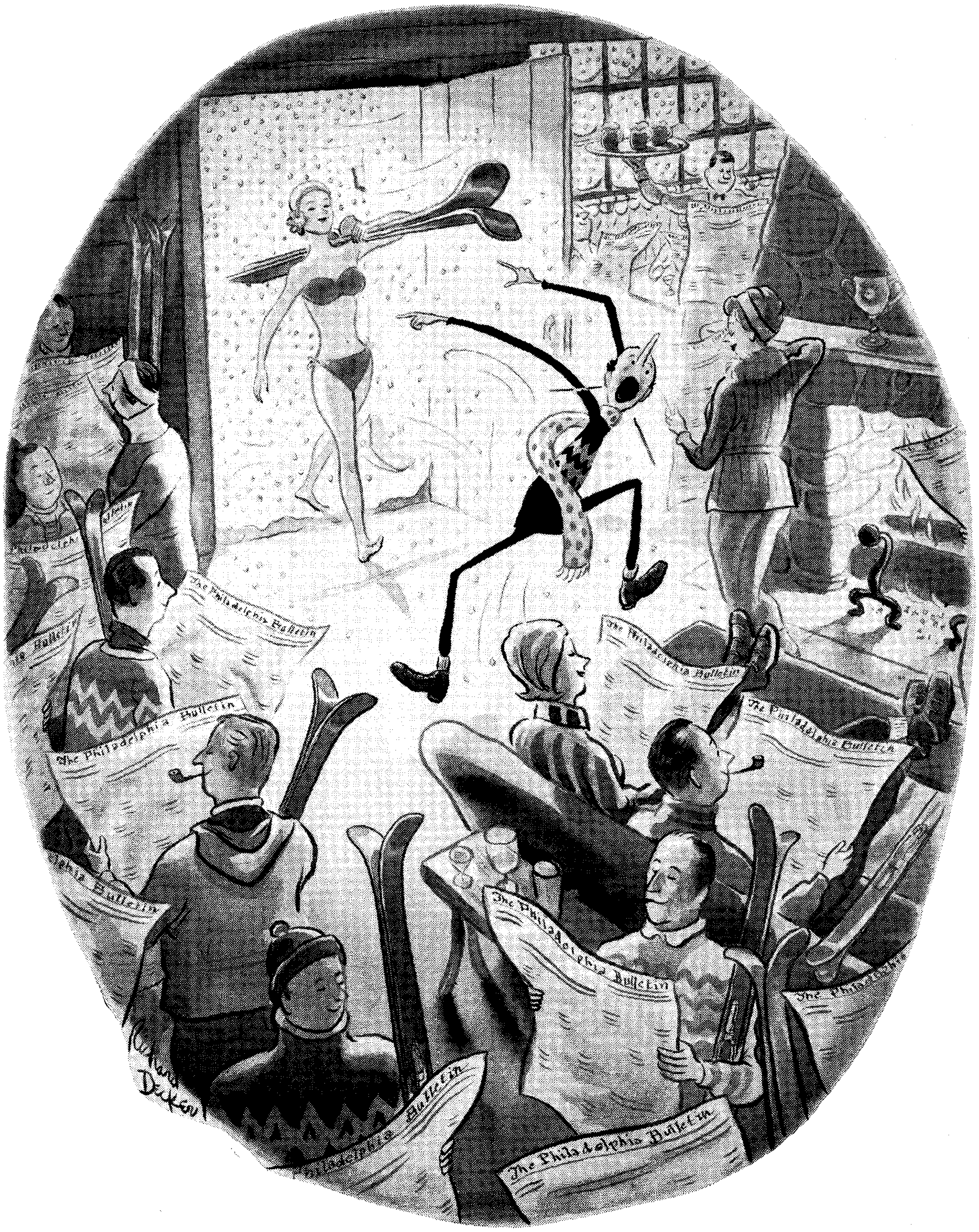
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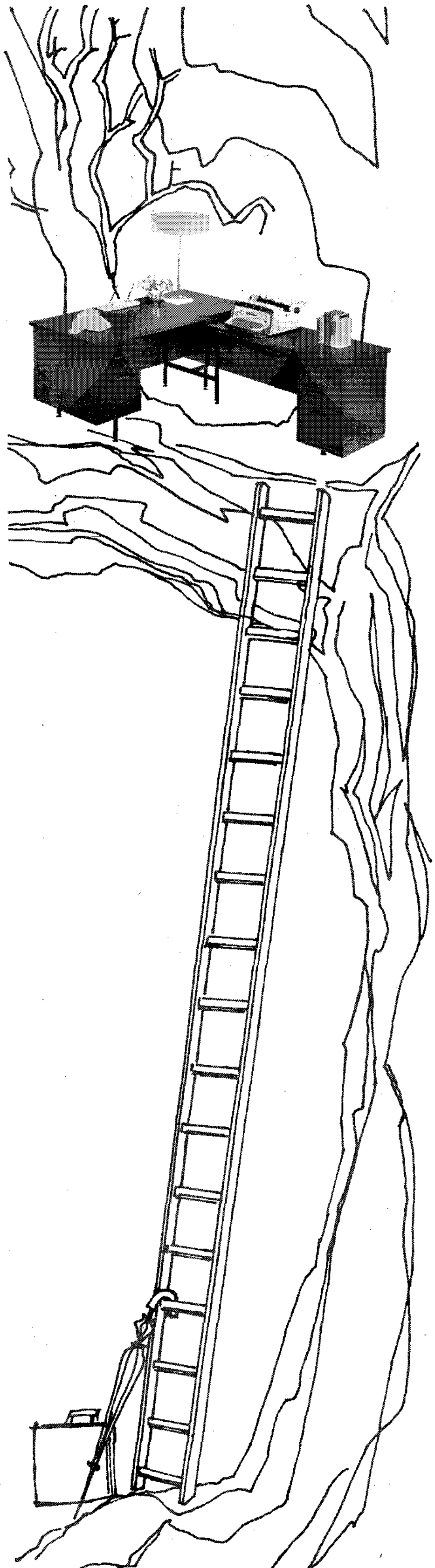

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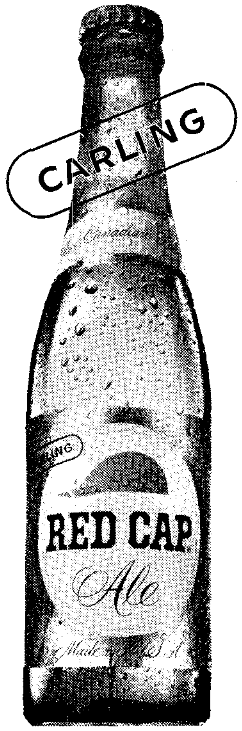
had been worn out from guarding them night and day, and that they had got away while he was asleep.

Within a few days, a meeting was arranged between Pisciotta and Colonel Luca, at which some haggling went on about the price of the treason that Pisciotta was to be induced to commit. Pisciotta, strikingly handsome in his dark, Asiatic way, had a surface sincerity of manner and a bold wit, and made full play of his sardonic sense of humor. He and the police got along together swimmingly. He was given a police safe-conduct, as well as a permit to carry firearms. In Palermo, he stayed as an honored guest in the flat of Captain Perenze, of Colonel Luca's special force, who went on shopping expeditions with him and took him to a clinic to arrange for treatment of a pulmonary complaint. A famous lawyer arrived from Rome to discuss with him his defense, if he should elect to remain in the country and stand trial.

Pisciotta was thus kept in readiness for about three weeks. Finally, at the end of June, 1950, the last phase of the operation against Giuliano was prepared. In his memoirs, Lo Bianco says that until this moment he had always assumed that the object was to catch Giuliano alive, and that he was greatly disturbed at being informed differently. His immediate superior, Colonel Paolantonio, too, showed himself scandalized at this new turn in events, and so from then on an attempt was made to keep both men in the dark about what was going on.

Giuliano was at that time in the town of Castelvetrano—outside Colonel Luca's zone—receiving shelter in the house of a *mafioso* lawyer, de Maria, where he had lived, off and on, for several months. Now it was arranged that Pisciotta should go to him. On the evening of July 4th, Pisciotta, accompanied by Captain Perenze and several picked carabinieri, set out on his mission.

CASTELVETRANO lies fifty miles to the southwest of Palermo, across the bare mountains. Its population has always been dependent upon the fertility of the high districts surrounding it—the property for centuries of the Dukes of Monteleone-Pignatelli, who spent their revenues on palaces and parks and religious works elsewhere. Ten centuries after its foundation, Castelvetrano remains hardly more than a great dung-bespattered Arab village of the Middle Atlas—a mugger of walled lanes, blinkered houses, and secret courtyards, full of the dour odor of confined animals, with a single European main street



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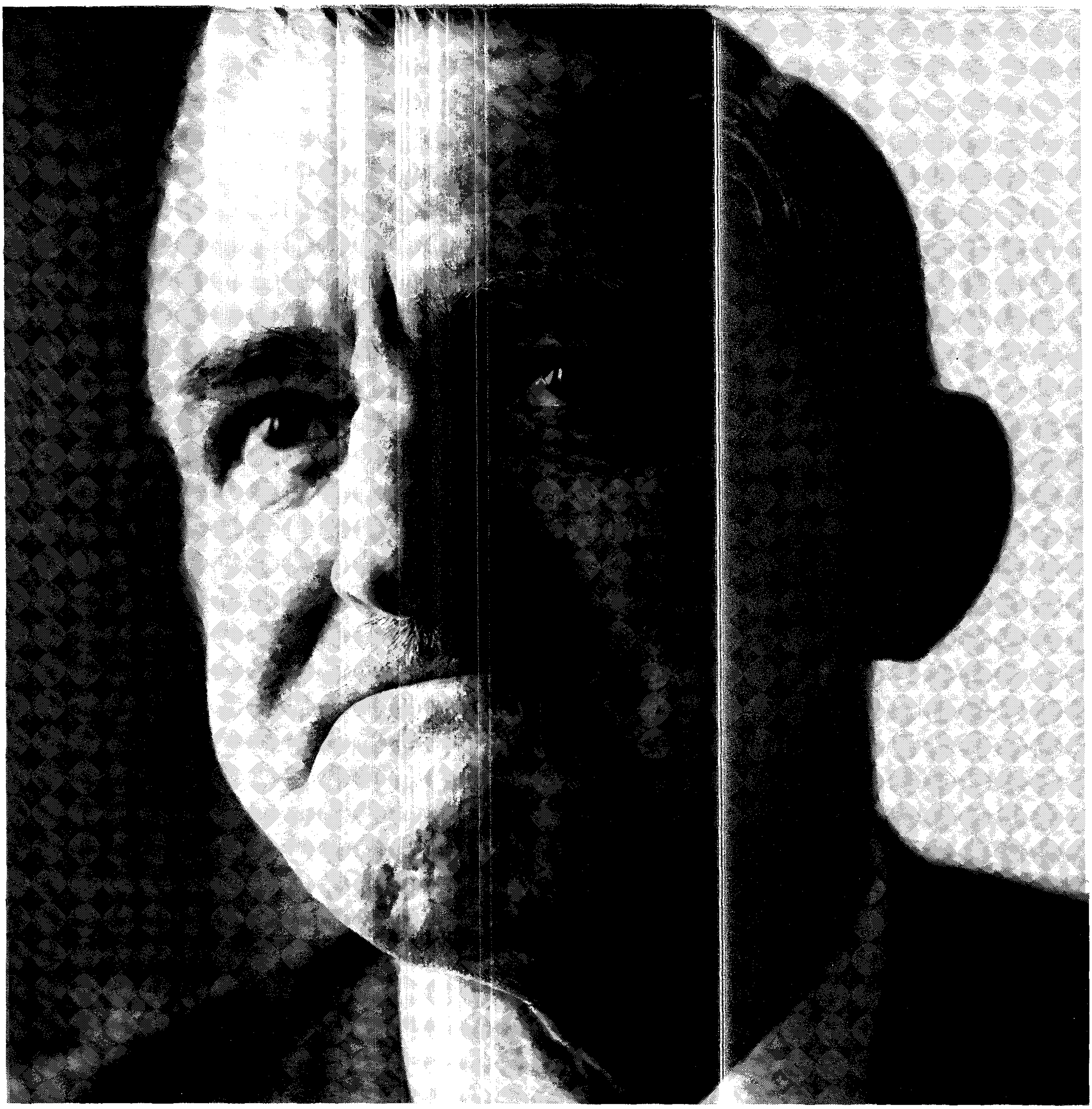

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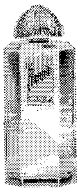

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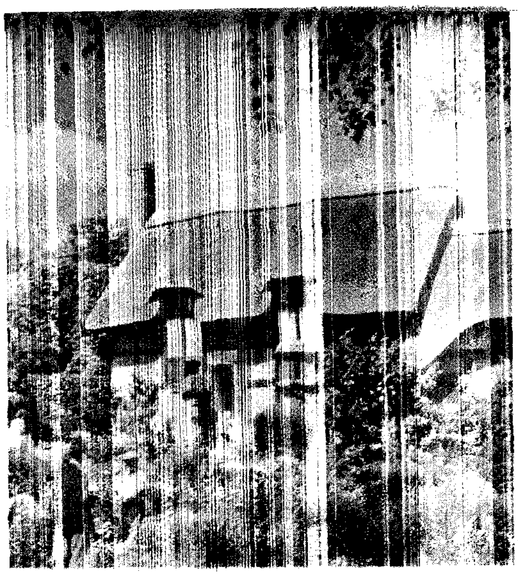
driven right through its middle. On the night of July 4th, Pisciotta reached Castelvetrano just after nine o'clock. He told his carabiniere driver to stop about a hundred and fifty yards from de Maria's house, in the Via Mamese, walked the rest of the distance, and, after being kept waiting at the door while de Maria questioned him through the mail slot, was eventually admitted. Going up to the room that he and Giuliano had so often shared, he met with a cold reception from his chief. "What are you doing here?" Giuliano asked him. Since the two men had last met, Inspector Verdiani had warned Giuliano that Pisciotta was now working for Luca. A violent argument took place, Pisciotta vigorously refuting Giuliano's accusations with all his natural endowment of plausibility. It took several hours for Giuliano to be convinced of Pisciotta's sincerity, and then the two men went to bed, but more time was spent in discussing future plans. Even when the conversation finally flagged and broke off, "action was held up"—as Pisciotta put it—because Giuliano kept twisting and turning in a restless half-sleep.

Meanwhile, Pisciotta's driver and Captain Perenze, who was in a second car, parked a little farther down the street, had been waiting for nearly six hours. Perenze was becoming nervous. It was now just past three o'clock, and the sky was beginning to pale in the east; the bakers—the town's earliest risers—were lighting up their ovens, and the first of the peasants were starting out for the day's work. At three-nineteen, two muffled shots were heard, and a few moments later Pisciotta burst into the street. He was half naked and agitated to the point of hysteria, and he was carrying a shoe in one hand and a pistol in the other. Pulling his carabiniere driver from the car and hurling him to the ground, he jumped into the vehicle and drove off at great speed.

Perenze and his two carabinieri ran to beat on de Maria's door, and once again there was some delay before de Maria thought it advisable to let them in. The three policemen rushed up the stairs and found Giuliano lying dead on the bed, with two bullet holes below his left armpit. They dressed him with frantic haste, and because no jacket could be found, one of the carabinieri, who was in plain clothes, took off his own jacket, and this—although ridiculously small—was put on the corpse. The maid was got up and ordered to wash the bed linen and clean the blood from the floor of the room. The carabinieri then dragged the body downstairs and pitched it face downward in de Maria's courtyard, where Captain Perenze fired two bursts at it from his submachine gun. Not enough blood issued from these wounds, so one of de Maria's chickens was quickly snatched from its coop and decapitated in order to make up the deficiency. One of the many neighbors spying upon these macabre doings from behind their window casements has said that at this point Perenze went to the door of the courtyard and vomited into the street.

At 6 A.M., in Rome, Mario Scelba, the Italian Minister of the Interior, was awakened by a phone call from the police, who told him that Giuliano was dead. The morning was a busy one for the Minister, for soon after eight o'clock the Premier himself, Alcide de Gasperi, arrived with his congratulations. Shortly afterward, Scelba called a press conference, at which he made the following announcement: "Last night, Colonel Luca formed the opinion that the moment had come for the capture of the bandit Giuliano and took measures accordingly. The bandit tried to escape from a house in the center of Castelvetrano, where he had been in hiding, using firearms in an attempt to evade capture. After a long pursuit, he was finally killed in the gun battle that ensued."

The next day, the official police story was clothed in details by Captain Perenze himself. He explained to the representatives of the press that it had come to Colonel Luca's knowledge that Giuliano had taken refuge in Castelvetrano, where he was awaiting an opportunity to get away to Tunis from the local airport. "After a long wait, at 3:15 exactly, the carabiniere Renzi saw two men with submachine guns on their backs passing along the Via Gagini," Captain Perenze told his listeners. "Brigadier Catalano held them up in front and Renzi cut off their retreat. The chase lasted fifty-four minutes. We recognized Giuliano because he was bareheaded. I and the carabiniere Giuffrida blocked the side turnings. Despite all this, one of the men succeeded in escaping, but it was not Giuliano. Giuliano himself tried to hide in the courtyard of the de Maria house, where I was waiting for him. I opened fire and killed him." That Perenze was a man of feeling was made clear in a special interview that he granted to *Il Tempo* shortly afterward. "Giuliano died at ten minutes to four, after a death agony lasting ten minutes. I offered him water, but he was silent, mute in his agony, as if



SHOTTERY ([illegible] mile) Do what Shakespeare used to do: *walk* over to Anne Hathaway's cottage. Come in Spring, when "lady-smocks all silver-white do paint the meadows with delight."

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(Hints for visitors to Shakespeare's England in 1964 – the poet's 400th anniversary)

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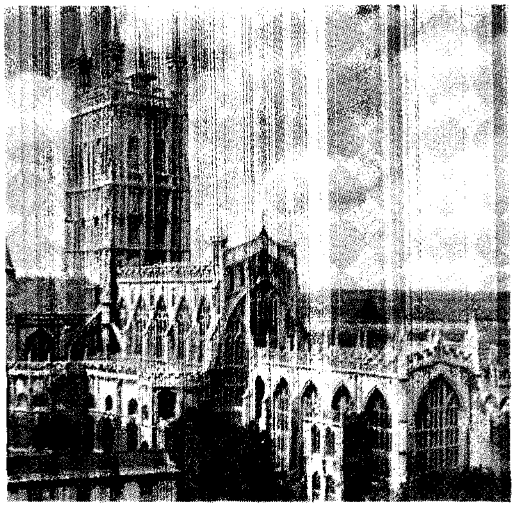
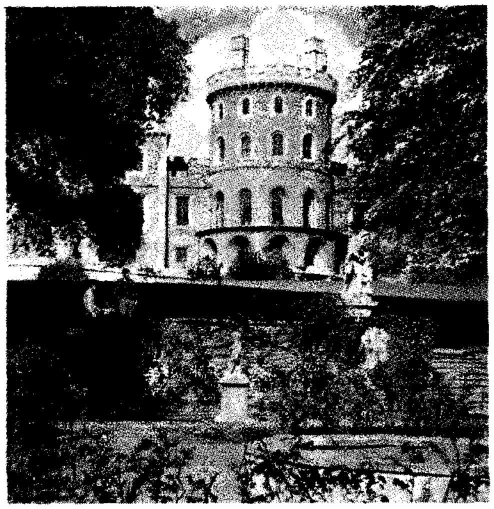


GLOUCESTER (38 miles) This eloquent cathedral was built in the 15th century —a thousand years after the Romans set up camp here. You can visit 15 cathedrals within 100 miles of Stratford.



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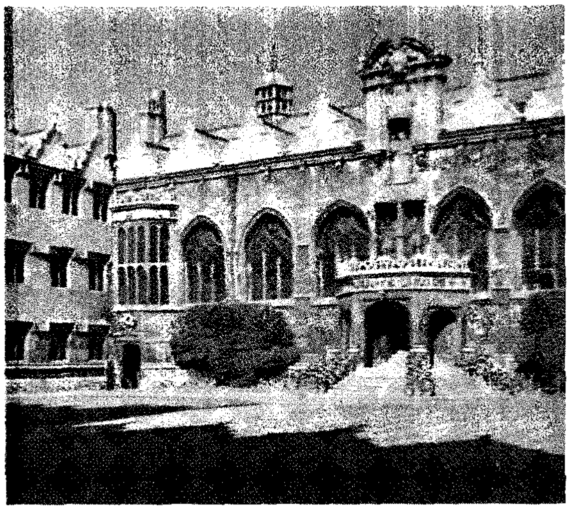

OXFORD (40 miles) Our picture shows Oriel College, where Sir Walter Raleigh learned his geography. Try navigating Oxford's rivers in a punt – a *cushion-lined,* flat-bottomed boat.

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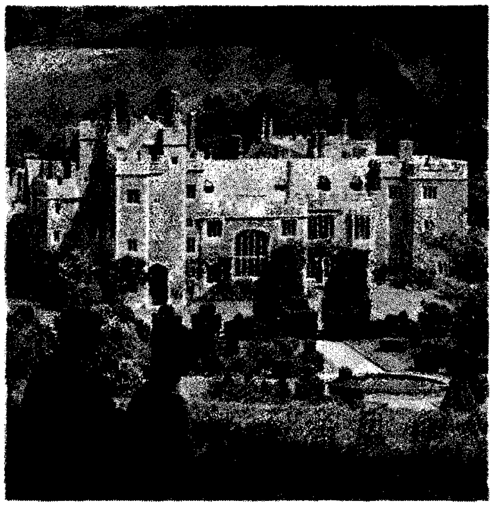
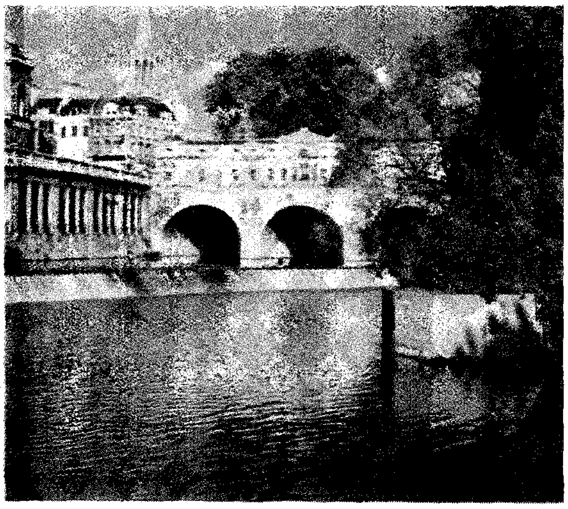


COMPTON WYNYATES (15 miles) Henry VIII often stayed here. The house's walls are honeycombed with secret stairways. In the garden, topiary bushes stand around like trysting courtiers.



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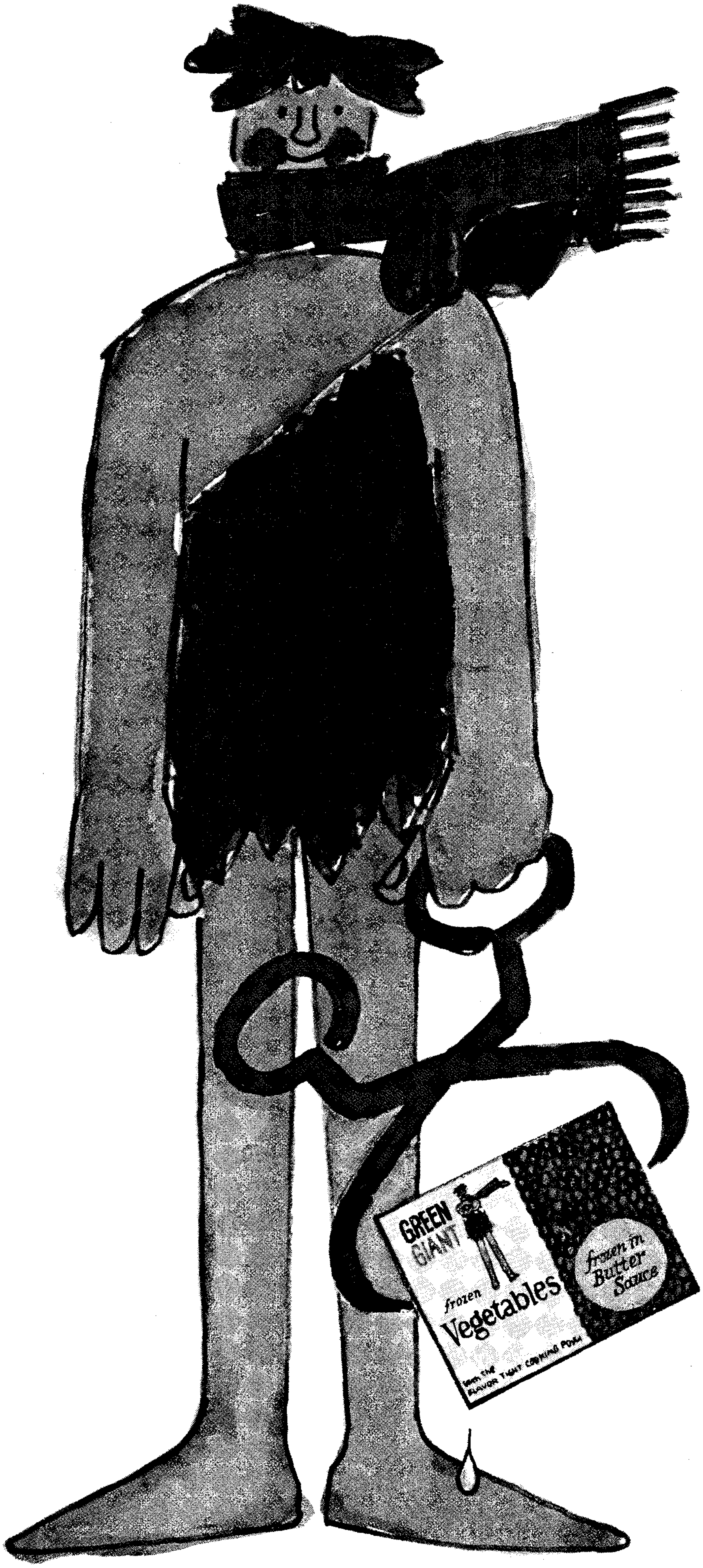

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Good things from the garden

burdened by the presage of the hereafter. I can say that it is incorrect that only twenty shots were fired, as some people of the neighborhood have stated. Giuliano alone fired fifty-two rounds, and then he took refuge in the courtyard, where he was brought down by a fusillade of seven shots, all of which struck vital parts." For his share in this operation, which restored untroubled sleep to so many public persons, Perenze was promoted to major, while Luca forthwith became a general.

The true version of what took place on that July night in Castelvetrano was supplied by de Maria, the *mafioso* lawyer. It took the form of a written deposition handed to an examining magistrate. Like the shepherd Minasola, de Maria comes as a surprise as a "man of respect." He was a youngish bachelor who lived modestly in a shabby little house and was looked after by a maid. Being a *mafioso*, he would have got more than a fair share of Castelvetrano's legal business, but in such a poverty-stricken town this would have amounted to hardly more than preparing a few leases and contracts. There is a whiff of respectable near-poverty about him as he details in his confession the expenses involved in feeding Giuliano for the nine months that this unwelcome guest stayed, off and on, under his roof. Being a member of the Honored Society was not all beer and skittles, and de Maria lived to learn that it could sometimes involve a man in some very tricky situations. De Maria's chief, Marotta, had simply brought Giuliano to the house one day and ordered de Maria to look after him. "You're a bachelor," Marotta said when de Maria risked an objection. "If you'd been a family man, I'd have taken him somewhere else." "It was a calvary," de Maria writes. (The confession has a faint Scriptural flavor throughout.) "I felt myself slipping down into a bottomless pit. I searched my memory in an endeavor to discover some wrongdoing that might have justified the punishment of this cruel destiny, but could find nothing. My conscience cried my innocence aloud. I have lived for my Franciscan faith, for my books, and in the memory of the affection given me by my beloved mother . . . and yet I was forced to drain this bitter chalice to the dregs." Of his enforced association with Giuliano, de Maria says, "He liked to be with me, because I spoke to him in an unknown language, so far as he was concerned. Our conversations were of faith, good and evil, and redemption. He once told me that he was sure that if fate had brought our paths together

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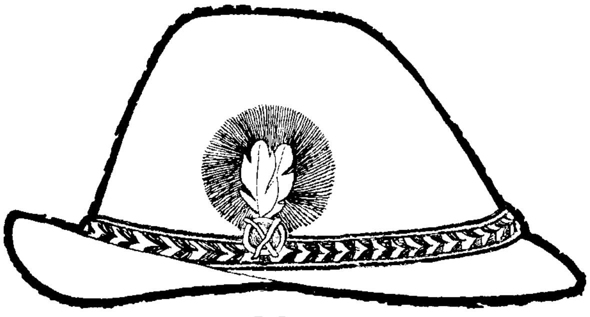

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earlier in his life, his destiny would have been a very different one."

PISCIOTTA remained at large for five months after Giuliano's death. He was eventually arrested in his own home in Montelepre. By this time, the mass trial of the Giuliano band for the massacre at Portella della Ginestra had been dragging on for six months in Viterbo. Pisciotta, charged with complicity in this affair, was removed to the Viterbo prison and kept there for three months, virtually incommunicado. Finally, he was brought to court and placed in a cage with twelve other regular members of the band. From the moment of Pisciotta's arrival in court, he dominated the proceedings. In place of the famous pullover patterned with rampant lions, he now wore an elegant dark-blue suit of imported English material. He was alert and watchful, his pale, handsome face stamped with an expression of mocking, and occasionally ferocious, good humor. Pisciotta's presence was clearly a source of embarrassment to the authorities. Captain Perenze's version of the killing of Giuliano—although that murder was not before the court—was still officially valid, but rumors were widespread that the truth of the matter was far more lurid. Day after day passed, and, to the public's increasing amazement, no attempt was made to interrogate Pisciotta. Matters came to a head when his defense counsel, Avvocato Crisafulli, asked the court's leave for Pisciotta to give evidence. The application was immediately opposed by the Attorney General, on the ground that since Pisciotta had been the last member of the band to be arrested, his examination should be left to the last.

ATTORNEY GENERAL: Here we are trying those materially responsible for the crime of Portella della Ginestra. Anything irrelevant that may emerge does not concern us.

AVVOCATO CRISAFULLI: I ask the court's permission to read a statement by Gaspare Pisciotta. It is for the attention of the Public Minister. [The Public Minister has a sort of watching brief for the state in Italian court procedure, and is supposed to hold the balance between prosecution and defense].

THE PRESIDENT OF THE COURT: Send it to him by post.

AVVOCATO CRISAFULLI: I will read it.

THE PRESIDENT: No, you will not!

AVVOCATO CRISAFULLI: Article 444 of the Code of General Procedure—

THE PRESIDENT (*interrupting*): Leave the Code of General Procedure out of this.

The Public Minister joined forces with the President at this point to insist that the declaration should not be read. Avvocato Crisafulli then went to the

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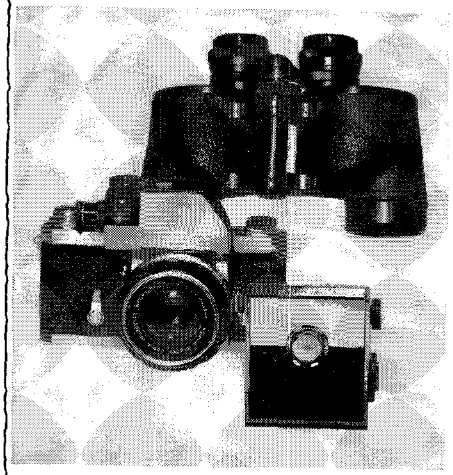

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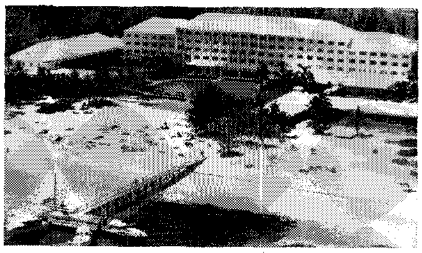

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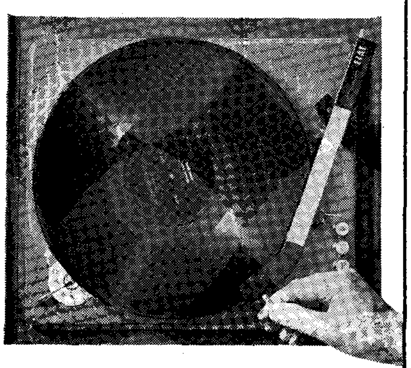

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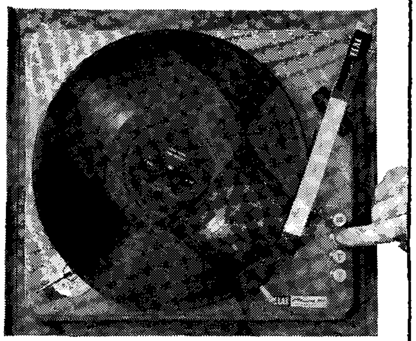

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President and handed him the document, while a colleague gave a copy to the Public Minister. Finally, the statement went the rounds of the court. It read:

> DEAR AVVOCATO CRISAFULLI:
> Observing in you a man of conscience and, above all, of honesty, and reposing in you my most complete confidence, I feel that the moment has come to inform you of the following: By a personal agreement reached with the Minister of the Interior, Mario Scelba, Giuliano was killed by me. I reserve my explanation for this killing for the Court at Viterbo.
> GASPARE PISCIOTTA

Now the veil had been torn away. It was to be Pisciotta's tactic to waste no opportunity of demonstrating that the band had acted with the connivance and the complicity—even at the urging—of high authorities, and of showing that the massacre was a political crime for which its instigators should be compelled to accept the responsibility. One after another, the high officials of the public-security police came before the court to depose, and to run the gantlet of Pisciotta's sardonic comments. If Pisciotta told lies, he made them sound like truth, and whatever truth lay buried in the policemen's account of these transactions seemed obscured by a general dingy patina of falsehood. Colonel Luca's rival Force for the Repression of Banditry got an equally rough handling. Indeed, Pisciotta accused Luca's second-in-command, Colonel Paolantonio, of not only supplying the bandits with five machine guns that were used at the massacre of Portella della Ginestra but of then betraying Luca's operational plan to Giuliano.

THE PRESIDENT (*sarcastically*): Perhaps you'd like to cross-examine the Colonel.

PISCIOTTA: Yes, Your Honor—if possible. Colonel Paolantonio calls himself a hero and says he's destroyed banditry. In reality, banditry could have been wiped out in 1946. It was Colonel Paolantonio who handed over to Giuliano the Force's operational plan. It was Colonel Paolantonio who advised Giuliano to move to Castelvetrano, outside General Luca's zone.... Ask him what rake-off he got.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL: This is absurd.

PISCIOTTA: Gentlemen, it was they who created banditry in Sicily. They did everything they could to ensure that banditry should not be wiped out. From 1947 on, I acted constantly as the link between the Inspectorate of Public Security and Giuliano.

Later, Pisciotta gave his reason for killing Giuliano:

> As soon as Giuliano had written this statement accepting responsibility for the massacre and denying the existence of instigators, Inspector Verdiani promised to

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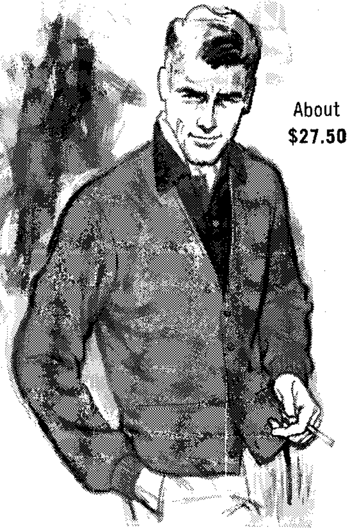

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send his own son with the documents necessary for Giuliano to escape overseas. I realized that it was yet another betrayal, and I said to Giuliano, "You're not only risking your own skin but mine and the others', too." Then they got at him behind my back, and he handed over the document. That's why I made the approach to Luca. I realized that the Christian Democrats had fixed up everything for Giuliano to get away and leave us to face the music. So I killed him.

Pisciotta also described the famous memorandum, a copy of which had been smuggled away to America by Giuliano's brother-in-law, Sciortino. "In that memorandum was all Giuliano's life," he said. "It was written in pen and ink on twenty sheets of foolscap; the whole truth was there, even the names of the instigators." Pisciotta said that he had had a copy himself, having asked Giuliano to give him one, "because I knew what his end would be, and I wanted to have a document to defend myself and the others." The court seemed obsessed with the fear that this highly incriminating document might still be produced. There was some suggestion that de Maria might have quietly abstracted the original from Giuliano's papers in the hubbub that followed the killing; evidence was given that he had promised to hand it over to the carabinieri in return for three million lire but had taken the money and said that he had burned the memorandum. But did Pisciotta still have his copy? There was nothing either conclusive or comforting in all this.

Pisciotta was the most complex and the most interesting of the bandits—far more so than Giuliano himself. He boldly admitted having killed by treachery the leader whom most of the bandits would have followed to their death, and yet he had been able, without the slightest difficulty, to replace Giuliano in their affections. More than that, he had established the legend of an untarnished personal honor. Those who dared to attack him in court, whatever their rank or position, inevitably came off the worse. There were hard facts in writing, and the stamps, seals, and signatures of men in high government office, to prove most of Pisciotta's allegations. He produced in court permits and safe-conducts furnished him by every police authority in the country, plus a certificate of meritorious service issued to him by the Ministry of the Interior—a document that the most respectable citizen would have been proud to possess. Pisciotta had also come by a long and affectionate letter that Inspector Verdiani had written to Giuliano, and this was exhibited in court. "Dearest," it began, and, after some

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desultory intimacies, came to the point. "As I wrote to our friend, in view of the loftiness of the ends we aim at, in the ultimate interests of Italy, I tell you that I can even settle the monetary questions on which your urgent decisions depend. In the national interest, my word has been enough to procure adequate funds for you wherever you go. Just let me know what your requirements in cash are likely to be."

Speechless after the perusal of this, the President of the Court, shaking his head sadly, passed on to a permit to carry firearms. "Were automatic weapons included?" he asked.

"Even a cannon," Pisciotta replied, with his sardonic grin.

Meanwhile, the earlier antagonism of the public toward Pisciotta was calming, and eventually it gave place to something like a bewildered respect. There were many attempts to silence him, but few succeeded. For instance, there was this exchange between Pisciotta and an attorney representing the families of the peasants slain at Portella:

AVVOCATO SOTGIU (*to Pisciotta*): Did you go to Rome while you were a fugitive from justice?

THE PRESIDENT: The accused must not reply to the question.

PISCIOTTA (*shouting from the cage*): I went to Rome, and I spoke to Minister Scelba!

AVVOCATO SOTGIU: Was it Inspector Verdiani who put Giuliano in contact with the various journalists who interviewed him? [*The President signs to Pisciotta to be silent.*]

PISCIOTTA: Yes, he did it to damage the carabinieri.

THE PRESIDENT: Be quiet, Pisciotta, or I will send you back to prison.

PISCIOTTA: Do so, by all means, but don't think that I will come back here again.

This exchange produced a happy bellow of laughter from Cuccinella, one of the bandits in the cage with Pisciotta. Cuccinella was a handsome, pink-faced boy in his early twenties who smiled continually and could not prevent himself from bursting out laughing at the slightest excuse. He was the most ferocious and the bravest of the bandits, and faced eighteen separate charges of homicide. The only member of the band who had been given a chance to put up a fight, he had held off two hundred carabinieri, throwing hand grenades, until one grenade had burst prematurely and mangled his leg.

All the bandits obstinately denied taking part in the massacre; indeed, most of them simply denied everything, or invented some story that put them miles from Portella at the time of the shooting, and then stuck to it, however implausible it turned out to be. Pisciotta,

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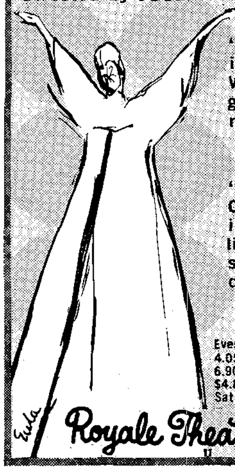

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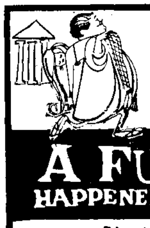

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on the other hand, produced an intricate and ingenious alibi. He had been suffering off and on from a tubercular condition of one lung, and now eleven doctors, among them the four most celebrated chest specialists in Italy, gathered to examine X-rays produced by the bandit and to argue learnedly—and, to the court, incomprehensibly—over what they revealed. The date of the X-rays was stated in medical evidence produced by the defense to be May 1, 1947—precisely the fateful day of the massacre—and two medical experts appointed by the court agreed that this might have been the case. The defense argued, too, that no one in the condition revealed by these X-rays could have expended the effort called for by a gruelling night march across the mountains to Portella. At this point, the Sicilian peasants who had been injured or who had lost relatives in the massacre applied for permission to employ their own experts. This being granted, two more distinguished doctors came on the scene, scrutinized the radiographs, examined Pisciotta, and declared themselves at variance on every point with the previous medical opinions.

The original X-rays had been made in Monreale by a Dr. Grado, a war cripple and something of a hero, who was universally respected in Sicily. He entered the witness box with difficulty, assisted by his nurse and leaning upon a stick, and immediately showed himself the possessor of a remarkable memory. Four years had gone by, and thousands of patients had passed through the Doctor's consulting room, yet he remembered all the circumstances of Pisciotta's visit, although, of course, he had not had the slightest suspicion of his patient's identity. Dr. Grado's testimony seemed conclusive. Pisciotta could not have been at Portella on May 1st, the Doctor said, because that was the very day when he himself had first seen Pisciotta. The patient had been brought in by his mother, coughing and very emaciated, and clinging to the woman for support. Dr. Grado knew that it was the first of May because, being a public holiday, the electric current was unusually feeble—so much so, in fact, that he had been unable to X-ray the patient, and had had to tell him to come back the next day. But the memory of the highly respected Dr. Grado turned out to be fallible after all when the court decided to call the chief technician on duty at the Monreale power station on the day of the massacre. To forestall any possibility of a slackening power output, the technician said, two extra transformers had been put into service on that day, and his records disclosed that the electrical supply had been a little better than normal. There could have been nothing, therefore, to prevent an X-ray from being taken on the first of May.

His alibi shaken, Pisciotta now fell back on blackmail as his next line of defense. He let it be known that he was holding in reserve far more damaging revelations than had so far been produced. By these frequent hints at the nature of the ammunition he had in store, Pisciotta clearly hoped to force his ex-collaborators in high places to find some way of extricating him from his predicament. It was a desperate maneuver indeed, and he showed that he knew it when he tried to protect his position. "I am now in the hands of public opinion," he said. "It's too late to think of killing me. Even if they killed me, the truth would come out just the same." But his confidence was not impregnable. He began to be afraid that there would be attempts to poison him, and he would not touch the prison food. At first, his mother prepared all his meals and brought them to the prison, and when permission for her to do this was withdrawn, he tried everything that was given him on a tame sparrow before he would eat it himself.

It was nearly ten years before the public was to learn of Pisciotta's stubborn rejection of a last chance to withdraw his accusations of public men and to accept his fate in silence. A clear, cold light was directed for a moment on this murky corner of the postwar Italian scene in November, 1960, when the newsweekly *ABC* published a letter from an ex-partisan, Giovanni Polacco, who had been Pisciotta's neighbor for a short time in the prison at Viterbo. This letter, written from prison, may have cost Polacco his life, because as soon as he was released from jail he disappeared, and has never been seen again. The newspaper accepted full responsibility for the authenticity of the letter, and showed itself much impressed by the personality of the author in a respectful biographical note it published.

Giovanni Polacco was revealed by his history to be another man of the stamp of Canepa, the original leader of the Sicilian Separatists, and, like the ill-starred Canepa, he made many powerful enemies. He had been victimized by the Fascists since the time in 1922 when he had gone to the rescue of an old man who was being beaten up by a gang of Black Shirts in the Piazza Colonna, in

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Rome. Like Canepa, he became a partisan leader, and he was addicted to extravagant exploits, such as arresting a whole hotelful of Fascist hierarchs in the center of Rome on the day the armistice was declared. The citation accompanying his Italian Silver Medal for Military Valor gives some idea of his quality as a guerrilla fighter: He took part in eighty-six actions against special S.S. units employed to fight the partisans, released a hundred and eighteen Allied prisoners, saved the lives of thirty-two Jews by hiding them in an apartment in Rome, was wounded five times, and was taken prisoner. "Miraculously, he escaped," the citation continues, "and, although suffering from his wound, took over the command of his partisan band again. . . . He set an admirable example of the highest patriotic virtue, of disdain of personal danger, and of devotion to the national cause." Unhappily, the time had arrived when it was not always possible to separate the legitimate violences of war from actions that seemed to some onlookers to border upon criminality. In 1944, during an operation aimed at the capture of a war criminal, an Italian regular officer was killed, and Polacco was accused of his death. An Allied military court dismissed the case, but two years later, when Italian civil authorities had taken over, Polacco was arrested and tried. He was sentenced to thirteen years.

Polacco had spent six years in prison at Soriano nel Cimino, near Viterbo, when he was approached with a singular proposition. He was visited by a lawyer who had defended him at his trial and who had now become a Christian Democrat member of Parliament. The lawyer declared that the infamous treatment Polacco had received had been preying on his mind, and that he had been to see "the Minister" to argue Polacco's case once again. After a long discussion, the Minister had agreed to see to it that justice was done immediately, provided that Polacco, in return, would agree to carry out a confidential mission. The lawyer then described to Polacco the increasing state of alarm and despondency created in Christian Democrat inner circles by Pisciotta's revelations, "which had damaged the Party's prestige and, if allowed to continue, would jeopardize its future." It had been decided that the only way to restore the public's confidence in its leaders would be to discover some way of inducing Pisciotta to make a public retraction of his charges. The lawyer had then suggested Polacco as a "serious-minded man, worthy of every con-

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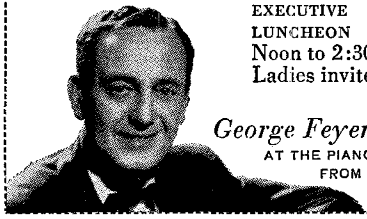

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fidence, and capable of fulfilling a task of this kind with the utmost discretion." The job was consequently offered him, and it was implied that the reward for its successful completion would be his freedom. Since Polacco's health was now seriously undermined, he agreed. Next day, he found himself transferred to the Viterbo prison—officially, for an X-ray examination—and lodged in the cell next to Pisciotta's. There was a communicating passage between the two cells, and although the two men were kept apart by a steel-barred door across the passage, they could see and talk to each other as much as they liked.

For the first few days, Polacco and Pisciotta eyed each other in silence through the door, Polacco cultivating an indifference to match what he called Pisciotta's natural Sicilian reserve. In the end, the ice was broken and Pisciotta unburdened himself. Polacco found him "a person of slight culture," yet he said that it was impossible not to be impressed by the coherence of his mind. He noticed that no matter how often Pisciotta repeated a story, there was never the slightest variation in the details, and from this he judged that he was telling the truth. Polacco formed the opinion that Pisciotta was afraid of nobody and nothing on earth but the Mafia, "whose tentacles could reach out and take a man in their grip wherever he hid himself."

Pisciotta was in a state of constantly inflamed indignation about what he described as the trick played on him by Mario Scelba, the Minister of the Interior. When the police and the carabinieri had assured him of a *quid pro quo* in return for his assassination of Giuliano, he had demanded confirmation from the Minister himself. This, he said, was agreed to, and he had been taken to Rome, where Scelba received him and gave him his word that the promises made to him would be kept. Pisciotta had then returned to Sicily and killed Giuliano. "In killing him, I killed three birds with one stone," he told Polacco. "I obtained my free pardon, punished the man who had stained his hands with the blood of the innocent, and inherited all the explosive material that Giuliano had accumulated." Pisciotta assured Polacco that he had retained possession of Giuliano's memorandum, and that he would use it "as the instrument of my vendetta against those who had cheated me." He added, "Here in Viterbo I'm not on my home ground, but once I'm back in Sicily, the earthquake will occur."

And none of Polacco's blandishments

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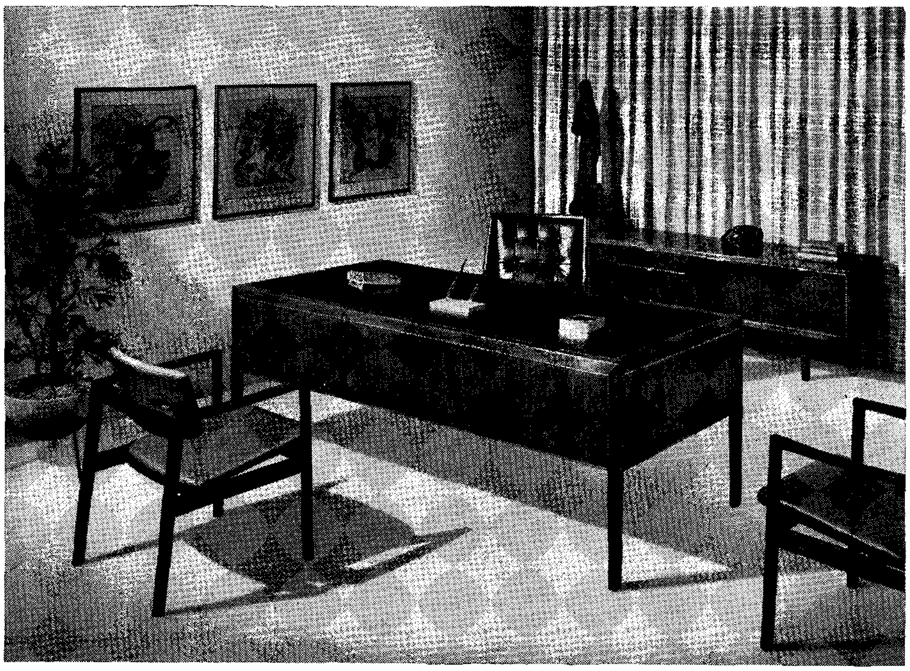

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over the weeks that followed, or any amount of playing on Pisciotta's fear of the vengeance of the Mafia, could shake the bandit's resolution. Finally, one evening when Pisciotta seemed unusually restless and depressed, Polacco said to him, "I can't help feeling that you've taken on something that is too big for you. It seems to me that what you've done is to get yourself mixed up in politics without having any idea of what politics is all about."

"What would you do in my place?" Pisciotta asked.

Polacco thought Pisciotta was taking the bait. "In your place," he said, "the first thing I'd do is to put myself right with all those people you've been attacking. Why not give in and say the Communists put you up to it? That way, you'd avoid the certainty of reprisals, and you could count on a favorable verdict."

But Polacco had mistaken his man. Pisciotta jumped to his feet and shouted, "You're mad! Nothing will ever make me take back a word of what I said, because it's true!"

PISCIOTTA had thrown away his last chance. He was found guilty of participation in the massacre at Portella della Ginestra and was sentenced to imprisonment for life at hard labor. He received the sentence in silence, and with an ironic smile. What awaited him now was Ucciardone Prison, in Palermo, which must surely be one of the world's most remarkable penal institutions. In 1951, when Pisciotta was sent there, it was controlled to the last detail of its organization by the Mafia, and in 1957, when the prison was the subject of one of the many inquiries instituted during its history, it still was. The 1957 inquiry found that the prison guards were under the Mafia's orders, and even that the governor himself had been replaced when he had not been to the Mafia's liking. The prison, it was learned, had been something of a rest home for Mafia potentates. Some of them who were past their prime and had made so many enemies that a violent death was not otherwise to be avoided had had themselves arrested and retired into private life in the Ucciardone. They had been housed in comfortably furnished cells, had had their meals sent in from the best restaurants in Palermo, and had been visited as often as they desired by their wives or by prostitutes. The prison had in fact become almost a Mafia university, where apprentice members received refresher courses, were rewarded for exceptional zeal by promotion, and were

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punished, when necessary, by ferocious beatings, which often resulted in broken bones. These injuries were always entered in the hospital register as having been caused by "a slip on the stairs," and more than five hundred inmates had slipped on the stairs in twelve years.

This was the wolves' den in which Pisciotta found himself, and where he was protected only by his own fearsome reputation and by the extreme precautions he took before eating or drinking anything that was brought to him. He made his own coffee in his cell, and two days before he was to appear in court for some further questioning, he did this, as usual. But on this day he added a teaspoonful of a vitamin concentrate prescribed by the prison clinic for his chest trouble. Two minutes later, he fell to the ground. Screaming to every corner of the prison, he was rushed down to the infirmary—and committed to the care of the very man who had put strychnine in his medicine. After half an hour of the most atrocious agony that the human body is capable of knowing, Pisciotta died.

As an extra precaution, the Mafia decided to suppress Angelo Russo, another key member of the Giuliano band imprisoned in the Ucciardone, who was suspected of knowing too much. He was presented with a bottle of fine wine containing hemlock—chosen this time as being less noisy and spectacular in its physiological effects. After that, the poisoner himself was removed from the scene by means of a sawed-off shotgun, and with this discharge of buckshot and an extinguished cry in the night, the last chapter in the story of Giuliano, Pisciotta, and the massacre at Portella della Ginestra was almost concluded. The final page was turned when Inspector Verdiani, repository of so many perilous secrets, one day fell to the ground, clutching at his stomach, and was dead before he could be rushed to a hospital. Suicide was the verdict, but not a Sicilian believed it.

Now all the voices were silenced, and the Mafia's cloak of invisibility fell about the shoulders of the men who had sent the bandits to fire on the peasants.

—NORMAN LEWIS

(This is the second in a series of three articles on the Mafia.)

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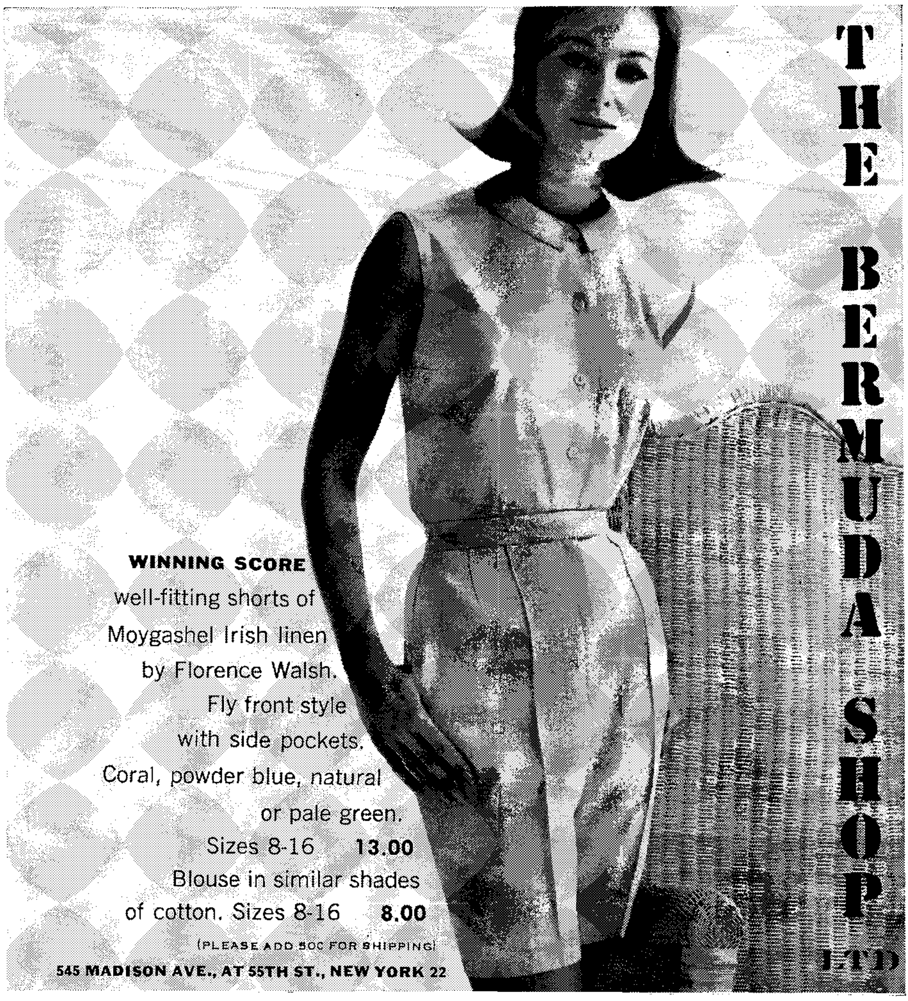
I could not love you half so much
Loved I not Henry Moore.

—FRANK ZACHARY



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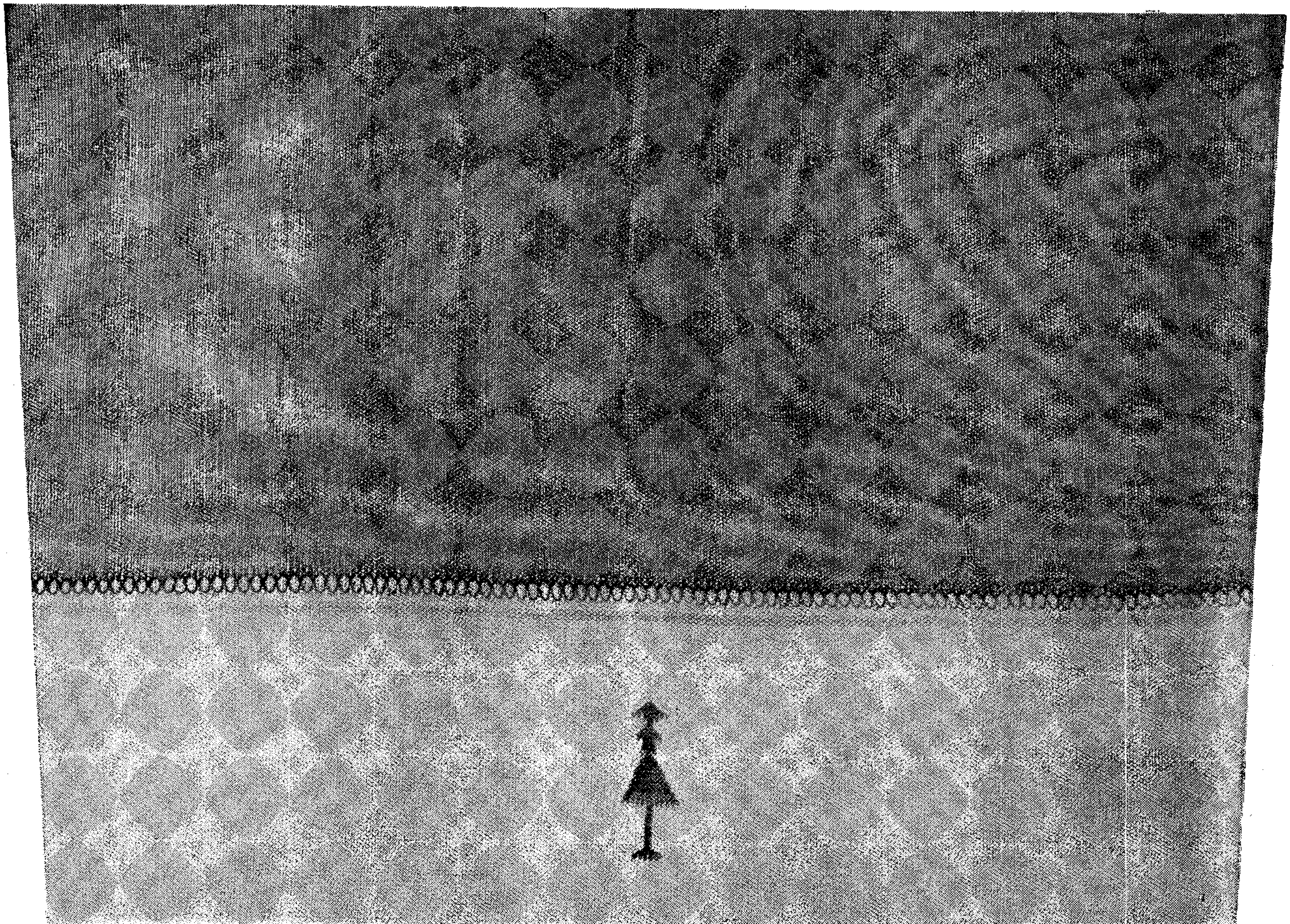

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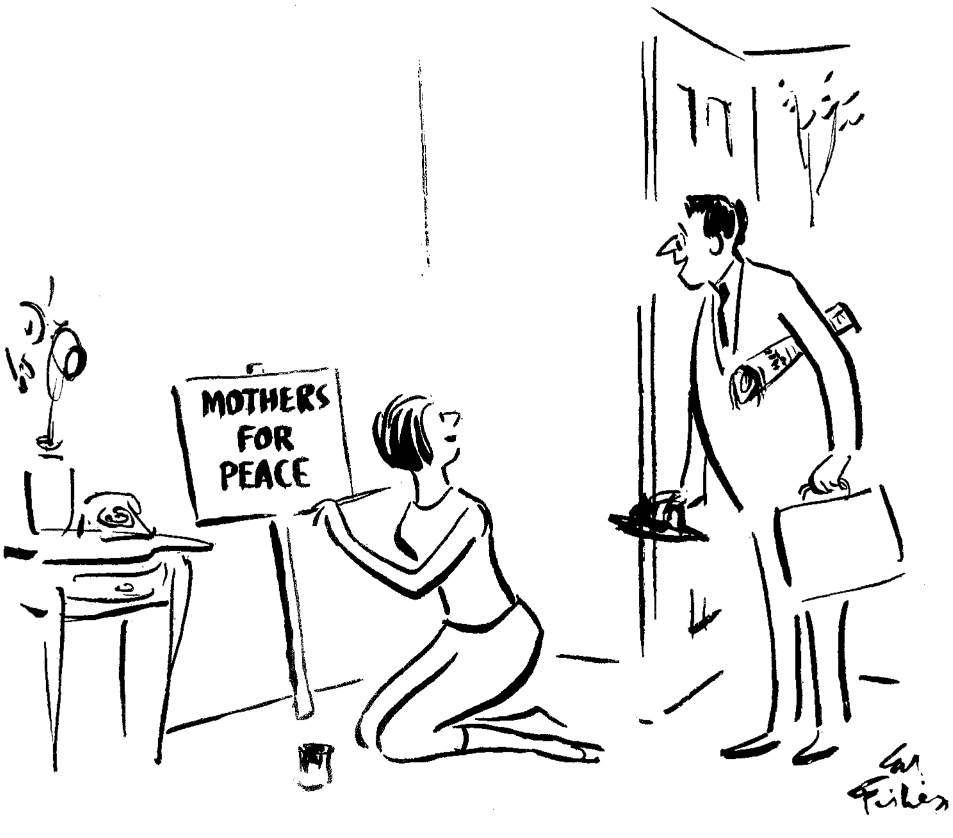
THE THEATRE

BUSY, BUSY, BUSY

"RUGANTINO," at the Mark Hellinger, is an importation from Italy that is colorful, energetic, bawdy, simple-minded, mellifluous, and, alas, disappointing. The book and lyrics are a result of a collaboration between Pietro Garinei and Sandro Giovannini, who are, in Italy, in a class with Hart and Hammerstein, and the music is the work of Armando Trovaiola. Mr. Trovaiola is no Richard Rodgers, but he can create a pleasant air, and if the performers on view just kept singing, we might have here a couple of hours of innocent diversion. However, the book, as is so often the case, keeps getting in the way, and it is not long after the entertaining and agitated start of the piece, in which the hero is discovered serving a little time in the stocks, that we are bogged down in a plot having to do with his efforts to win a bet that he can seduce an implacably virtuous matron. All this is supposed to occur in the Rome of 1830, and there is a good deal of to-do about papal spies, Jacobins, and the like. There is also a complete lack of English in the production, but translations of the dialogue are supplied on a small screen above the stage. This is helpful, in the circumstances, but also distracting, and the staging is rather distracting, too, what with a pair of concentric stages revolving oppositely in the course of the action. There can be no doubt that "Rugantino" is populated by as fine a covey of pneumatic wenches as you are likely to encounter anywhere on earth, and that occasionally some of the old carefree Minsky attitude toward the contactual relations of the sexes does come through. But the business is rather hopelessly primitive, and the Rugantino of the affair, as played by Nino Manfredi, seems to have some patellar difficulty that prevents him from moving around as picaresquely as we might expect. Among the others in the cast—and there are many—I should like to single out Aldo Fabrizi, who portrays an amiable executioner, willing to hold his lethal hand in order to dally with a provocative miss. The scenery and costumes, which were provided by Giulio Coltellacci, are, as the program says, spectacular, and the dancing and musical numbers, arranged by Dania Krupska, are quite stimulating. But for all its peripheral merits, "Rugantino" hardly seems the musical desideratum for Broadway at the moment. Let's call it an experiment noble in motive, and let it go at that.

—JOHN MCCARTEN



"Darling! You mean . . . ?"

OFF BROADWAY

Pair of Deuces

NO dramatist just starting out could ask for more assistance from his first production than has been given to John Donovan, whose "Riverside Drive," a pair of one-acters with Sylvia Sidney and Donald Woods, opened at the Theatre de Lys last week. Miss Sidney acts each of the parts she is assigned with her customary drive and skill; Mr. Woods supports her with, at least, considerable gallantry; Douglas Seale, the director, has thought of any number of effective ways to keep them busy and to keep the action rolling; and Leo Kerz has provided two graphic, appropriate settings—a cluttered basement apartment and the stylish terrace of a penthouse, both of them on the Drive. The plays, unfortunately, are a frail and foolish pair, so hokey in their comedy and pathos, and with such synthetic characters, that they are beyond rescue. In the first of them, Miss Sidney, speaking husky New Yorkese, wearing a limp dress and sweater, lisle stockings, and space shoes, and strung with arty silver jewelry, appears as a literary agent's widow who refuses to give up her late husband's business, although she is as unlikely a career woman as can be imagined. The muddle of her apartment is a fairly accurate reflection of the muddle inside her distraught, incompetent head. Mr. Woods is almost unrecognizable as an addled old bluff of a writer, so far unpublished, who has answered her advertisement in the *Saturday Review* for an assistant. That there are a few amusing moments is almost entirely the work of Miss Sidney, who can make a line sound funny whether it is or not.

In the second play, Miss Sidney is a retired, boozy actress whose three sons were killed in the war, and Mr. Woods is her successful, trapped actor husband. Again she brings more technical virtuosity to the part than it rates. Not a great deal is required of Mr. Woods except to listen, which he does unhappily and much more attentively than I did.

—EDITH OLIVER

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THE RACE TRACK

One for the Book

"ASTONISHING" is probably the best word to sum up the result of last Saturday's Seminole Handicap at Hialeah, which ended in a dead heat between Top Gallant and Admiral Vic, with Mongo fifth. Like most unexpected events, however, the whole thing seems reasonable in retrospect—just another instance of what happens when the early pace is too fast in a race over a slow track. Obviously, some of the riders had orders to go all out, though the distance was a mile and a furlong, and to keep on going at top speed as far as they could. That would be their only chance to beat Mongo, who is usually a front runner. The first quarter was clocked in 0:22⅘ and the half mile in 0:46⅘, which is stepping along, even on a fast track. Garwol, Hot Dust, and Tamao raced lengths ahead of the six other runners, and as I watched them on TV, I wondered how long they could keep up that clip. In the stretch, Admiral Vic, who saved ground on the home turn, finished fast, but not as spectacularly as Top Gallant, who literally looked like a blue streak. He was 57–1 in the betting, by the way, but because in a dead heat you get around half the value of your ticket, he paid only $48. Admiral Vic paid $6. As for Mongo, he gave big weight to everybody except Admiral Vic; he couldn't take an early lead; and, if you ask me, he didn't like the footing. But he'll be out for the Widener on Washington's Birthday, and perhaps he'll have better luck.

Earlier in the week, Roman Brother made amends for his recent defeat by winning the Bahamas Stakes in fine style. Though he was crowded and bumped, he won by more than three lengths from Mr. Brick, who also bothered Bupers, causing a traffic jam at the stretch turn. After an inquiry, the stewards disqualified Mr. Brick, who, as you may remember, is the colt who broke the notable winning streak of Big Pete in the Sapling Stakes at Monmouth last August. No doubt Roman Brother will have a big following for next Wednesday's Everglades Stakes, which is the final prep for the Flamingo, a fortnight later. Bupers, Duel, and Quentin II, an English colt who won in his first appearance here the other afternoon, will also

Sunny Lee

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come out for it, as will a number of less fancied three-year-olds.

NO one really imagined that anybody but Gun Bow would win the San Antonio Handicap at Santa Anita last weekend—and Gun Bow did. Taking the lead when he pleased, he finished four lengths ahead of Cyrano. Quita Dude (how's that for a name?) came in next. It was Gun Bow's third victory in three starts at the meeting (the others were in the San Fernando and the Charles H. Strub Stakes), and he's generally expected to make it four straight with the Santa Anita Handicap on Washington's Birthday. Not since Round Table was dominating the racing out there in 1958 have they had anything like Gun Bow.

TO speak briefly of the racing at Bowie, the betting has been the outstanding feature of the meeting. Almost every day, it has been higher than a cat's back. Last Saturday, a crowd of 20,854 tossed $1,941,702 into the tote. Whoopee!

SO we're going to have nine more days at Aqueduct this year than we had in 1963. Last week, as you've probably heard, the state legislature passed a bill advancing the Big A opening from March 20th to March 16th (practically the seventy-fifth anniversary of that famous blizzard, come to think of it) and spinning out the season to December 12th. (I hardly need say that this was done to exact additional revenue from racing, which has become the marvellous money mill that the Brothers Grimm wrote about. Last year, the state's take was more than $60,000,000.) I, for one, don't envy Tommy Trotter, the racing secretary of the New York Racing Association, the job he's going to have getting enough horses during the first few weeks of the meeting. Hialeah, Santa Anita, and the Fair Grounds at New Orleans will all have closed, and Bowie will be in its last week when Aqueduct opens, but the best he can expect from those tracks is jaded, second-class animals, and the stables that are wintering at Columbia and Aiken don't usually start racing so early in the season. Oh, well, most of the patrons of the Big A don't bet on horses, they bet on numbers or on jockeys. —AUDAX MINOR

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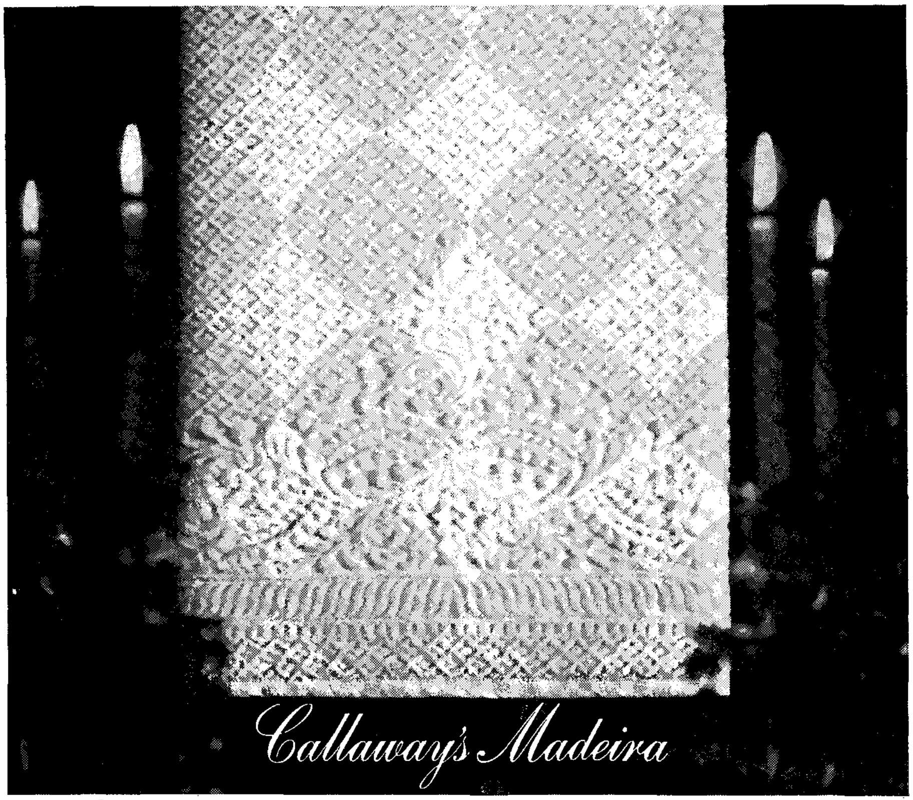

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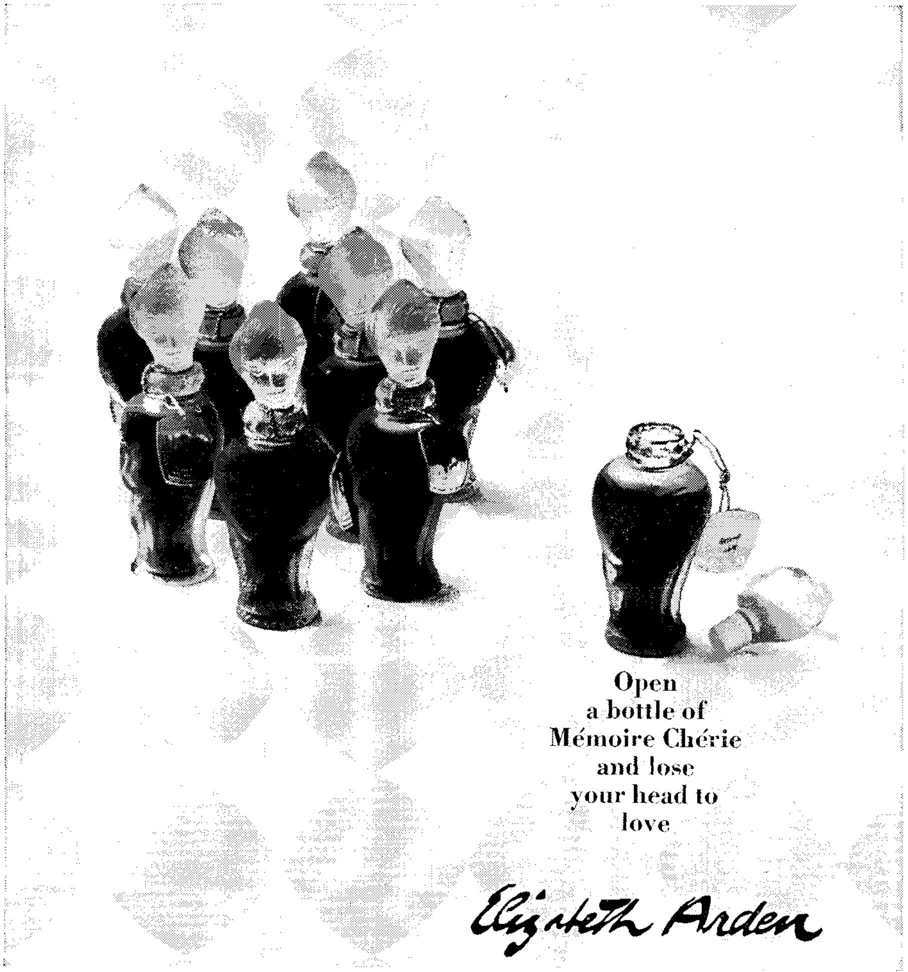

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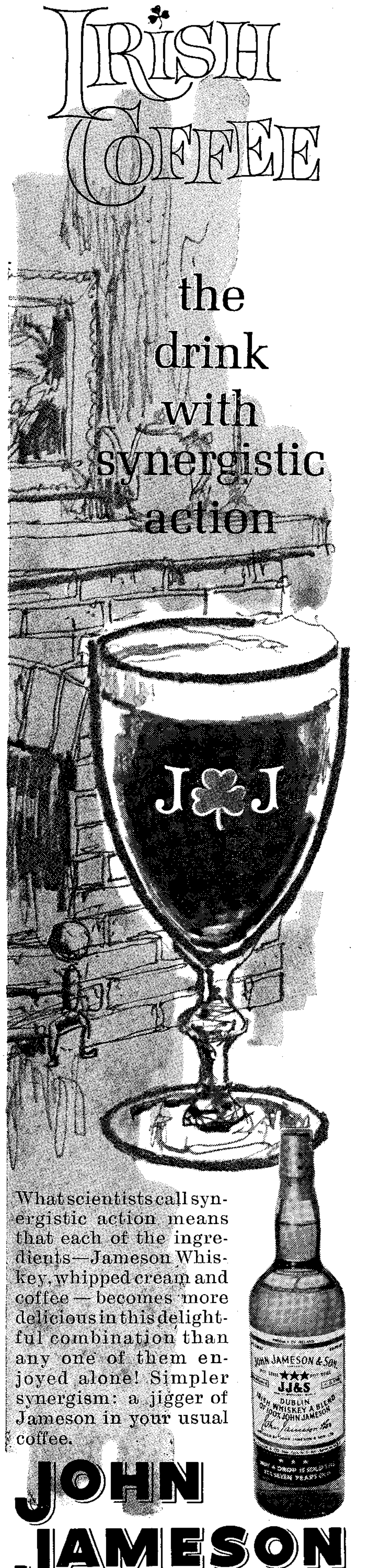

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LETTER FROM LONDON

FEBRUARY 4

THE great musical, visual, and even social London event has been the altogether dazzling return, after four years' absence, of Mme. Maria Callas to the Royal Opera House in six performances of Franco Zeffirelli's sumptuous new production of "Tosca." The eagerness to see her is so great that a furtive black market in tickets goes on every evening on the pavement outside Covent Garden, and the agony column of the *Times* has been carrying plaintive appeals for anything, any performance, and even, in one case, an offer to swap four Nureyev ballet seats for two for a Callas night—the ultimate homage, surely. The excitement has been heightened, of course, by the fact that for the last two years or so Mme. Callas has apparently exiled herself from any opera stage anywhere—an extraordinary wasteful silence for an artist who has just proved here that no other living prima donna can hold a candle to her. When the final tumultuous roar fanned out toward her the other night from every packed, plushy, raspberry-red tier of the beautiful old house, she stood smiling upward to it, looking incredibly fresh and unfatigued, as though the warmth of this enormous welcome back had perhaps been a renewal.

It was a thrilling evening of opera—one of those rare occasions when the creaking old implausibilities and conventions of the art that irritate the purists vanish, and, in the exceptional perfect fusing of music, acting, and spectacle, it seems that the spoken theatre cannot hold a candle to it, either. Mme. Callas' fascinating performance was, naturally, its centerpiece. As all the bowled-over critics observed, the uglinesses that sometimes mar that extraordinary voice in its top register, and the occasional hollow middle notes that sound as though sung from some private cave, were under careful control, and the musicality of phrasing and detail was ravishing. She seemed at the height of her looks and histrionic powers. In the first act, wheedling and quarrelling with and caressing her lover in the church, she looks beautiful and astoundingly young in a white Empire gown and a gauzy orange scarf, with her hair in a knot of Grecian ringlets down the back, instead of in the traditional Tosca getup, including a large hat, that has been religiously adhered to since the opera's first production at Covent Garden in 1900. For the great bargaining scene with Scarpia—sung and acted by the splendid Tito Gobbi with icy power and intelligence and an artistry equal to Callas'—she is superb in gala crimson velvet and rubies, having come straight to the police chief's office from singing before Queen Caroline. So many small touches go to make up this startlingly alive, suffering, and thinking Tosca that one feels one is seeing her for the first time. One remembers the impetuous dabbing off of the blood from the tortured Cavaradossi's forehead with the sparkling shoulder-high white gloves that she has thrown down earlier on Scarpia's invitingly broad divan, and the long, tranced look at the knife on his supper table, by which she comes to rest, standing with drooping head, like a totally exhausted animal, before whirling around and plunging the blade into Scarpia with a thrust that seemed completely shattering not only to him but to Puccini-lovers who had seen more Toscas than they could count. "Vissi d'arte," instead of being belted out as a show-stopping aria, is sung as a wretchedly dazed, introspective self-questioning, and was received on the third night by the greatest compliment of all from the audience—utter, moved silence.

Zeffirelli has framed the work with such brilliant new invention that the old Sardou melodrama comes up new, too. Among the vast toffee-colored pillars of Sant' Andrea della Valle—one of Renzo Mongiardino's extremely handsome sets—he assembles a Roman crowd of pious gentry and townsfolk, sightseeing peasants, and ragged beggars, wandering or kneeling at their devotions, and they are perfectly observed and grouped, so that the low-keyed scene is like a series of period paintings lit by dusty sunlight. Scarpia's sinister office has a desk fit for a Duce and a trapdoor that can be lifted for a sight of the goings on in the torture chamber conveniently below. By heightening the political side of the story, so that Scarpia, and even Cavaradossi (sung with attractive simplicity by a young tenor named Renato Cioni), give the impression of being preoccupied men, thinking of poor Tosca only in the intervals of pursuing other dedicated ideas, Zeffirelli has made it strangely modern and disturbing to us, to whom the knock

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shape of
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on the liberal patriot's door in the night and the torture have often been horrifying contemporary facts of life, not opera.

THE National Theatre has now settled down as a bright, established part of the theatrical scene exactly one hundred and fifteen years after the suggestion for one was put up by Mr. Effingham Wilson, a London publisher. Mr. Wilson's idea went on rattling around in stage circles and Parliamentary lobbies until after the last war, when things began to get really moving. Almost the last official act of Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Chancellor of the Exchequer before Mr. Macmillan sacked him so abruptly in 1962 was to give the go-ahead signal for the building of the National Theatre and a new Sadler's Wells Opera House on adjacent sites on the Thames' south bank. Mr. Denys Lasdun was recently chosen to design both buildings. Meanwhile, Sir Laurence Olivier and his National Theatre company are lodged temporarily at the Old Vic with a repertory program that includes two of the great Chichester Festival successes of last summer—his wife, Joan Plowright, as "Saint Joan," and the poetic, superlative production of "Uncle Vanya," in which he plays the Doctor and Michael Redgrave plays Vanya. On the comedy side, the repertoire now includes a Restoration classic, "The Recruiting Officer," by George Farquhar. This is an anti-heroic play, as the bitter and hilarious "Oh What a Lovely War" is today, but it is not bitter. Farquhar was a brilliant young Irishman who was twelve when his father's rectory was burned down by James II's soldiers in the troubles of 1689; who came to London and achieved his first play hit at twenty-two; and who then got into debt, joined the Army to escape his creditors, and coughed himself to death of tuberculosis, aged twenty-nine, in a garret off St. Martin's Lane. "The Recruiting Officer" is the enormously funny, high-spirited, and racy autobiographical report of his own brief career as a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, when, instead of marching off with Marlborough to the wars, he found himself stuck in Shrewsbury recruiting yokels (that is, forcibly conscripting them, by fair means or mostly foul, with every help from the corrupt local justices of the peace) for the Queen's Army. Brecht made a version of "The Recruiting Officer" for the Berliner Ensemble, resetting it in the War of American Independence and giving it his own sharp flash of anger over the

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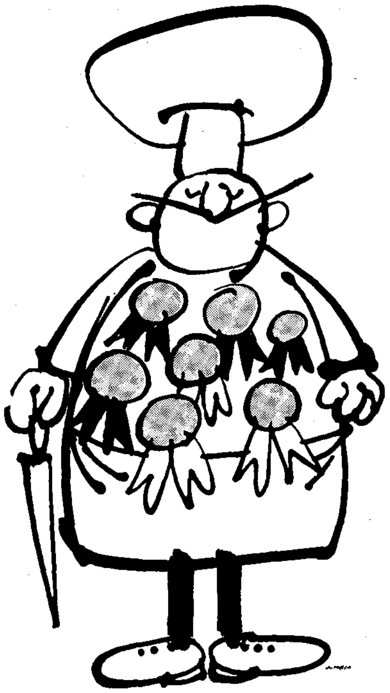

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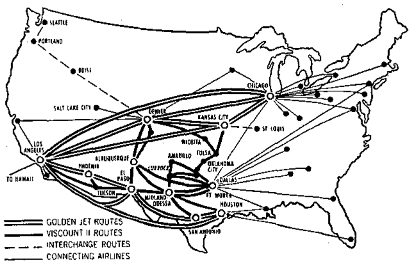

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

lot of the dumb, exploited common soldier. Farquhar's amused upper-class eye observed the exploitation well enough but recorded it with mocking good humor.

William Gaskill's present production of the comedy is a delight from start to finish. It is splendidly acted by Robert Stephens as the handsome young Captain Plume (a seeming portrait of Farquhar), one of the two recruiting officers sent down to round up the unenthusiastic rustics into Her Majesty's scarlet; by Max Adrian as a sporting old gentleman, Mr. Justice Balance; and by the red-haired, wittily deadpan actress Maggie Smith as his daughter Silvia—a sort of Shavian heroine before her time, who talks pointed sense, despises being a young lady, and puts herself into breeches to follow Plume. Sir Laurence Olivier lovingly gives full-length treatment to the small, rich portrait of the other recruiting officer, Captain Brazen—a slow-witted St. Bernard dog of a man who thinks himself a lady-killer and whose glazed eye, leering out from the shadow of an immense curled periwig tied up with coquettish blue bows, is continually prospecting a fine bosom. Even the charming pink brick and white paint décor of Shrewsbury, supplied by René Allio, is lighthearted. Trees sail gaily through the air to shift the scene to outdoors, and an elegant little weathervane also descends from the heavens to crown the cupola of the town hall with a neat plop.

A very different play success is the dramatization, by Christopher Taylor, of Henry James's "The Wings of the Dove," at the Lyric, which has received much praise from the critics as the most literate evening in London. The graceful adaptation suffers somewhat, perhaps, from having to confine the novel to the scenes in the Venetian *palazzo* where its young tenant, Milly Theale, the poor little fatally stricken American heiress who wishes to live before she dies, looks wistfully out at the noisy, careless, abundant life of the canals, and one or two of her English guests look wistfully at her money. James's characters, faithfully presented though they are, thus seem to enter carrying their London pasts like bits of luggage, full of dense, tantalizing personal history, to which the play can attach merely the briefest labels of contents. Wendy Hiller, an actress with a fine sense of the period, plays harassed Susan Shepherd, whose clear Boston eye perceives the European hawks wheeling about her beloved Milly. As the dove herself, Susannah York, a young film ac-

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tress who usually specializes in suggesting abounding health and beauty, gives a valiant and touching performance, pale as a lily in her perpetual mourning black.

IT was being hopefully said by Conservatives last October that once Mr. Macmillan's successor had been decided upon, they would be able to go ahead as a forward-looking party, with a new leader to set the pace. In spite of the Government's recent declared intention of pouring out millions of pounds in various modernizing directions, there are few signs, it seems, that Sir Alec Douglas-Home has yet emerged in the public eye as a very definite figure, exciting definite emotions. Now there has been the angry rumpus over the two conflicting versions of how he came to emerge as Prime Minister at all—Randolph Churchill's hastily written book on the subject of last autumn's Tory-leadership crisis, which insists that Lord Home was the choice of all concerned in that dithering moment and quotes authoritative chapter and verse to prove it (the authority being taken to be Mr. Churchill's old friend Mr. Harold Macmillan), and the review of the book written in the weekly *Spectator* by its editor, Iain Macleod, who walked swiftly out of the Cabinet and into the editorial chair after Lord Home was invited to form a Government. According to infuriated Conservative opinion, he has now probably walked out of any chance of getting back to the top of the Party, of which, until his resignation, he was joint chairman and one of the brightest intellectual adornments. Writing under the pseudonym "Quoodle" (who you may remember was G. K. Chesterton's dog), Mr. Macleod sharply nailed the Churchill story, declaring from his own inside knowledge that Mr. Macmillan had deliberately overlooked the sizable Cabinet faction that wanted Rab Butler as his successor, and charging the whole thing to a sort of upper-class Establishment cabal—this last seeming to many a rather weak touch, considering that Mr. Butler is hardly one of the underprivileged of this world, to say the least. Quoodle's bite spread rage and pain through a large section of the Party as being calculated to delight Mr. Harold Wilson's supporters and as being very oddly timed to increase everybody's confidence in the Prime Minister and his team before they face the struggle of a general election.

Many alarmed Tories feel that the Government's sudden bold decision to rush through a bill abolishing resale

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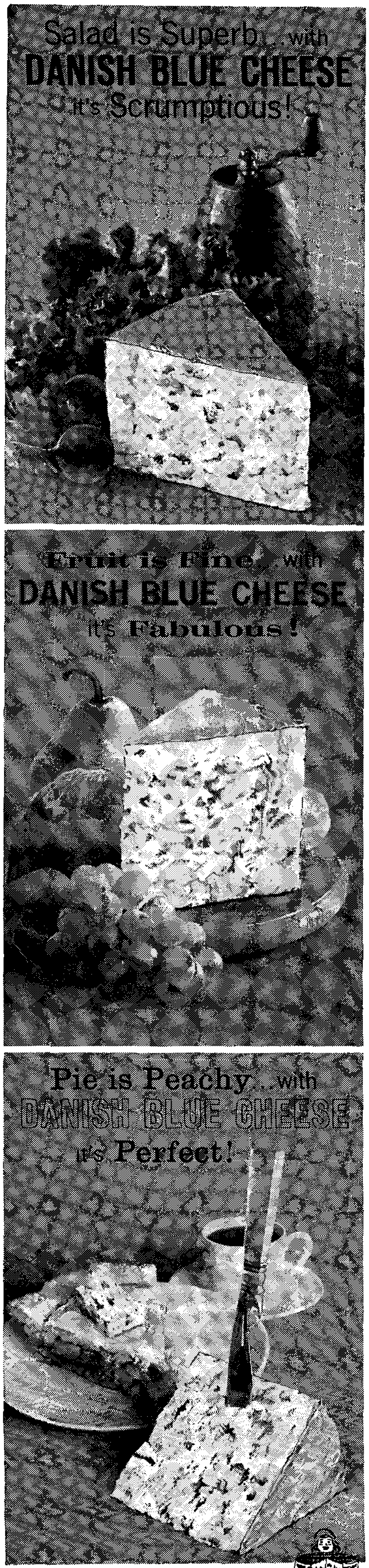

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price controls and encouraging efficient competition by allowing shops to cut prices on goods that are now price-fixed by the manufacturer is an even more unfortunate bit of timing in an election year. Directly the announcement was made, the supermarkets, which have the stamina to benefit from this, began briskly slashing prices in anticipation; tales of whiskey on sale four shillings a bottle cheaper were turning up all over the place except at one's own neighborhood store. But Britain is truly a country of small shopkeepers, who think they will be hit hard if the bill goes through, and it is the thousands of modest grocers and tobacconists and corner drapers whom the worried Conservatives now fear—not as turncoats to Labour when the day comes (for the Labour and Liberal Parties are also opposed to keeping resale prices pegged) but as possible disgruntled abstainers from voting at all, in a little-man Poujadist protest that could be equally dangerous to the Government. If the cost of filling a shopping basket were really to fall dramatically, housewives would presumably be grateful, but their immediate reaction, as far as can be judged, seems to be one of skepticism that this will happen. All the same, in spite of everything, one finds an astonishing number of people who think that the Conservatives will get back as the next Government by a narrow margin, because of (they say generally) a cautious last-minute feeling that, man for man, the Conservatives have the expertise necessary to handle the pressing international and domestic problems better than Mr. Wilson's team would.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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THE PIANO TUNER

For mem'ry has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade.
—C. J. B.

"I want to be like Carrie Jacobs Bond,"
Aunt Stella said in earnest and sat down
at her piano and, oh, she was—she was
identical in size and similarly gowned,
the means and end of culture in our town
who made the music and imposed the laws
of taste. And of C major she was queen.
One perfect day, when she was fairly glued
to her piano, the tuner walked right in

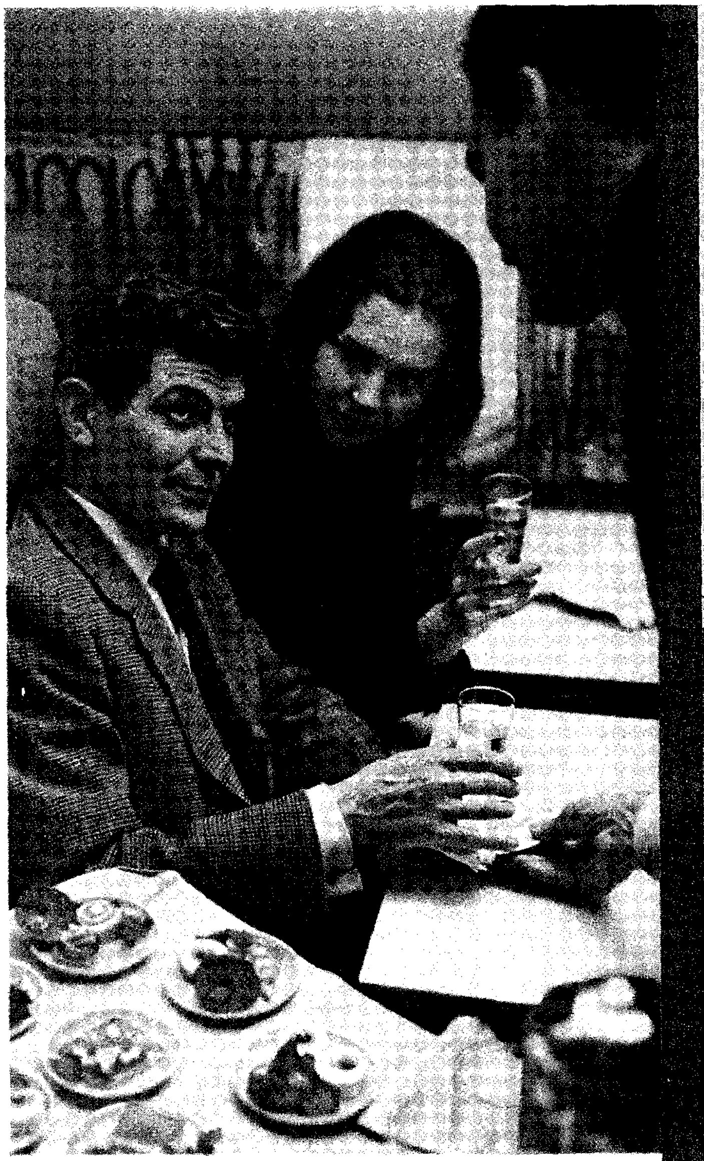
and started tuning while she played: a scene
—of love? of war? or something in between?
Still, in C major, rapidly ensued
cacophony and crime. It was a sin,

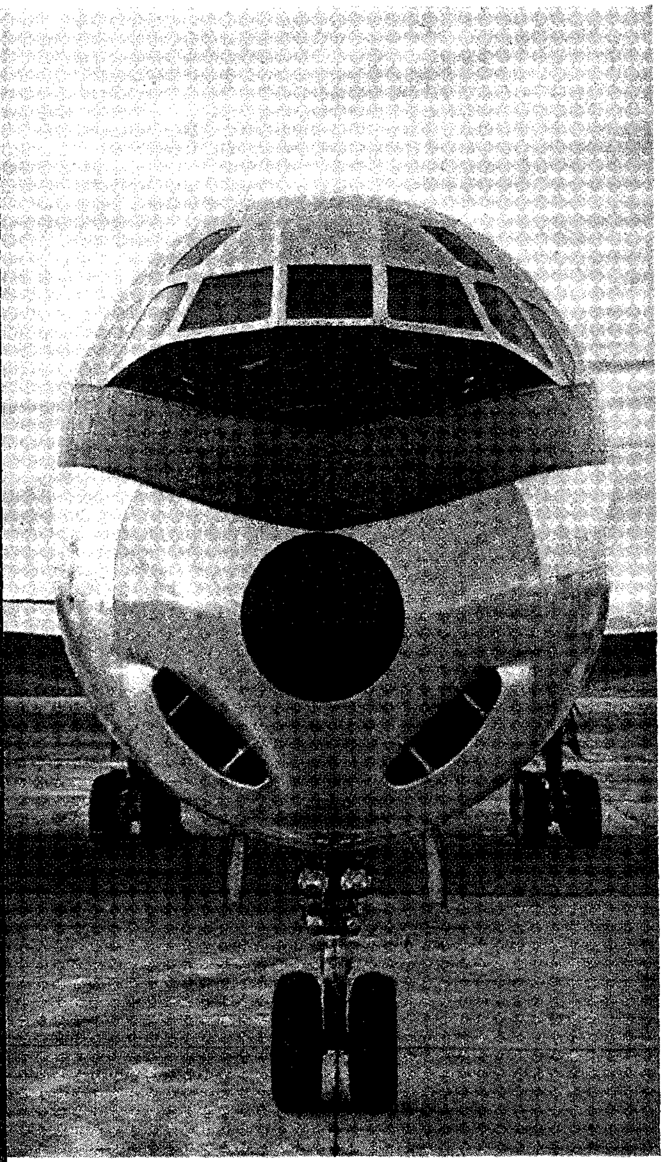
such atonality, such eighth- and sixteenth-tones
the tuner twisted into those sweet wires.
When Stella touched crescendos, she was manic;
with fifty fingers, she stuck by her guns
while the piano tuner twisted choirs
of caterwaulings, parrots in a panic,
canaries in cadenzas. With both hands,
that wizard drove them all into the key
of C major. The old piano roared.

I hate to bring bad tidings to my friends
but those who make such music finally
may lose their wits indeed, all kind accord
of black with white along the full keyboard.
Nurse may entreat and doctor give commands
(sedation and no music, certainly),
but only the mildest cases can be cured.

Time that corrodes the tuner's fork still sings
of Carrie's day and Stella's jangled strings.
The foolish song runs out. The moral's plain:
Too simple music cannot stand the strain.

—STEPHEN MOONEY





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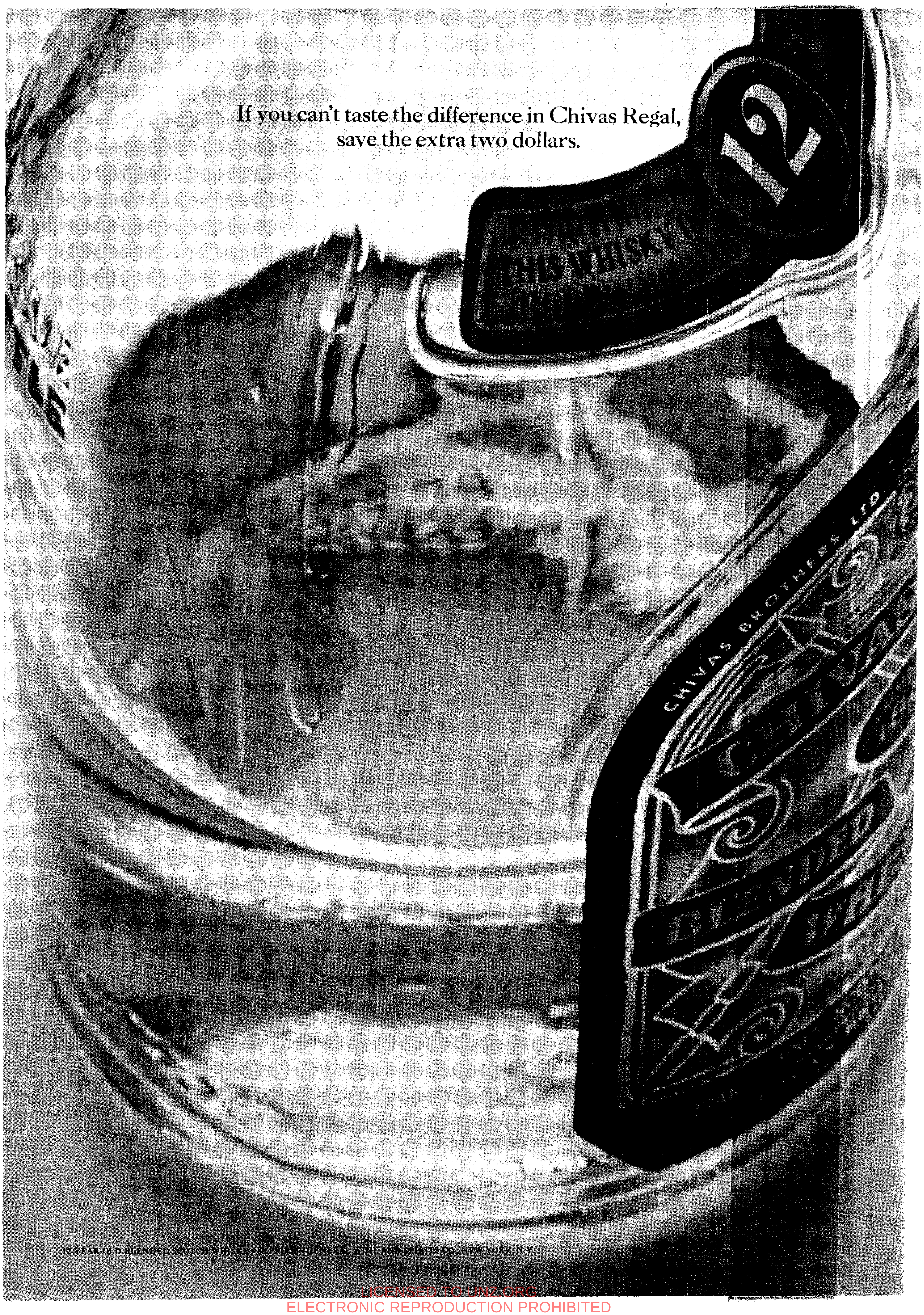
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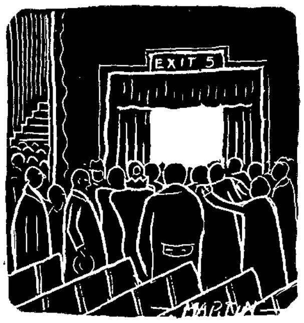

A SKIMPY week, made infinitesimally memorable by the presence here for a few days of a British comedy called "A Pair of Briefs." Now, I needn't tell you that the title is a pun; no power in heaven or earth could prevent "briefs" from meaning, in this context, both the concise statements prepared by solicitors for the use of barristers in court and a kind of underclothing, and, sure enough, the credits have no sooner been flashed on the screen than we're treated to shots of pretty Mary Peach parading up and down her London flat and practicing speeches to the bar in bra and panties. The visual gag is subliminally reinforced by the fact that "bra" is an anagram of "bar," and since the odds against being able to make art out of this happy philological accident must be many thousands to one, we may safely conclude that Nicholas Phipps, the author of the screenplay, is a very resourceful chap. Had he wished to, no doubt, he could also have provided all sorts of shiny novelties in the way of a plot and characters to people it; instead, he has shrewdly refrained from striking a single fresh note. Everything that happens, everything we behold, seems a faded but welcome friend, the dearer for bearing no surprises. For the familiar supplies the sturdy, necessary underpinning of comedy; especially in British comedy, there are certain age-old subjects that have only to be hinted at to induce laughter. (The loo, for example, is surefire, as are its concomitant drains, which are mentioned at least a dozen times in "A Pair of Briefs.") Someone has wittily said of Ivy Compton-Burnett's novels that if you've read them all, you've read one; in much the same fashion, if you've seen ten or fifteen comedies laid in English courtrooms, you've seen but one and are perfectly at home inside it.

So here we are, in quaint chambers in one of the Inns of Court and in the fusty mock-Gothic splendor of the Royal Courts themselves. Here is our eponymous pair of barristers, one of them poor and male and driving a motor scooter and the other rich and female and driving a convertible. Will they meet by colliding in the street? Will they become rivals? Will they find themselves on opposite sides of the same case in court? Will the court be presided over by a judge of the most withering irascibility? You already know the answers to these and all the other leading questions I might put to you. I need only note that the director, Ralph Thomas, has kept a good cast up to a good standard. As a couple of sly Cockneys bent on outwitting the law, Brenda de Banzie and Ron Moody well deserve each other, and the aforesaid Mary Peach makes a wholesome girl for a wholesome young man like Michael Craig to fall in love with. The conventionally choleric judge is played by James Robertson Justice—another, perhaps unavoidable, pun. Of Mr. Justice, who dominates the camera thanks not only to his bearlike bulk but to a voice that oozes brassy treacle, a poetaster has sung:

> James James
> Robertson Robertson
> Justice with wicked glee
> Swipes whole
> Chunks of a picture,
> Though rarely the star is he.
> James James
> Growls to his victims,
> "Victims," he growls, growls he:
> "Don't play a scene on the silvery
> screen,
> If you can't steal scenes like me."

—BRENDAN GILL

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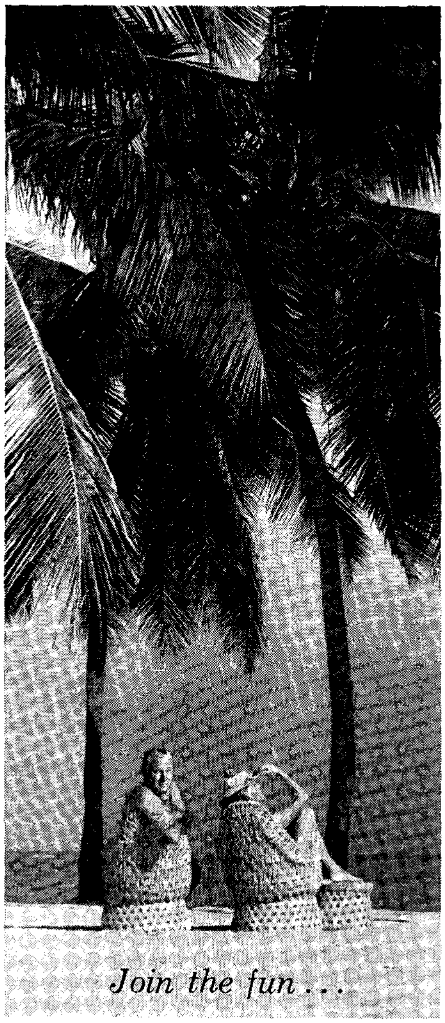
THE PUBLISHING LIFE

[*From "Confidentially Yours," in the Boston Globe*]

We have mail and/or items of interest for the following contributors if they care to send the Chat editor a mailing address.

Another Computer Widow, Faded Cactus, Scatterbrain Martha, Rural Teacher, Sweet Sixteen, High Tides, Narcissus, Mother of Seven and One Angel, Big Ed's Girl, The Nancy Lee, Livorno Calls, Peach Lover, Pink Panda, Little Bit, Chores Galore, Unsigned, Right or Left, Urbanic Ert, Cellhendor, Night Owl, Jesse Mee, Christmas Holly, Cracker Barrel, Teddy Bear, Sweet Tooth (who asked for squash pie recipes), K.A. of M. (who has written to High Wide and Handsome), By-the-Sea (who wrote to Four Hills), Squirrel (who requested knitted sweater directions).

EDITOR
Confidential Chat



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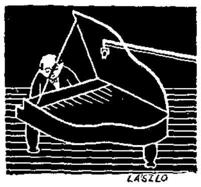
MUSICAL EVENTS

First Causes



IT is one of the peculiarities of our time that while the performing artist is a thorough professional, living up to high standards of craftsmanship, the composer, nine times out of ten, is an amateur, ignorant of the essentials of his craft, responsible to no one but himself, and generally disliked or merely tolerated by the audience for which he writes. He believes that *no* important composer is ever recognized in his own time, a ridiculous assumption that he bolsters by reading—or, rather, misreading—Nicolas Slonimsky's "Lexicon of Musical Invective," which is a highly amusing book but one that must be taken with a grain of salt, since it includes only unfavorable reviews and entirely omits the tremendous encomiums that critics and colleagues have placed at the feet of the great composers of the past. He is a little like an unskilled and self-important golfer who has decided, since he can't make a successful putt, that getting the ball into any hole at all is commonplace and vulgar, and that the purpose of the sport should be merely to hit balls in all directions.

I was forcefully reminded of this situation on Thursday night of last week, when a conjunction of concerts offered the most telling contrast that has come my way in a long time. I spent the first part of the evening listening to Artur Rubinstein in Carnegie Hall, in an all-Chopin program that I shall not trouble you by itemizing. The aging pianist, who is celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday this year, played it as only he can play Chopin. There were a few technical fumbles, but the concept he was able to project of the various preludes, études, and valses—not to speak of several longer works—was that of an inspired musician with a long record of experience and immaculate taste behind him. The stage was crowded with extra seats, and one realized that nobody goes to a Rubinstein recital because it is the thing to do. The audience goes because it cannot bear to be kept away, because it loves Rubinstein's piano playing, because it wants to commune with a man whom any informed concertgoer would unhesitatingly describe as a great artist.

After listening to the first half of his program, I went to Philharmonic Hall, where the last half of the New York

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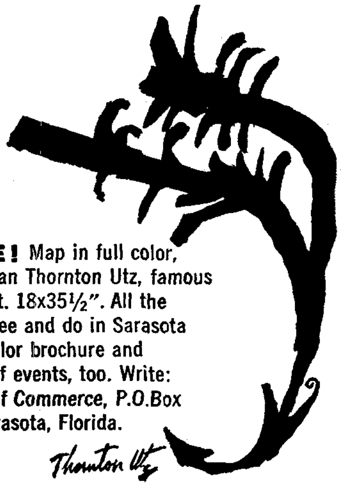

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Philharmonic's program was devoted to avant-garde music by several American composers. Now, there is a kind of semi-sacred mystique about the avant-garde—one that has persisted since the time of the French Impressionist painters and the music dramas of Richard Wagner. True, both the Impressionists and Wagner proved to be right in the long run, and their detractors have been duly castigated. But *those* artists were revolting against a stuffy academic tradition; today, at least in music, hardly anybody gives a thought to academic tradition one way or the other, and few understand it. The current avant-garde is revolting against, or trying to transcend, yesterday's avant-garde, and I must say that to judge by what I heard the other night, the revolt, or improvement, or progress, or whatever it is supposed to be, is not very striking. Leonard Bernstein started off this part of the evening with an unscheduled "composition" written in twelve-tone serial technique by a computer named Pegasus, property of the British Broadcasting Corporation. It proved to be the most interesting work I heard there that evening, even though I reflected that it is awfully easy to compute twelve-tone music. (I shall be more impressed when a computer manages to evolve something like the Prelude to "Tristan und Isolde.") At any rate, it was short and neat. After that, Mr. Bernstein allowed his orchestra of a hundred or so players to improvise collectively—a proceeding that, quite predictably, sounded somewhat like Grand Central Station during the evening rush hour. Then we got Mr. John Cage's "Atlas Eclipticalis with Winter Music," led by a mechanical conductor, which looked a little like one of those old-fashioned diamond-shaped railroad-switch signals, and had an arm that revolved like the hand of a stopwatch, marking off the time (eight minutes) that the work lasted. Each instrument in the orchestra was provided with a separate microphone, connected with a series of loudspeakers (six of them) that were scattered at the back of the hall. By manipulating amplifiers, Mr. Cage, who was on hand for the occasion, was able to bring out whatever instrument or combination of instruments he pleased, and since all the instrumentalists were noodling irresponsibly, the result was pure chaos. The termination of the eight minutes was greeted with the loudest chorus of boos I have ever heard, even in Italy, where the natives are masters of negative applause, and shortly at least half of the audience walked out. There followed something called ". . . Out of 'Last

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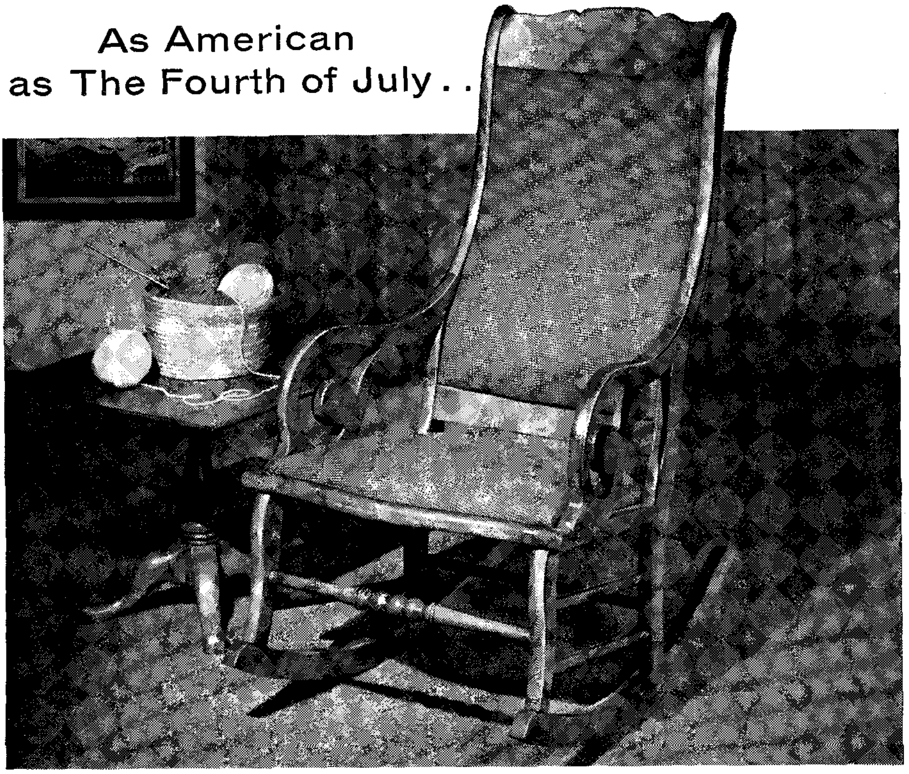

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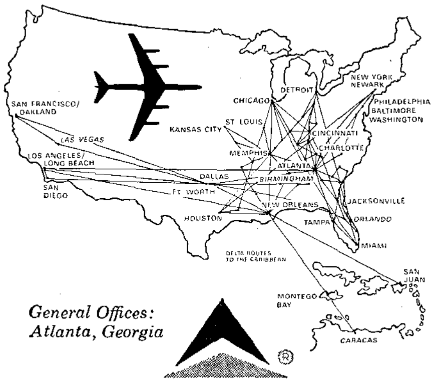

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Pieces,'" by Morton Feldman, which achieved the same effect of noisy chaos without the use of microphones, and finally we had Earle Brown's "Available Forms II, for Orchestra Four Hands," which required two conductors—Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Brown himself—and two "intermingled" orchestras; i.e., roughly half the players paid attention to Mr. Bernstein and the other half to Mr. Brown. Monotonous result: the same effect of noisy chaos. I listened to all this good-naturedly (I don't agree with my colleague Harold Schonberg, of the *Times*, that audiences have a "responsibility" to listen to such goings on, but, after all, a critic, like a cop, does have a responsibility to keep an eye on all the traffic in his field). I should describe all of what I heard as trash but for the fact that "trash" used in a musical context—as in a literary one—has a fairly definite meaning. The real point to be made about these works is that they haven't anything to do with music at all. Nor do I think that they represent the mainstream of some art of the future, any more than the now forgotten automobile-siren "music" of Luigi Russolo or the elbow-and-fist piano playing of Henry Cowell and Leo Ornstein did a generation and a half ago. In fact, aside from the element of electronics, the effect was much the same as that produced by Russolo, Cowell, and Ornstein. The avant-garde is standing still, and has been ever since the First World War.

I do have a certain feeling of irritation over the fact that the New York Philharmonic, a splendid ensemble, representing a couple of dozen difficult skills as well as the work of three hundred years of dedicated instrument-makers, should be subjected to this sort of thing. The whole business reminded me of an unlettered savage dismantling a fine chronometer in order to use part of it for a soup strainer. Moreover, there are many first-class and neglected contemporary composers whose music the Philharmonic should be playing—Harilaos Perpessa and the recently deceased Karl Amadeus Hartmann, to name two. And I have another suggestion to make to the Philharmonic's programming committee: Why not a series on the unknown music of great performers? Wilhelm Furtwängler (who wrote two symphonies) and Pablo Casals (who is a prolific composer) come immediately to mind. There is something that can be said for a great performer: he knows a thing or two about the art of music.

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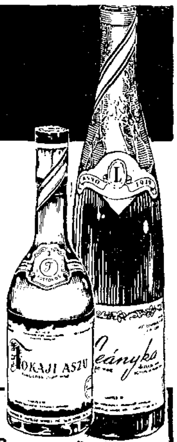

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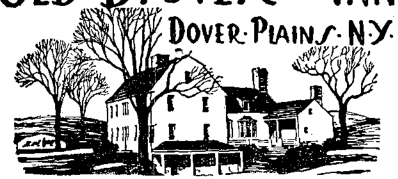

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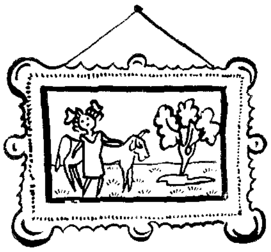
The Margin of Luck



A FRIEND of mine was remarking recently that the ancient Greeks, those sanest of people, had by far the soundest ideas about the relations between the gods and man. Instead of brooding over him, as they would in our concept, the gods largely disregarded him, only rarely bothering to interfere in any way in his affairs. Propitiation was all right, to the Greek, and was certainly worth trying, but for the most part the gods and goddesses were too occupied with their own Olympian squabbles, intrigues, love affairs, and just plain fun to do more than glance in his direction, and as one result that always troublesome enigma (to us) of why the good so often suffer and the evil triumph was immediately disposed of. Man's destiny was, obviously, at least half luck. His prayers and his earnest endeavors, his behavior generally, worked to his benefit only if the particular deity whose favor he was seeking heard his call and turned out to be in a good mood at the moment. Otherwise (assuming, let's say, the given deity was involved in a cosmic clash with Artemis or with Hera), the pleas would almost certainly go unregarded—if, indeed, the pleader wasn't struck down out of sheer petulance, in the manner of medieval rulers confronted with messengers bringing bad tidings.

The same thing, in a slightly roundabout way, applies to the fate of the artist, for a good part of his career is determined, from birth, by the period he happens to be born in. Conditions vary, and it must be said that in the case of the man of genius it hardly matters. But for the man of medium talent—and I am thinking now of the fairly complete fulfillment of his natural gifts and of more or less gratifying rewards for his accomplishment, which may sound journeyman but are still what every artist in his right mind longs for—it would be immensely to his advantage to come to maturity spang in the middle of an era when art styles are settled and accepted. Born too early, he might find himself floundering by reason of the uncertainties of the newly developed methods; born too late, he might be drawn into the body of recalcitrants rebelling against them, and thus condemn himself to half a lifetime, perhaps, of poverty and neglect. It would be interesting to speculate further about this. What, for instance, would have happened to Cézanne if he had grown up at the height of the Renaissance, when art was at its coziest, instead of a time when he, and only he, had the perception to realize that Impressionism as a method had run its course and that something had to be done to revivify painting? What, indeed, would he be doing now if he had been born in 1906, instead of dying then? What would Willem de Kooning's work be like if he changed places, chronologically, with Rembrandt? (Despite some disparities in degree of talent, there are certain resemblances between these two artists.)

But I'd best move on to the event that inspired these ruminations, which is the exhibition "The Art of Mughal India," now on at Asia House. What, in this instance, would have happened to Indian art if there had been no emperor named Akbar, not actually the founder of the Mughal dynasty but the most glittering figure in the succession, and if there had not arisen under him such a galaxy of artists as are now displayed in this showing? Or would the artists have come to fruition anyway, without so generous and intelligent a patron? At this stage, I must confess that I don't know a great deal about the period of Mughal art, though I have been dutifully studying up on it—and pleasurably—in preparation for this review. Briefly, the dynasty began with the Emperor Babur, an extraordinarily precocious descendant of Genghis Khan. He inherited the small kingdom of Fergana, in Central Asia, at the age of eleven, four years later conquered Samarkand, and in 1526, not long after, invaded India and took over most of it. So, at any rate, the story goes. Thus the Mughal reign began, and the dynasty continued and was extended, or, rather, consolidated, by Babur's descendants, culminating in the rule of Akbar, Babur's grandson—the *roi soleil*, so to speak, of them all—and ending, after a slow decline, with the Indian Mutiny of 1857 and the crushing defeat by the British. All the emperors were warriors; war, after all, was in those days the fitting occupation for the nobly born. But unlike their dour West-

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ern counterparts, the Mughals were also poetically inclined, and they prided themselves, too, on their knowledge of the arts. The most knowledgeable of them was Akbar, and, as the new showing reveals, the whole period, despite some ups and downs, was remarkably rich in works of high talent.

For the most part, the Mughal Renaissance—Naissance, really—was led by artists imported from farther east, especially from Persia, and a strong Persian influence is evident throughout the display. But there is a difference, and a good part of the charm of the Mughal art resides in its air of quietude, in contrast to the air of derring-do (slashing cutlasses, cavalry charging, and the like) that characterizes so much of the parent school. Allowing for certain stylizations—the patterned treatment of rocks, trees, and other natural features, the ritualized poses of the human figures, and so on—the work is intensely naturalistic, and in one way or another it covers pretty much all facets of life in that after all not so very distant era, from the hunt (see the exquisite miniature painting "Akbar Slaying Tigers Near Gwalior in 1561") to war (the crowded "Bullocks Dragging Siege Guns for an Attack on the Fort at Ranthambhor, Rajasthan, in 1568"), to the everyday amenities ("Aurangzeb with Sultan Azam and Courtiers"), and to love, as in the graceful, gentle "Jahangir Embracing Nur Jahan." On the whole, though, listing titles is futile. The show is best seen en masse, for its total impact rather than for the individual examples.

ONE inevitable effect of the passage of time in art is that it tends to erase differences, so that after a couple of centuries the conflicts between even the most rock-ribbed traditionalists and the bitterest rebels fade away and later generations are left wondering what all the fighting was about. This is true of Mughal art, probably, since, for all its generally compact stylistic appearance, there are noticeable contrasts between the early work and the later (represented by "Girls Worshiping at a Shrine to Siva" and "Ashraf Ali Khan," both apparently painted toward the end of the eighteenth century, when the art was becoming more oriented westward). At this moment, we ourselves seem to be situated, uneasily, at the point of turbulence that marks the changeover from one era to another, and the strain is commensurately great on the spectators as well as on the artists. We now have two group exhibitions—the Guggenheim Museum's triennial "Interna-

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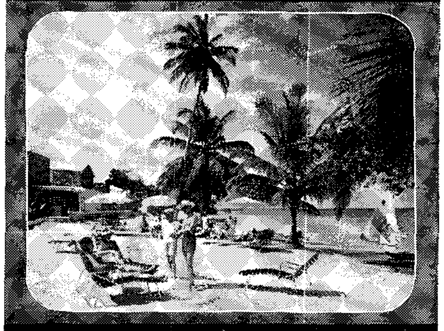

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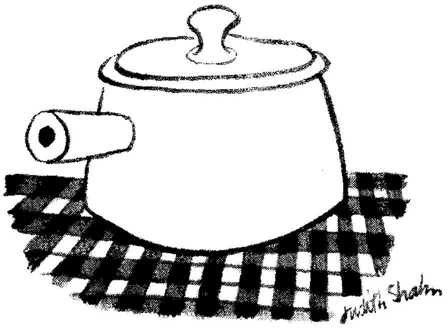
tional Award" exhibition, and "The Classic Spirit in 20th Century Art," at the Janis—to help us estimate the character of the change and the degree of our adaptation to it. To be honest, I think the Guggenheim affair spread itself a little thin in its efforts to cover so much ground (twenty-four countries, with only eighty-two entries), and one is frequently confronted by some rather weird capsulizations: France summarized by just five artists, only two of whom, Balthus and Dubuffet, are well known here; Italy by four, again mostly unknown; and a number of other countries—Peru, Norway, and Poland among them—by one canvas apiece. This very scatteredness, however, does demonstrate a fact we are often likely to overlook. There is today in contemporary art a kind of lingua franca, based on something like the International Style in architecture (but in this case a series of styles), so much talked of some years ago, that has spread across the world. This has now developed to the point that a painter like the Japanese Tomoyasu Murakami can "converse" with the Austrian Arnulf Rainer, who similarly deals in almost invisible designs; the Purist Max Bill, of Switzerland, with Antoni Tàpies, of Spain, and both with our own Barnett Newman; a pattern painter like the Italian Capogrossi with the French Victor de Vasarely; and so forth. And although there are wild variations in quality, in addition to a considerable fringe of beat stuff, I found the general level fairly high, with Alejandro Otero's ascending "Colorhythm," Robert Motherwell's familiar yet still powerful "Elegy to the Spanish Republic," and—to name only one more—"Black Rainbow," by the Peruvian Fernando de Szyszlo, among the more memorable.

THE exhibition at the Janis, by contrast, concentrates on one level, or striation, in the stylistically "international" school I've sketched out above. This is the basically geometric section, and I must say that the collection is not only an extremely honest but also a highly successful effort to illus-



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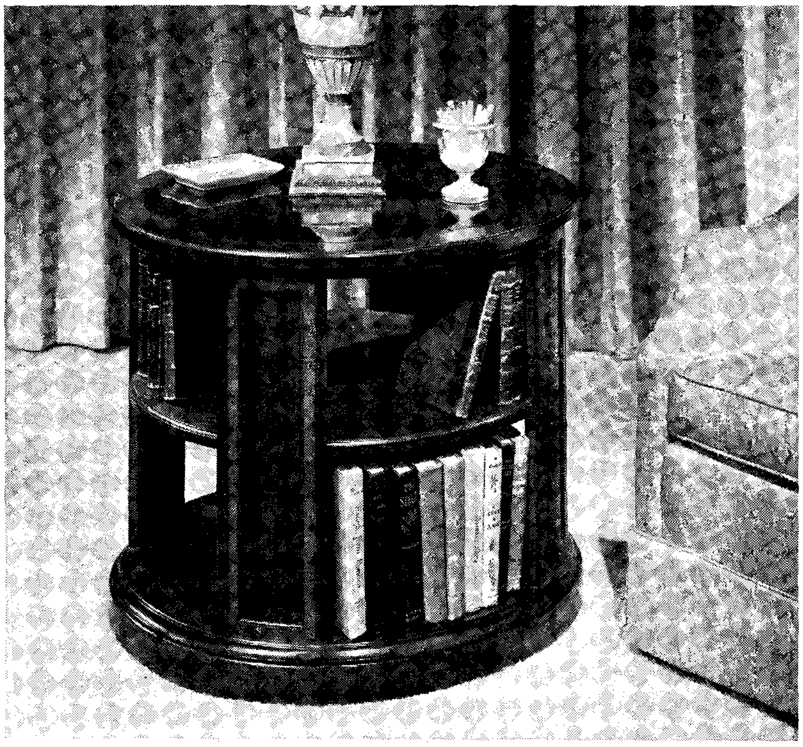

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trate and explain the developments in that particular field. Sixty-four pieces, both sculptures and paintings, are included, almost all of them loans, and the affair begins, chronologically as well as didactically, with a roomful of artists the gallery calls "pioneers" but who I think by now deserve the name of Old Masters. Arp, Mondrian, Albers, Léger, Malevitch, Schwitters, and Ozenfant are included, and it was interesting to observe how various threads of influence flowed out in one direction or another from each of them to the younger men of today. It would be foolish to try to itemize them; one thread often tangles with another, and it would take more time than the matter is worth to attempt to unravel them. Mondrian, naturally, was by far the greatest and most pervasive influence. But it was a surprise to discover that Albers is a close second (chiefly because of his experiments with color tensions, and also because of his experiments with combinations of the square), followed by such others as Arp, Brancusi, and the never quite fully appreciated leader of the Purist school, Ozenfant. Again, I shan't indulge in any listings; it's so good a show that it isn't fair to single out a few examples. It's a show, too, in which the didactic quality, unintrusively presented though it is, almost outweighs the aesthetic.

—Robert M. Coates

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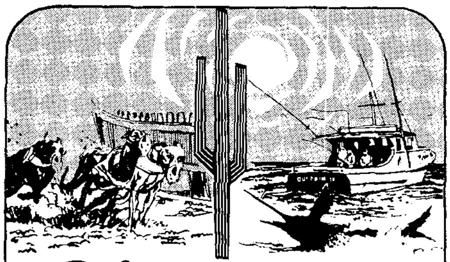
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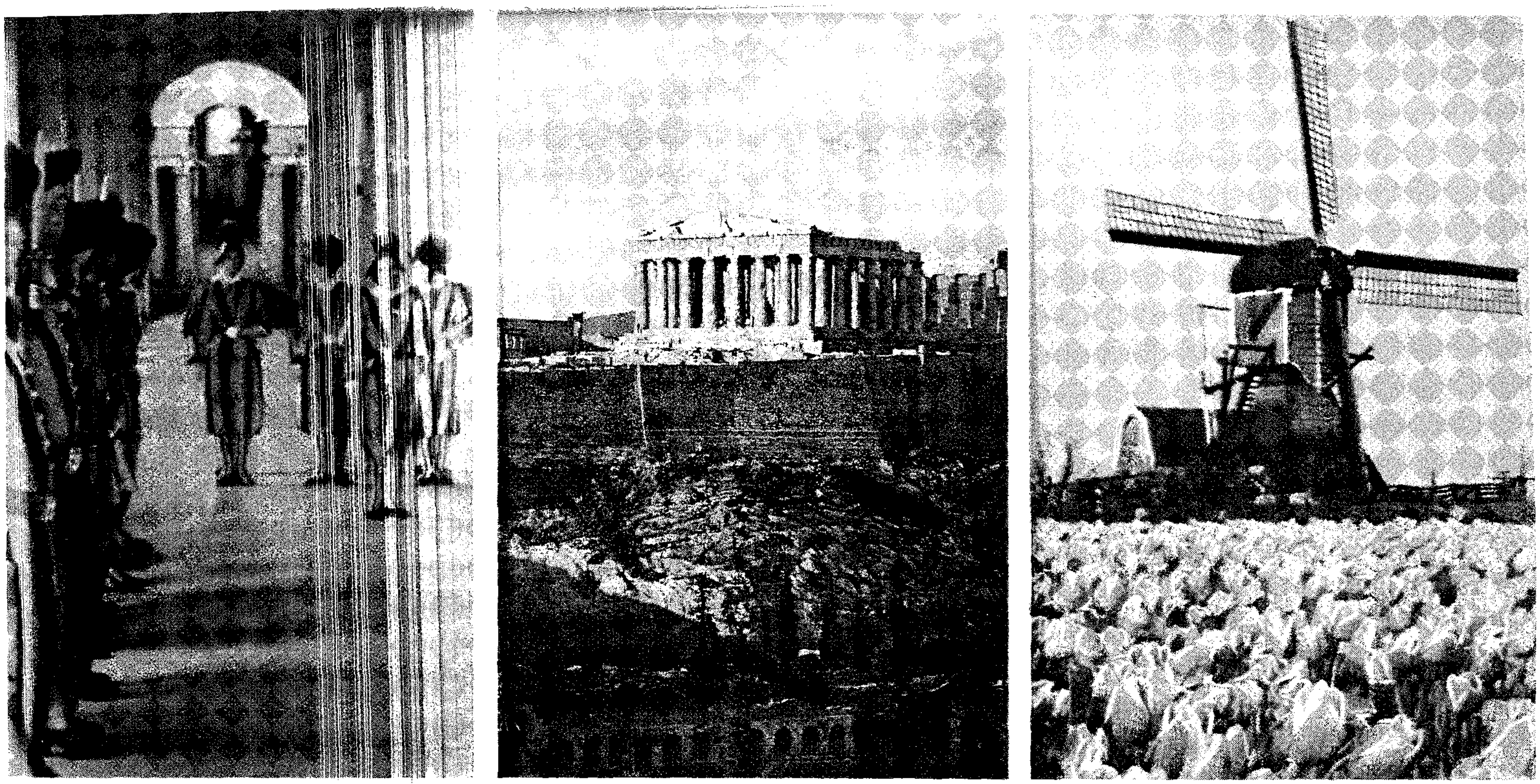

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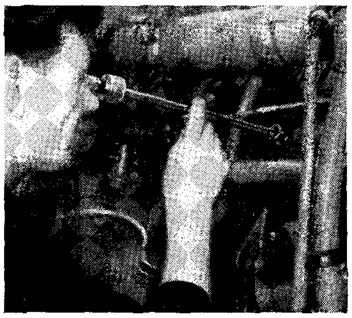

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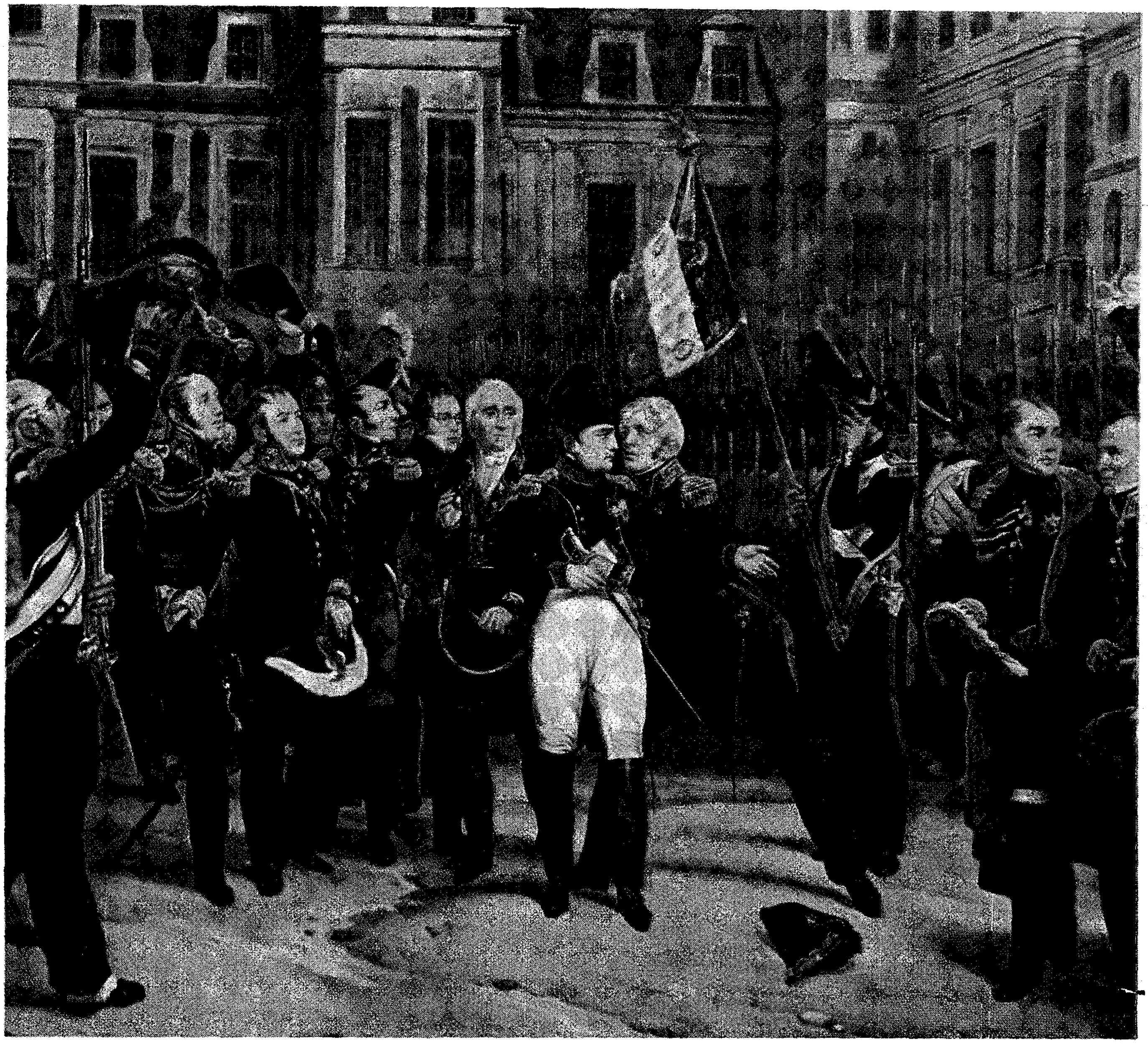

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 8

BOTH Houses have approved the tax cut, and within a matter of days the House of Representatives will approve the civil-rights bill. There will no doubt be a civil-rights filibuster in the Senate, but it will not prevent Senate action. Those who will take part in it are in general agreement with administration supporters that a civil-rights bill of considerable substance will be ready for the President's signature some time before the President begins his campaign. The tax bill is the one the administration has been working for since late in 1962; for a while, there was a hope that Congress would accompany a tax reduction with fundamental changes in the tax structure that seemed to be called for by common sense and by the principle of equity, but the hope was never very high, and President Kennedy had abandoned it by the early summer of 1963. The measure about to be passed is the one he regarded as necessary to diminish unemployment and avert a recession, and although some economists regard President Johnson's efforts to reduce federal expenditures as lessening the stimulative effect of the tax cut, it is hard to believe that if Kennedy had seen this as the price of success, he would not have paid it. The civil-rights bill that the House will send to the Senate is a broader, tougher measure than the Kennedy administration asked for in the aftermath of last summer's bloodletting in the South. Indeed, at that time the Attorney General appealed to the House leaders and to the civil-rights lobbyists to settle for a bill that would be less of an affront to the white South and to the states'-rights militants in the West. He feared that if too much was sought, all would be lost. He was ignored, and the House will pass, with plenty of votes to spare, a bill that the administration's strategists thought would be unacceptable and, furthermore, would jeopardize the tax cut. It is generally assumed that some features of the House bill will disappear in the Senate. A simple majority of the Senate would vote for the bill as it stands, but what may be needed to bring it to a vote at all is the concurrence of two-thirds of the senators in a resolution of closure, and sixty-seven votes for closure cannot, it is believed, be had unless an agreement is reached to soften the bill. Such negotiation, though, has been in prospect all along. What has come into prospect rather recently is the possibility of getting the entire House measure through the Senate by making no effort at all to invoke closure, and simply allowing the filibuster to go on until the senators taking part in it exhaust themselves. With the tax bill out of the way, it is argued by many, the majority that favors the civil-rights bill could sit in silence and relative comfort for as long as the sixteen or seventeen senators who would engage in filibuster could stand and talk. It seems at the moment more likely than not, however, that the administration will choose to negotiate for a closure resolution. To the President, negotiation and statesmanship are almost synonymous. "Come, let us reason together" is, he has said, his motto and the secret of all his successes. The scope of the civil-rights legislation might be somewhat broader if a Southern filibuster were allowed to run its course, but a filibuster is an unattractive spectacle to the world at large, and a destructive political process. Moreover, there might well be something flawed in a legislative victory won by attrition and physical endurance. In negotiation, the administration could surely point out that another course was available to it, and one that was not without its attractions; this should make it easier to get, in the end, pretty much the kind of law it wants.

In any event, barring some wholly unforeseen turn of fate, the President will go to his party's convention in August as a man who managed, in a good deal less than a year, to get through Congress the two most important pieces of domestic legislation to be adopted in a quarter of a century—in a sense, the *only* important pieces of domestic legislation in that long period. It has been an astonishing performance, and one, it seems clear, that was beyond the reach of John F. Kennedy. Before last November, it was expected that a tax bill with some reduction in rates would pass in this session, but the common expectation was that it and the appropriations bills would be almost as much the handiwork of Senator Byrd as of the then President. There was serious doubt whether a civil-rights bill of any consequence could get through this year. The one thing that then seemed certain was an increase in partisan and regional rancor and contentiousness, which promised an ugly season of politics in 1964. The rancor will reappear, and perhaps rather soon; it is hardly possible to believe that a Texas drawl, a strategic display of frugality, and some soft-soaping of Senator Byrd can replace domestic discord with harmony. It seems necessary, though, to believe that such things can—for a time, at least—go quite a long way toward promoting this sort of change, for a change has in fact

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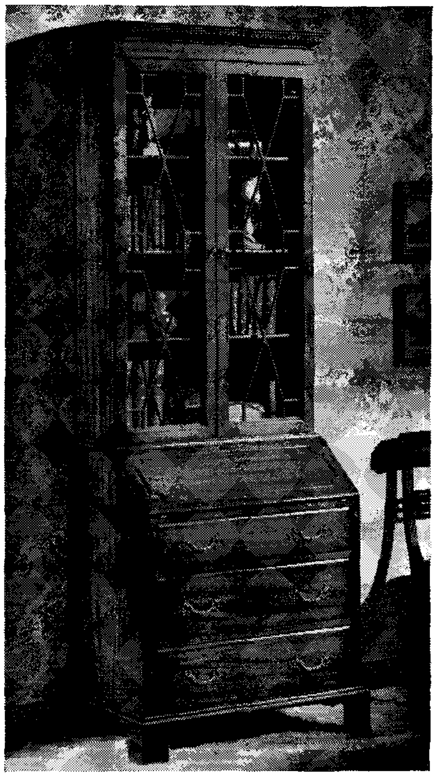

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occurred. It is reflected in the opinion polls and in the graciousness and ease with which two Virginians, Senator Byrd and Representative Smith, who had been thwarting Presidents almost, it seems, since time began, have been lending themselves to the designs of President Johnson. It also seems necessary to believe that the gods of history are not above arranging things in such a way that a man may contribute more to the fulfillment of his ideals by being the victim of a senseless murder than by living and working for them.

To be sure, more than President Johnson's own manipulative skill has gone into the making of the successes for which he is receiving (and, in his press conferences, proudly acknowledging) the credit. Custom decrees a large amount of forbearance for any new President; one whose succession is the consequence of tragedy receives such forbearance in more than the customary measure. In achieving his victories, Johnson has been able to augment his own formidable resources with many of those of his predecessor. The political legatee is seldom held accountable for the legator's debts and other liabilities; the assets come to him free and clear, and in this case the assets—especially those of manpower—were enormous. Moreover, time was running out for Congress as an institution and for congressmen as agents of the popular will; there was pressure on Senator Byrd and Representative Smith from below as well as from above, and while it seems most improbable that Kennedy could have prevailed as thoroughly or as quickly as Johnson has, his assassination at a time when he was pleading with Congress simply to make, one way or the other, the decisions that it was Constitutionally charged with making probably increased the pressure from below. There is almost universal admiration here for President Johnson's shrewdness, his adroitness, and his manifest largeness of purpose, but few people are quite prepared to certify him as a political wizard or to suppose that because he has thus far made no very serious mistakes he has found some error-proof mode of political operation. He has in the past made his fair share of mistakes—some trivial, perhaps, but potentially very damaging, such as his patronage of Robert G. Baker, who seems to have made of the public business a very private trust; some showing a stunning capacity for miscalculation, as when, in 1960, he thought he could advance his own and his party's interests by forcing an extra session of Congress after the Presidential conven-

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tions. Nevertheless, partly through his own skillful contrivance and partly through history's, he enjoys today certain political advantages that few Presidents have ever enjoyed. Congress is fulfilling for him the only two firm pledges he has made to the country. He will be able to claim a one-hundred-per-cent record on delivery. The opinion polls show him as having, almost on the eve of the campaign, the support of seventy per cent—give or take a point or two—of the electorate against any imaginable opponent. This is a clear fifteen per cent over what headline writers accept as "overwhelming," and better than ten per cent over a "landslide." (Dwight Eisenhower polled fifty-five per cent in 1952 and slightly more than fifty-seven per cent in 1956.) From such heights, it would seem, the President has nowhere to go but down. Unless all the rules of the game have been changed without anyone's knowing it, he cannot expect to hold such a lead for very much longer. But there is not very much longer to go, and he would establish records of an altogether different kind if he managed to drop more than ten or fifteen percentage points—or approximately seven to ten million voters—over the spring and summer. It is hard to see how it could be done. Some economists warn of difficult times ahead—but not less than a year ahead. No wars threaten. American foreign policy is in trouble of various sorts in various parts of the world, but South Vietnam and Cyprus and Zanzibar are not likely to count for much in American elections. The French break with the Western alliance could affect the fortunes of this administration only if it leads, as it very well may, to the seating of the Communist Chinese in the United Nations this fall; if such a thing happens, the President will not be outdone by any opponent in deploring it. Humiliations in Cuba and Panama are politically exploitable, but not, as far as the record shows, on any large scale.

The President can, and probably will, be hurt by the Bobby Baker affair and by the role he plays—whatever it turns out to be—once the Senate takes up the civil-rights bill. What is striking, though, is the extent to which he can sustain defection. There is no single bloc of votes in the country that he could not, as of now, afford to lose. If he should feel that he must put up a stiff fight for every provision of the civil-rights bill, he might strengthen Senator Goldwater's candidacy and, if Goldwater is the nominee, lose the South, or much of it, to him in the gen-

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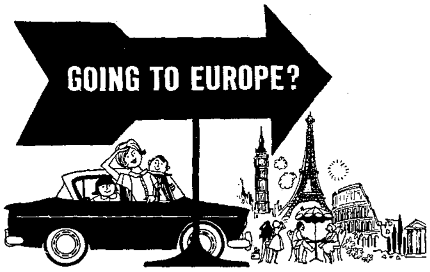
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eral election. As far as his own fate is concerned, this would be a matter of slight importance, for, in the present view of strategists in both parties, no Republican who could carry the South would have a prayer of victory on Election Day—which is, of course, why so many Republican leaders are finding agreeable things to say about Richard Nixon and Governors Rockefeller and Scranton, none of whom would have a prayer of carrying the South. If, on the other hand, the President should choose to negotiate a civil-rights compromise that the leaders of the civil-rights organizations found altogether unacceptable, the chances are that his losses would be a good bit short of crucial. It is unlikely that any Republican could come close to capturing the Negro vote, but even if one did, it would not (assuming the figures currently being put out by Dr. Gallup and other opinion samplers to be substantially sound) make him stronger vis-à-vis President Johnson than, say, Adlai Stevenson was vis-à-vis Dwight Eisenhower in 1956.

IN the way in which the President is employing and deploying his strength today, he gives the impression of being a man bent on making a bid for greatness—but not right away. He knows very well that history rarely honors those who hoard popularity (in this, as in so many other things, General Eisenhower may be the rule-proving exception), but he is not ready to start spending his now. Thus, his responses to some of the irritations of the past few weeks have been politically prudent but uncharacteristically stiff and unimaginative. On Panama, for example, it seems reasonable to assume that he agreed with those of his critics who held that the United States could do itself nothing but good by acknowledging the legitimacy of Panama's grievances and seeking a settlement that would remove them as speedily as possible. The cost would have been negligible, the profits large. He probably feels, too, that the Florida officials who want to try under Florida law the poaching Cuban fishermen are damaging American interests and providing Castro with an opportunity to appear before the world as a statesman exhibiting restraint and moderation in the face of severe provocation from an overbearing great power. But Senator Goldwater is touring New Hampshire urging the dispatch of United States Marines to Panama and Cuba, and the President does not want to lose the jingo vote. He might be able to deal more effectively

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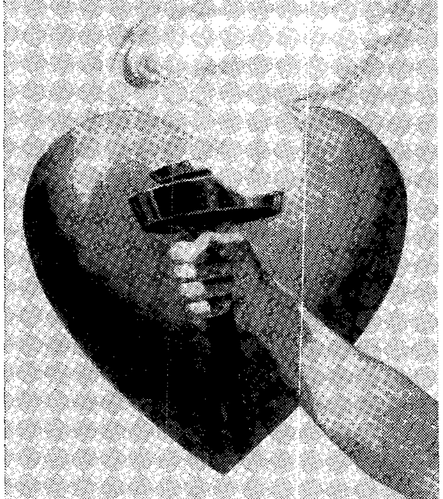

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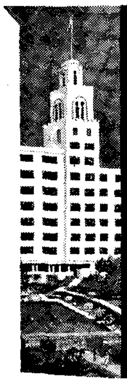

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with General de Gaulle if he could concede that de Gaulle was only stating the obvious in saying that the reality of Communist China's presence and interest in Asian affairs cannot be ignored. This reality, the President might say, is what the whole business is about, and our differences with France and other nations are over strategies for confronting it. But the President's own strategy appears to be to risk nothing in this period, and to take only those initiatives—budget-cutting with the right hand, warring on poverty with the left—that balance one another and provide him with a supporting base of majestic breadth. He knows as well as any economist or political scientist that he can't hold his aims in such perfect balance for very long, and that when he is compelled to establish a system of priorities he will expose one flank or the other. But he clearly thinks he can do it for the time being, and there is no reason now to suppose that he is wrong. If he is not wrong, the political rewards of his strategy should be nothing short of immense. If he could be returned to office by a popular vote of, say, fifty-five per cent, his electoral victory would be in the neighborhood of ninety per cent, and his party majority in Congress would be such as to provide him with the kind of authority that Franklin Roosevelt had in 1933.

If he should get a mandate as sweeping as Roosevelt's or Eisenhower's, he would, one imagines, establish his priorities at once and expose both flanks, or at least the right one. He is clearly more interested in domestic than in foreign policy. One cannot picture him as ever giving the world the attention that his predecessor did. A Kennedy adviser recently said that he had, for his own amusement, kept a close count of the hours that the late President put in simply boning up on the situation in Yemen when trouble broke out there two years ago; he calculated that Kennedy had spent exactly one hundred hours going through cable files, books, and academic research. It is inconceivable that Yemen—or, for that matter, General de Gaulle's Fifth Republic—could hold Johnson's attention for anything like that long. It is notable that de Gaulle's latest defiance of his allies caused far less agitation in the White House than did his blocking a year ago of British membership in the Common Market. Kennedy spent a large part of his last year trying to undo the damage that he felt de Gaulle had done; President Johnson seems to have turned the whole question of de Gaulle over to the State Department. Johnson's bent in diplo-

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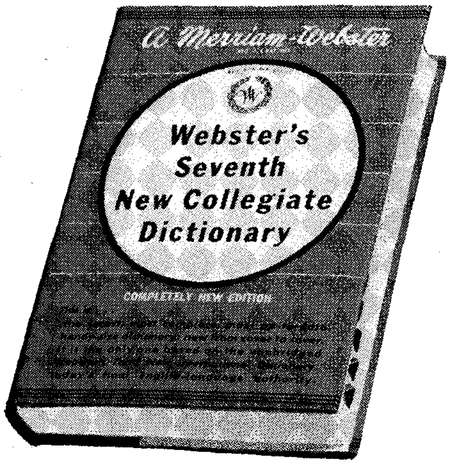

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macy, most people assume, will be toward disengagement and withdrawal—by no means a return to isolationism, which he would regard as undesirable even if it were possible, but a certain movement in that direction. It is a course that a good many people who regard themselves as internationalists would tend to welcome, for there is a widespread feeling here that our foreign policy is in many respects outdated, that we have nothing but Cold War strategies to apply in situations in which the Cold War is almost totally irrelevant. (There may be more "situations" in which this is true than in which it is untrue. In his latest news conference, the President listed seven places in which, he said, this government was trying to arrive at settlements in the interest of "peace and freedom." In five of them—Panama, Cyprus, Malaysia, East Africa, and France—the Cold War is either totally irrelevant or largely so.) However that may be, it is already evident that the President sees his place in history primarily as that of an innovator in domestic affairs, and this in itself encourages a drive toward disengagement where it is feasible, accommodation where it is to be had, and disarmament to the extent that withdrawals and settlements make it possible and safe. His view of himself will also, in time, force him to surrender any hope of a high standing among those in the high-income brackets, for he cannot combat poverty, unemployment, and sluggishness in the economy without finding a lot of money in a lot of places. But if the world will leave him alone, and if things work out as he seems to think they will in November, his political problems will be negligible.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

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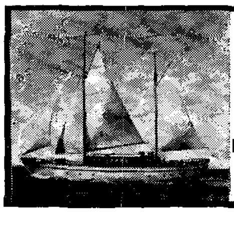

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THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS, by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn (Harper & Row). A superb novel about murder—three murders, in fact, each involving a sadistically disfigured prostitute—that is also a bitterly comic study of the German officer class, a serious statement by example of the difference between a soldier and a man, an appalling portrait of a heroic psychopath, a bloodhound detective thriller, and a thoroughly rational love story. The setting is Warsaw in 1942, Paris in 1944, and Berlin in 1956. Highly recommended.

THE MEN, by Angelika Schrobsdorff, translated from the German by Michael Bullock (Putnam). The strange and pathetic but, unfortunately, formless story of a young half-Jewish girl who spends most of her girlhood in Bulgaria and then returns to her native Germany at the end of the Second World War to find that the disorder there aggravates the fear and confusion she carries with her from her own painful past. Her attempts to escape (which is to say to find lasting love) are badly presented in a series of stiff and even artificial episodes, but the girl herself—an unsteady, fatally selfish young figure in a world that offers her neither dignity nor security—is a touching and sadly memorable figure.

GENERAL

JAMES FORRESTAL: A STUDY OF PERSONALITY, POLITICS, AND POLICY, by Arnold A. Rogow (Macmillan). The author, who teaches political science at Stanford, takes an intellectual risk—a biographical examination of America's first Secretary of Defense aimed at finding out, insofar as a biographer can, why his brilliant, successful subject became psychotic and committed suicide shortly after his retirement, in 1949. Rogow's gamble succeeds. This is a fascinating, balanced book, composed with sense and taste; the author knows that he has taken a chance, and insists that his answers must be guesses. The problem that interests Rogow generally—the mental health of men in power—is something that no government has ever discussed. His compassionate analysis ends with

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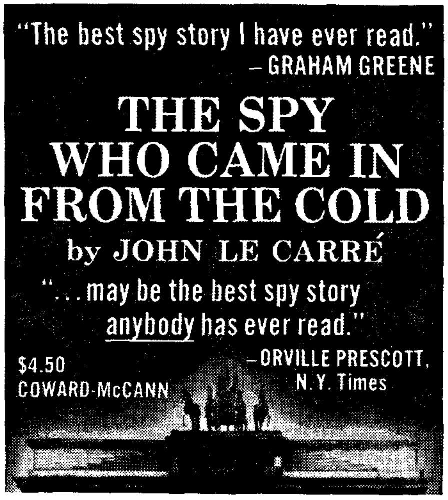

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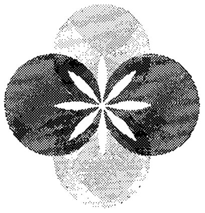

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a tall order. "The most lasting tribute to James Forrestal," he thinks, might be an immediate "effort to reduce the incidence of physical and mental breakdown in political life."

WALT WHITMAN'S NEW YORK, edited, with an introduction, by Henry M. Christman (Macmillan). Twenty-three short columns (or informal essays) that Whitman contributed to the Brooklyn *Standard* in 1861 and 1862 on the contemporary look and historic past of the city and its environs. The pieces, which are here reprinted for the first time, have a certain continuity, since Whitman moves from Manhattan to Brooklyn (the subject of the majority of the pieces) and then eastward into the Long Island hinterland, but except for a series describing a summer jaunt to Greenport by train and thence by sailboat to Montauk their interest is largely historical. Illustrated with contemporary prints and drawings.

MEDITATIONS ON A HOBBY HORSE, AND OTHER ESSAYS ON THE THEORY OF ART, by E. H. Gombrich (Phaidon). Professor Gombrich, currently at the University of London and formerly Slade Professor at Oxford and Cambridge, visiting professor at Harvard, and so on, is a formidable scholar, and it might be expected that this book—a compilation of academic lectures and articles that appeared in learned publications—would be heavy going. Happily, Professor Gombrich is master of a style that can zig from the pedantic to the colloquial and zag right back with catlike speed, and this quality does a good deal to brighten a series of observations—on subjects ranging from the uses of metaphor in art to a lively study of cartooning over the ages—that are profound indeed.

•

The disclosure of Princess Irene's decision caused a sensation in this country, where the House of Orange, which has reigned for more than three centuries, is traditionally Protestant. About 40 per cent of the Dutch are Roman Catholic, 40 per cent Protestant and almost 40 per cent not affiliated with any church.—*The Times.*

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[*From the TIG (The Inspector General) Brief, Vol. XV, No. 19, 13 September 1963*]

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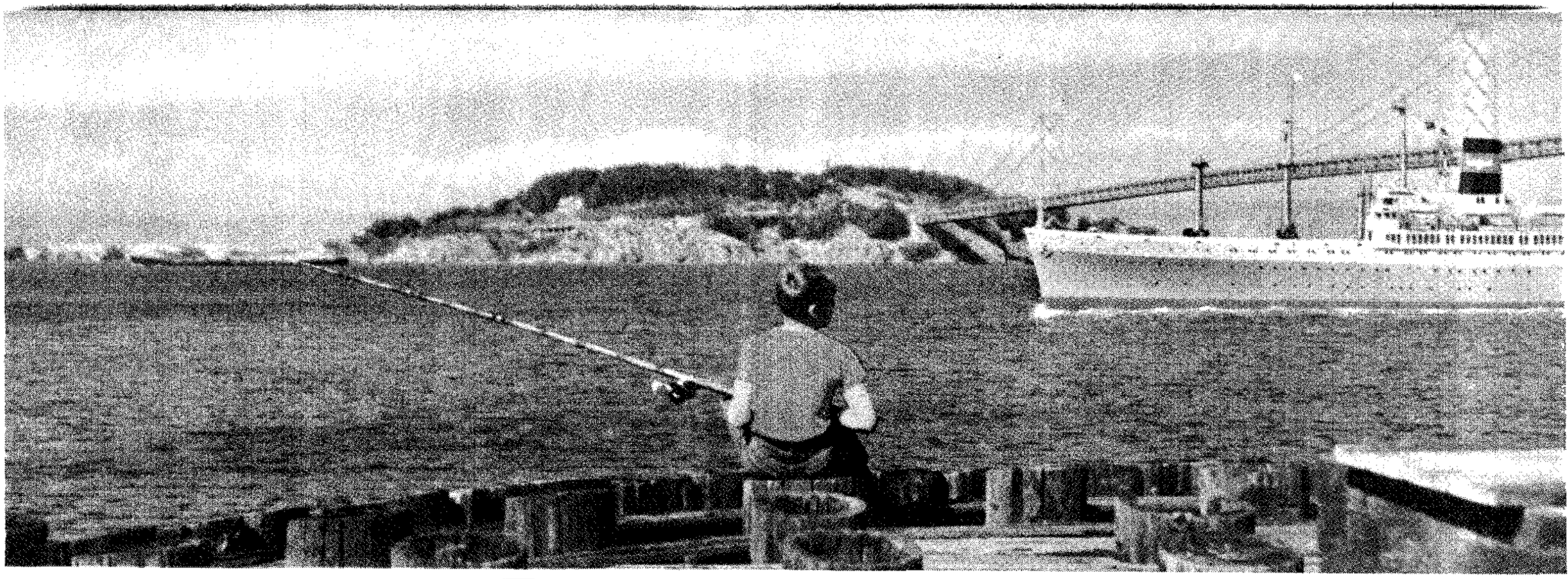

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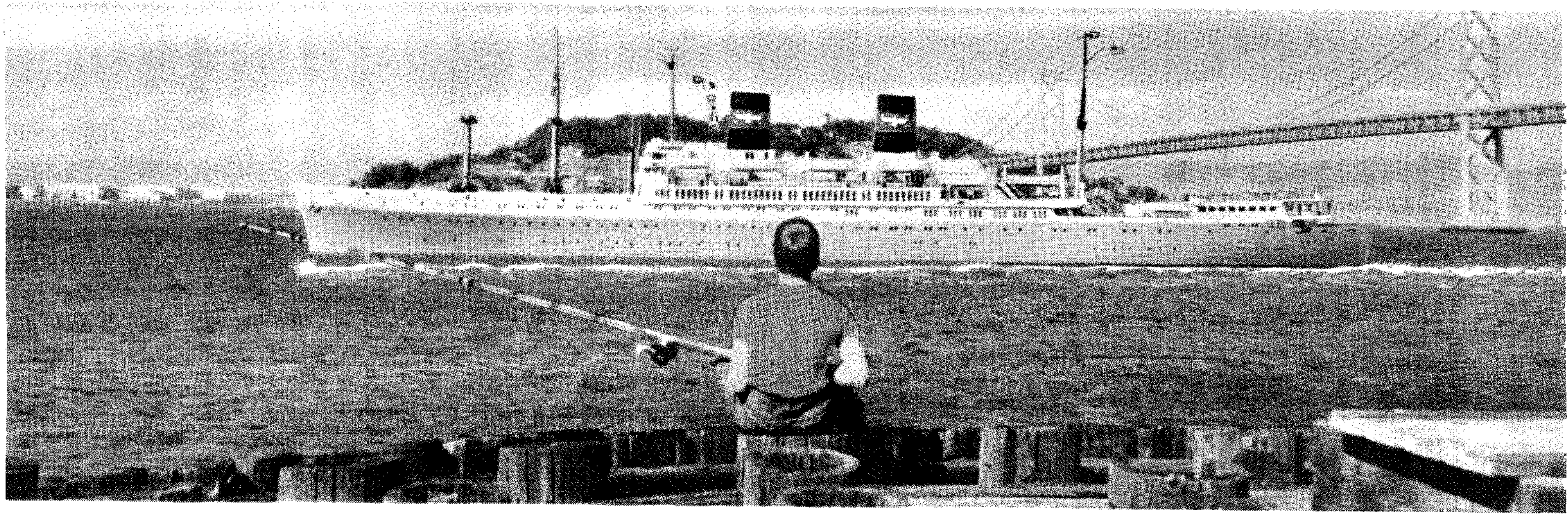

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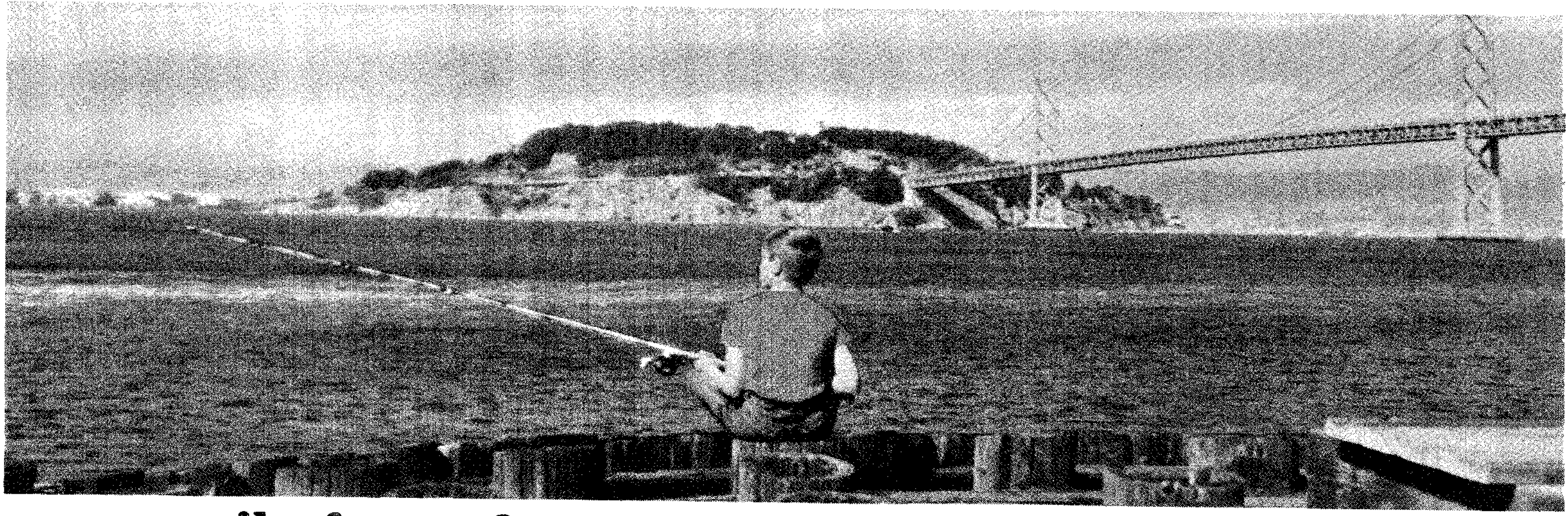

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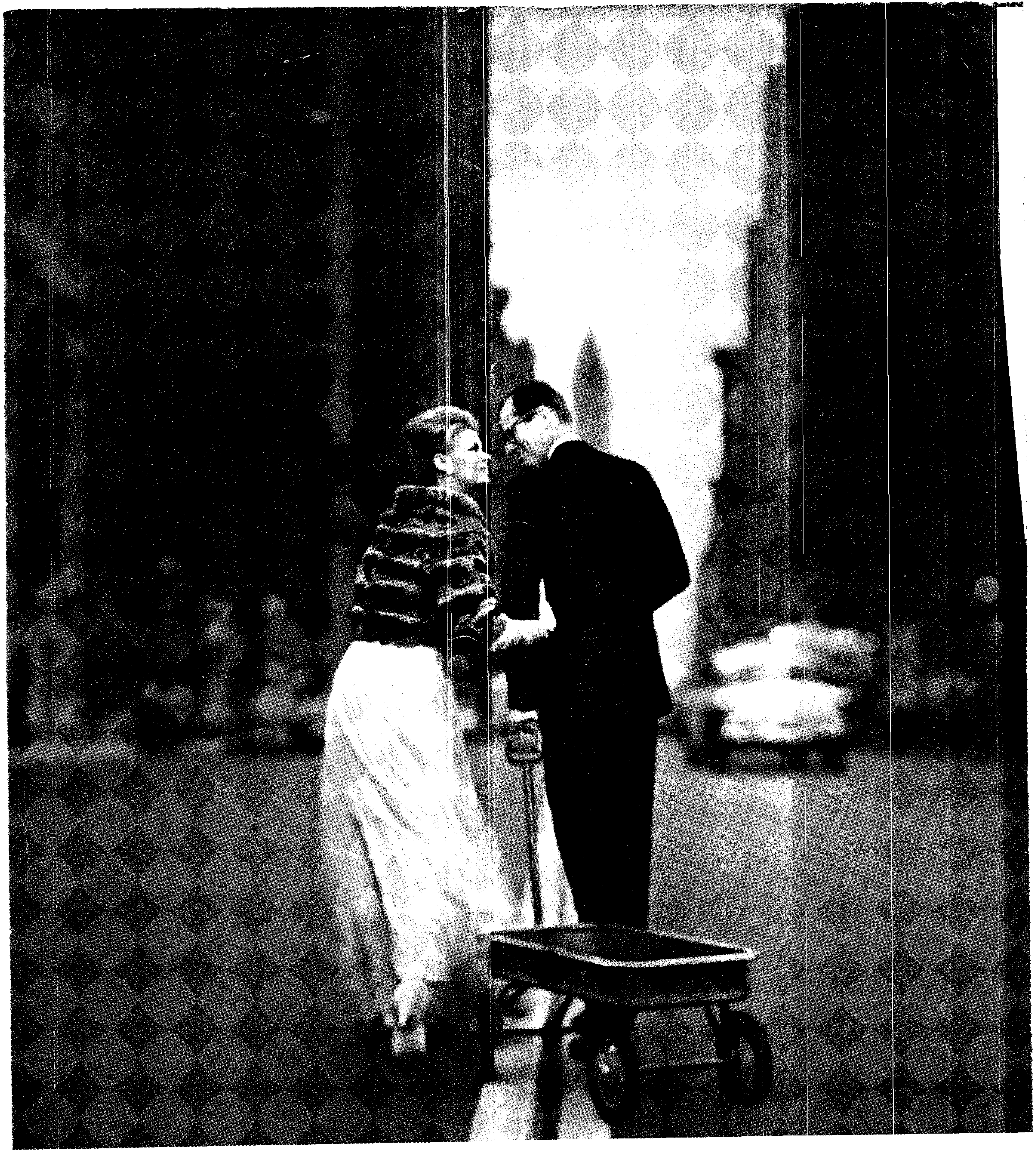

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